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ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO,

1897-98.

Organized November 19th, 1895 - Incorporated February 14th, 1896

In submitting the following report your Secretary has the gratification of being able to congratulate the Society upon having a longer membership roll, and of a decided increase in the interest shown both by the members and by outsiders in the objects and aims which prompted its formation.

During the past year eight regular meetings, eight ordinary and three special meetings of the Executive have been held. At the regular meetings the following papers have been read:

"Historic Homesteads" (being some account of Sillery Manor and Beverley House), by Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Vice-President.

"At What Hour was Fought the Battle of Queenston Heights?" by Mrs. S. A. Curzon.

"Early Reminiscences of the Social and Domestic Life of 1800 to 1806," by Miss Lefroy. This paper being gleaned from unedited recollections of the late Mrs. Breckenridge (*née* Mary Warren Baldwin), is particularly interesting, more so to our Society inasmuch as Miss Baldwin was the original designer and had worked part of the historic banner from which our motto, "Deeds speak," is taken.

"The Development of a National Literature," by Mrs. Fessenden.

"On Historical Societies and their Work," by Dr. Canniff, an honorary member.

"The Expulsion of the Acadians," by Miss Constance Laing.

"The Historical Interest Attached to the Walls of Quebec," by Miss Rowand. This paper was compiled with the desire that, attention being drawn to the value of preserving such monuments of our history, this Society might show their interest and strengthen the

hands of those in Quebec who were endeavoring to preserve these historic walls from demolition.

"The Tradition of the Jesuit Pear-trees on the Detroit River," by Miss Jean W. Barr, Windsor, a corresponding member.

"The Six Nation Indians of the Brant Reserve," by Miss E. Yates Farmer. This paper was read at the May meeting in order that those whose attention had not been drawn to the history of the Six Nations on the Reserve at Brantford might learn something of them before attending the meeting of the Ontario Historical Society, to be held at the Council House, at Osh-we-ken, on June 1st.

In accordance with that part of our annual programme, originated with the desire to attract attention to the works of Canadian authors and thus help to build up Canadian literature, extracts from the following were read :

"A Centennial Poem," by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, read by Miss Alexandrina Ramsay ; "How Bateese Came Home" ; "When Albani Sang," and the title poem "De Habitant," from William Drummond's book, read by Mrs. Morrison ; "The Parting of the Ways," anonymous, read by the Secretary.

In addition to the regular meetings two open meetings have been held. On December 10th the Society had the honor of receiving His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen. At that meeting, besides our President's inaugural address, an able paper on the "Value and Importance of Historical Societies" was read by Mr. J. H. Coyne, President of the Provincial Association (Ontario Historical Society). Lord and Lady Aberdeen also did us the honor of addressing the meeting, which it is scarcely necessary to say was very well attended by the members and their friends. A short paper was also read by your Secretary, entitled "Lady Colborne's Bazaar, or School Life in Toronto in the Thirties." Although a light paper, the data from which it was compiled gave a picture of the social life as well as of the first bazaar ever held in Canada. We are indebted to Mrs. Grover, a descendant of General Schuyler and of a U. E. Loyalist house, for the journal and reminiscences from which the account is taken.

Fifty copies of the *Saturday Globe*, of December 19th, in which Mr. Coyne's able paper was printed, were purchased by your Society and distributed to the secretaries of the sister Historical Societies and centres where it was likely there would be one formed in the near future. The paper was reprinted in part or entirety in two local papers and read at the regular meeting of the Peterborough County and Town Historical Society. On May 30th your Society had the honor of receiving a visit from Mr. Gilbert Parker, the celebrated Canadian author. The meeting was held in the Library of the Canadian Institute. The room was crowded to the doors with members and their immediate friends. Mr. Parker delivered a most able address, and subsequently expressed a wish to make the

Society, of which he is an honorary member, a present, leaving it to the Executive to make such choice of books as it deemed advisable. Believing that a set of the author's own works, bearing an autograph inscription, would be the most valuable, the Executive instructed your Secretary to write Mr. Parker to that effect. In reply, eight volumes of the best edition of his works were sent, accompanied by the most friendly expressions of the compliment paid him and good wishes for a successful career to the Society. Other donations received during the year are: A large framed photograph of the late Rev. John Strachan, D.D., first Bishop of Toronto, from Miss Windeat; two bound volumes of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, the current year's transactions being also received as exchanges, from Dr. Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G.; a blotter case of birch bark embroidered with porcupine quills; a copy of "Humours of 1837," by Kathleen and Robina Lizars; a small map of Canada from the Honorable G. W. Ross, the Minister of Education; a larger map of Canada from the Department of Railways and Canals at Ottawa. The latter has been mounted and hung on our walls.

In order that those members who, in consequence of the change of day, were unable to attend the afternoon meetings, might derive the benefit from the Society to which their membership entitled them, Miss Sara Mickle and your Secretary were appointed a committee to arrange for meetings to be held on the evening of the third Tuesday in the month. I regret to report that owing to the exceptionally bad weather which it was your Committee's ill fortune to suffer from, these meetings were not as well attended as they otherwise should have been. It was, however, gratifying to welcome among the few, several teachers from the schools, among them one or two men who expressed their gratitude for the privilege allowed them of attending. At these meetings the following papers were read: "The Cabots and Their Voyages," by Miss Sara Mickle; "Jacques Cartier and His Discoveries," by your Secretary; "Champlain the Explorer," by Miss McKenzie and Miss Helliwell; "The Indians of Champlain's Time," by Miss Ellerby; "Champlain the Governor," by Miss Logan; "Sir William Alexander," by Miss Sara Mickle; "Sir David Kirke," by Miss E. Yates Farmer.

Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co. and the Methodist Book and Publishing House have at different times furnished your Secretary with their lists of books by Canadian authors and on Canadian history. These lists have been posted at the meetings for the information of those present.

As a result of an address by Mrs. Williamson on the value of encouragement of our home manufacturers in the upbuilding of Canada, packages of patterns of home manufactures have been received from the Cornwall Manufacturing Company, the Paton Manufacturing Company, and Adam Lomas & Company of Sherbrooke, Quebec, accompanied by the most gratifying letters from the

proprietors, commending the patriotic and practical effort of your Society, and wishing you every success in your work. These patterns have been mounted on paper kindly supplied by Mrs. S. Barclay Gundy, and are available for inspection at any time by the members.

Arrangements were made by your Executive and confirmed by the members at the regular meeting of April, to accept the generous offer of the proprietors of the *Canadian Home Journal* to place at the disposal of the Society a full page of that publication free of all cost or liability—the page to bear as heading the Society's name and those of its officers, and the report to be edited and furnished by your Secretary. With the exception of one month's issue since this offer was accepted, I have edited or furnished matter for this page. On that month I am indebted to Miss Farmer and Miss Mickle for ably fulfilling that duty.

This official report of the Women's Historical Society's meetings has attracted considerable notice, letters from several parts of the Dominion having been received by the editors of the *Journal* commending or referring to it. The *Journal* has since been purchased by the Stewart Publishing Company, who have made the same offer as the original proprietors to continue its connection with the Society.

I am also indebted to Miss Mickle and Miss Farmer for taking my place at the meetings held while illness during the winter prevented my attendance, as well as for much valuable help.

In pursuance of a notice of motion by Mrs. Cummings on February 6th, the following amendment to the Constitution was voted on and passed at the March meeting:

"That in cases of emergency, when it was impossible to get together a quorum of the Executive Committee, the President or her representative, one Vice-President and the Secretary, shall have power to act for them."

Notice of motion by Mrs. Forsyth Grant: "That all papers to be read at the regular meetings of the Society shall be sent to the Secretary a fortnight before said meeting." This resolution was moved by Miss Beard (Mrs. Grant being in the chair), seconded by Mrs. Walton. Carried.

Since our last annual meeting the Pioneer and Provincial Historical Association, with which your Society has been affiliated since its formation, has been reorganized and is to be known henceforth as "The Ontario Historical Society," with its head office in Toronto. Your Society is still in affiliation with this Association under its new name, and in consequence of the amendment of its Constitution and the small grant made to it by the Ontario Legislature, the annual fee of ten dollars heretofore exacted from your Society is remitted, and the further privilege granted of filing copies of the papers read at your meetings in the head office for reference, and of printing such of them as are passed by the Editing Committee as soon as the funds in hand will permit.

Your Society is much indebted to the Council of the Canadian Institute for permitting the use of a room in their building from the date of the formation of the Society until the present time. While gratefully acknowledging this kindness and regretting the necessity of being no longer under their roof, we must hold ourselves under the greatest obligations to the Hon. Dr. G. W. Ross for placing a room at our service and furnishing us with a receptacle for our books and papers under lock and key.

A report was submitted to the Royal Society of Canada at the meeting held in Ottawa, May 24th-28th, to which your Society had the honor of being invited to send a delegate. That report will be included in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada for 1898, thus reaching every Historical and Scientific Society on both continents. Your Secretary had the honor of representing you at Ottawa as the one delegate invited by the Royal Society. A report was also sent to the Ontario Historical Society, and has been published in their annual report for 1898. Miss Curzon, Miss Helliwell and Miss Farmer were nominated delegates to represent you at the annual meeting of this Association. Owing to unexpected duty demanding her services elsewhere, Miss Curzon was unable to attend. Mrs. Brant-Sero, of Hamilton, acted as her substitute.

At the October meeting a committee was appointed to consider action to be taken in the project to erect a so-called "International" monument to the memory of General Richard Montgomery, who fell assaulting Quebec, December, 1775, consisting of your Secretary, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. H. O'Brien, Mrs. Wyatt, Miss Cox, Mrs. Henry Thompson and Miss Mickle. The Committee met and drew up a strong protest against the proposed monument. This was sent to the authorities and a satisfactory response was received. Copies were also sent to the other Historical Societies in the Province, as well as to the Canadian Club of Hamilton and of Toronto, with the result that the action taken by your Committee was endorsed by the formation of committees and the sending of equally strong protests from these societies and clubs.

A considerable correspondence has been carried on during the past year in answer to inquiries from various localities on historic data or for local information. In replying to these questions I have been much aided by members who have collected the information necessary, and to several non-members who have kindly furnished me with copies of Acts and pamphlets bearing upon the questions asked. Exchanges have been received from the Manitoba, the Niagara, the Quebec and the Peterborough Historical Societies. We are also indebted to the local press, more particularly the *Globe*, *Mail and Empire* and the *World*, for sending reporters and publishing notices of the meetings held.

Several members whose names were upon the roll of the Society at its formation have been obliged to withdraw them, some regretting

the multitudinous engagements, which make it impossible for them to attend the meetings; others, change of residence; others, absence abroad or detention by business duties, or owing to change of name and consequent change of home. The recent formation of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa will also, while adding to the number of societies in affiliation with the Ontario Historical Society, rob us of at least one of our corresponding members. On the other hand it is gratifying to report that a number of new members have been enrolled. The Hon. G. W. Ross and Miss Kathleen Lizars have been added to the list of honorary members. The hope of a year of faithful work and increasing interest in the Society may be confidently entertained for the coming season.

Your Society has to mourn the loss by death of one of its honorary members, Dr. William Kingsford, F.R.S.C., the historian. He ever evinced the most kindly interest in the work and endeavor of your Society to arouse a patriotic interest in the history of our country—a history which it was his great life-work to write.

We have also, both individually and as a Society, suffered a great loss in the death of our beloved honorary life-member and Past-President, Mrs. S. A. Curzon. I cannot close this report without rendering the tribute of love and respect to one to whom this Society owes so much. From the first moment of the projected organization it has been my privilege to be associated with her in the work. Her calm judgment, knowledge and tact, and her loving desire to carry out the plan of establishing an historical society in Toronto is the main cause of its successful organization. The many consultations I had with her, and her kind sympathy with me in my work and endeavor, made her very dear to me, and enabled me to better fulfil my duty to you as your Secretary. To the last hour of her life while capable of speech, her conversation was of the Society and its welfare—her last act, the sending of printed copies of the paper read at your meeting in March, to those whom she thought would care to have it for her sake. When I wrote the inscription on the card pinned to the wreath of pure white flowers laid, in your name, on her bier, I felt that I was expressing the feelings of every member of the Society. Loving and honoring her, we shall ever venerate her memory and keep it green by loyal devotion to the interests of the Society she did so much to form and foster. May we look forward to the hope of seeing one day a memorial portrait of her on the walls of our room, that future members enrolled in the Society may know the strong, sweet face we loved so well.

With grateful acknowledgment of your kind patience with me as your Secretary, I beg leave to respectfully submit the foregoing report.

(Signed) MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON.

Treasurer's Report, 1897-98.

RECEIPTS.

Overdue fees for 1896	\$3 00
Fees for 1897-98 (145)	72 50
Fees paid in advance for 1898-99	12 50
Proceeds of sale of Transaction No. 1—	
Per Miss FitzGibbon	\$6 60
“ Miss Beard.....	1 50
“ Mrs. Hamilton	0 15
“ Mrs. Forsyth Grant.....	0 15
	8 40
Proceeds of sale of silver badges—	
Per Miss Mickle	2 85
“ Miss Clark	0 15
	3 00
From members of Executive Committee for Mr. Baby's book.....	1 45
Balance from 1896-97 to credit of the Society in Bank of Commerce	5 99
Interest	0 37
	8 81
Total	\$107 21

EXPENDITURES.

To William Briggs, printing Transaction No. 1, due since 1896	\$27 00
Ambrose Kent, jewelers, for badges	3 00
William Briggs, letter heads.....	2 50
Affiliation fee Local Council	2 00
Lady Edgar, Society's contribution towards an illuminated address to their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen	1 00
Mr. Baby's book	1 50
Miss Logan, Assistant Secretary Canadian Institute, for rent of room, three evenings, at \$2.00....	6 00
Caretaker Canadian Institute	8 00
Affiliation Fee Pioneer and Provincial Historical Association.....	10 00
Assistant Secretary for room in Canadian Institute, May 30th	3 00
Secretary's account, postage, etc	7 06
To Messrs. Brown, Searle Co., printing ballot papers....	1 00
Treasurer paid for cards sent out for fees in May.....	1 00
Second instalment sent out in October	0 75
Cartage to Society's new room	0 25
Messrs. Steinberger, Hendry & Co., for mounting map ..	1 50
Dunlop, florist, memorial wreath for Mrs. S. A. Curzon .	5 00
William Briggs, Publisher, postcards for annual meeting	2 80
	83 36
Total.....	\$83 36
Receipts	\$107 21
Expenditures.....	83 36
	\$23 85

Audited and found correct.

S. M. GRANT MACDONALD, }
CHARLOTTE MORRISON, } *Auditors.*

M. EDGAR,
President.

Programme for 1898-99.

1898

- Dec. 1st. First Paper of the Course on the Conquest of Canada.
 "King William's War—1689 1697." By Miss FitzGibbon.
 "Quebec in 1775." By Mrs. S. G. Wood.

1899

- Jan. 5th. Second Paper.
 "War of the Spanish Succession, or Queen Anne's War, 1702-1713.
 By Mrs. Forsyth Grant.
 "Brebœuf's Wanderings." By Lady Edgar.
- Feb. 2nd. Third Paper.
 "War of the Austrian Succession, or King George's War." By—
 "An Early Temperance Effort." By Miss S. Mickle.
- March 2nd. Fourth Paper.
 "The Conflict in the Ohio Valley." By Miss Grant Macdonald.
 "The Dundas Road." By Mrs. Clifton Cameron.
- April 6th. Fifth Paper.
 "The Campaign on Lakes Champlain and George." By Miss
 Lefroy.
 "Historical Ramble up Yonge Street." By Miss Bessie Mac-
 murchy.
- May 5th. Sixth Paper.
 "The Taking of Louisbourg." By Miss Helliwell.
 "The Mackinac Trip." By Mrs. Willoughby Cummings.
- June 1st. Seventh Paper.
 "The Capture of Quebec." By Miss Rowand.
 Letter from the Maryland Archives. Read by Lady Edgar.

Officers.

<i>President</i>	- - - - -	LADY EDGAR.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	- - - - -	{ MRS. FORSYTH GRANT. MRS. EDWARD LEIGH.
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - - - -	MISS E. YATES FARMER, 351 Huron Street.
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - - -	MISS FITZGIBBON, 1 Avenue Chambers, Spadina and College.
<i>Executive Committee</i>	- - - - -	{ MRS. JAMES BAIN. MRS. MORRISON. MRS. W. CUMMINGS. MISS BEARD. MISS MICKLE. MISS ELLERBY.

Honorary Members.

THE REV. DR. SCADDING.	CHARLES MAIR, F.R.S.C.
REV. DR. WITHROW, F.R.S.C.	N. F. DAVIN, M.P.
O. A. HOWLAND,	MISS MACHAR.
G. R. PARKIN, C.M.G., LL.D.	JOHN HUNTER-DUVAR.
DAVID BOYLE, Ph.D.	REV. PROF. BRYCE.
COL. G. T. DENISON.	MRS. C. P. TRAILL.
REV. CANON BULL.	THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.
WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.	HIS HONOR JUDGE PRINGLE.
MISS CARNOCHAN.	D. B. READ, Q.C.
SIR SANDFORD FLEMING, K.C.M.G., F.R.S.C.	J. A. MACDONELL.
L'ABBE CASGRAIN.	ALEXANDER MUIR.
SIR J. M. LEMOINE, F.R.S.C.	BENJAMIN SULTE, F.R.S.C.
W. MACFARLANE.	DR. CANNIFF.
JAMES HANNAY.	W. D. LIGHTHALL, F.R.S.L.
GILBERT PARKER, F.R.S.C.	(Gt. Brit.)
J. G. HODGINS, LL.D.	HIS HONOR JUDGE WOODS.
HIS HONOR JUDGE DES BRISAY.	E. G. NELSON.
HIS HONOR JUDGE SAVARY.	REV. JOHN McDUGALL.
HIS HONOR JUDGE PROWSE.	REV. JOHN MACLEAN, Ph.D.
SIR J. G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., F.R.S.C.	EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON.
THE HONORABLE G. W. ROSS.	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.
ALEXANDER BEGG.	MISS KATHLEEN LIZARS.
JOHN READE, F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L. (Gt. Brit.)	

Corresponding Members.

MISS JEAN BARR, Windsor, Ont.	MISS M. E. RIORDON, Port Hope, Ont.
MRS. HENRY MCLEOD, Ottawa, Ont.	MRS. CHRISTIE (Annie Rothwell), North Gowrie, Ont.
MISS SEYMOUR, Ottawa, Ont.	MRS. DAWSON KERR, St. Thomas, Ont.
MISS C. A. MERRITT, St. Catharines, Ont.	
MISS MCLAREN, Perth, Ont.	

MEMBERS.

- Mrs. Ambrey.
 Mrs. William Armstrong.
 Mrs. Baldwin.
 Miss Baldwin.
 Mrs. Russell Baldwin.
 Mrs. James Bain.
 Mrs. Bain.
 Mrs. Greenhow Banks.
 Miss Louise Barker.
 Mrs. Barnett.
 Mrs. W. B. Baines.
 Mrs. Bascom.
 Miss Louise Beard.
 Miss Beardmore.
 Mrs. Beemer.
 Mrs. Benjamin.
 Mrs. Wm. Bickle.
 Mrs. Biggar.
 Miss Boulton.
 Mrs. Broughall.
 Miss Buik.
 Mrs. Burwash.
 Mrs. Campbell.
 Mrs. John Cartwright.
 Miss Cartwright.
 Miss Carty.
 Miss M. Carty.
 Mrs. John Cawthra.
 Miss Cawthra.
 Mrs. Chamberlin.
 Mrs. E. M. Chadwick.
 Mrs. Christie.
 Mrs. T. J. Clarke.
 Miss Laura Clarke.
 Mrs. Cobb.
 Miss Connolley.
 Mrs. Cooper.
 Miss Cox.
 Miss Evelyn Cox.
 Miss Cumberland.
 Mrs. W. Cummings.
 Mrs. Currie.
 Miss Edith M. Curzon.
 Mrs. J. H. Denton.
 Miss Dickson.
 Mrs. Dignum.
 Miss Emily Donaldson.
 Miss Doran.
 Mrs. Drayton.
 Mrs. Duggan.
 Miss Eva Dunn.
 Miss Dupont.
 Miss Laura B. Durand.
 Miss Eby.
 Lady Edgar.
 Miss Ellerby.
 Miss Ellis.
 Miss Elliot.
 Miss Farmer.
 Mrs. Farrar.
 Miss Faith Fenton.
 Mrs. Fotheringham.
 Miss Ferguson.
 Mrs. Fessenden.
 Miss FitzGibbon.
 Mrs. Fleming.
 Miss Isabella George.
 Miss Givins.
 Mrs. Forsyth Grant.
 Miss Greenshields.
 Mrs. Gundy.
 Mrs. S. Bradley Gundy.
 Mrs. Wm. Gundy.
 Mrs. John Haldane.
 Mrs. Hamilton.
 Mrs. Hardy.
 Miss Hardy.
 Mrs. Harrison.
 Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus).
 Mrs. S. R. Hart.
 Miss Mabel Helliwell.
 Mrs. Elmes Henderson.
 Mrs. Stephen Heward.
 Mrs. George Hodgins.
 Mrs. Howard.
 Miss McLean Howard.
 Miss Humberstone.
 Mrs. Æmilius Jarvis.
 Mrs. Edgar Jarvis (Rosedia).
 Miss Jennings.
 Mrs. G. W. Johnson.
 Mrs. Keating.
 Miss Eleanor Kelly.
 Miss Kendrick.
 Mrs. Kennedy.
 Miss Laing.
 Mrs. Land.
 Mrs. Julius Lang.
 Mrs. Lash.
 Miss Lash.
 Miss Lawson.
 Mrs. Edward Leigh.

Miss Lefroy.
 Mrs. George Lindsay.
 Miss Logan.
 Miss Long.
 Miss MacCallum.
 Mrs. T. J. MacLaren.
 Mrs. Grant Macdonald.
 Miss Grant Macdonald.
 Mrs. Randolph Macdonald.
 Mrs. Angus Macdonell.
 Miss McKellar.
 Miss MacKenzie.
 Mrs. J. J. McLaughlin.
 Miss M. McMurchy.
 Miss Bessie McMurchy.
 Mrs. Robert McMaster.
 Mrs. George McMurrich.
 Miss Helen McMurrich.
 Mrs. A. W. McNab.
 Miss Mair.
 Mrs. Merrick.
 Mrs. Wm. Hamilton Merritt.
 Miss Merritt.
 Miss C. N. Merritt.
 Miss Sara Mickle.
 Miss Jessie Mickle.
 Mrs. Monaghan.
 Mrs. Charlotte Morrison.
 Mrs. Murphy.
 Mrs. Nevitt.
 Miss Nevitt.
 Miss Nichol.
 Mrs. Nixon.
 Mrs. Osler.
 Mrs. E. B. Osler.
 Mrs. O'Bierne.
 Mrs. O'Brien.
 Miss O'Brien.
 Mrs. Parkin.
 Mrs. Patterson.
 Mrs. Patton.
 Miss Playter.
 Miss Elsie Pringle.
 Miss Alexandrina Ramsay.
 Mrs. Rean-Wadsworth.
 Mrs. Reid.

Mrs. Rennie.
 Mrs. George Ridout.
 Miss Riddell.
 Mrs. Rigby.
 Mrs. C. H. Ritchie.
 Miss Rowand.
 Mrs. Robertson.
 Mrs. C. C. Robinson.
 Miss Rolph.
 Miss Nina Rolph.
 Mrs. Rose.
 Miss Rose.
 Mrs. A. M. Ross.
 Miss Ryckman.
 Mrs. Scales.
 Miss Scott.
 Mrs. Brant-Sero.
 Miss Sims.
 Mrs. C. F. Small.
 Mrs. J. H. Smith.
 Mrs. Clarke Steele.
 Miss Nellie Spence.
 Mrs. Strachan.
 Mrs. Stratford.
 Mrs. H. S. Strathy.
 Mrs. Sullivan.
 Mrs. John Taylor.
 Lady Thompson.
 Mrs. Henry Thompson.
 Miss Thompson.
 Miss Thompson (Howard St.).
 Mrs. Todhunter.
 Mrs. Torrington.
 Mrs. Totten.
 Mrs. Grant Tyrrell.
 Mrs. Walton.
 Miss Weaver.
 Mrs. Welch.
 Mrs. Williamson.
 Mrs. J. S. Willison.
 Miss Windeat.
 Mrs. S. G. Wood.
 Mrs. Wrong.
 Mrs. Wyatt.
 Mrs. Frank Yeigh.

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OBITUARY NOTICES.

MRS. S. A. CURZON.

On Sunday, November 6th, 1898, at the residence of her son, 32 Ulster Street, Toronto, SARA ANNE, relict of the late Robert Curzon, in the 65th year of her age.

Mrs. Curzon was the first president of the Women's Canadian Historical Society, and to her efforts was largely due its successful formation. Mrs. Curzon held office for two years, and upon her retirement was unanimously elected honorary life member. The funeral service at St. Philip's church was attended by the President, Lady Edgar, the officers and many members of the society, who thus paid a tribute of respect to one whom they loved as a friend and honored as an officer. A full account of Mrs. Curzon's work will appear in Transaction 2.

WILLIAM KINGSFORD, C.E., LL.D., F.R.S.C.

The society has also to mourn the loss of an honorary member by the death of WILLIAM KINGSFORD, C.E., LL.D., F.R.S.C., which took place at his residence in Ottawa, on September 30th, 1898. As a civil engineer, the late Dr. Kingsford had been engaged in many works of importance in Canada, Italy and the United States, but it is as the historian of Canada that he will be remembered by Canadians. The monumental work which bears his name having been undertaken and completed in the face of many difficulties. Perseverance, patience, endurance and dogged determination, added to a fine literary ability, calm judgment and indefatigable historical research, have given us a standard work without which no future author can write of Canada.

Transaction No. 1.

WOMAN'S CANADIAN HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF TORONTO

A HISTORIC BANNER

A PAPER READ ON FEBRUARY 8TH, 1896

BY

MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON.



TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS
WESLEY BUILDINGS.

Officers.

	* *		
<i>Honorary President</i>	-	MRS. KIRKPATRICK.	
<i>President</i>	-	MRS. S. A. CURZON.	
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	-	{	
			MRS. FORSYTH GRANT. MRS. JAMES BAIN.
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	MISS C. M. MERRITT.	
<i>Secretary</i>	-	MISS FITZGIBBON, 63 Huntley St., Toronto.	
		{	
			MRS. EDWARD LEIGH.
			MRS. MORRISON.
			MRS. W. CUMMINGS.
			MRS. WALTON.
			MISS BEARD.
<i>Executive Committee</i>	-	MISS MICKLE.	

Honorary Members.

	* *	
THE REV. DR. SCADDING.		ALEXANDER BEGG.
REV. DR. WITROW, F.R.S.C.		CHARLES MAIR, F.R.S.C.
O. A. HOWLAND, M.P.P.		N. F. DAVIN, M.P.
G. R. PARKIN, LL.D.		MISS MACHAR.
DAVID BOYLE, PH.D.		JOHN HUNTER-DUBAR.
COL. G. T. DENISON.		REV. PROF. BRYCE.
REV. CANON BULL.		MRS. C. P. TRAILL.
WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.		THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.
MISS CARNOCHAN.		HIS HONOR JUDGE PRINGLE.
SANDFORD FLEMING, C.M.G., F.R.S.C.		D. B. READ, Q.C.
WILLIAM KINGSFORD, F.R.S.C.		J. A. MACDONELL.
L'ABBE CASGRAIN.		ALEXANDER MUIR.
J. M. LEMOINE, F.R.S.C.		BENJAMIN SULTE, F.R.S.C.
W. MACFARLANE.		DR. CANNIFF.
JAMES HANNAY.		W. D. LIGHTHALL.
GILBERT PARKER.		E. G. NELSON.
		JOHN READE, F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L. (Gt. Brit.).
		J. G. HODGINS, LL.D.

Woman's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto.

TRANSACTION No. 1.—FEBRUARY 8TH, 1896.

PREFATORY NOTE.

A RESOLUTION, moved by D. B. Read, Q.C., and seconded by Rev. Dr. Scadding, was passed by the Provincial and Pioneer Association of Ontario, at a meeting held in Toronto, on September 5th, 1895, appointing Mrs. S. A. Curzon and Miss Mary Agnes FitzGibbon a committee to form a WOMAN'S CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, to be in affiliation with, and having the authorization of, the Provincial and Pioneer Historical Association of Ontario, but reserving to itself all the privileges and responsibilities of a separate and distinct Society, with power to form its own constitution, by-laws, etc.

In pursuance of this resolution, Miss FitzGibbon addressed herself to thirty Toronto women, members

or representatives, by name or descent, of families long resident in the city, requesting their attendance at a meeting to be held on November 19th, 1895.

Twenty-nine responded, expressing sympathy with and interest in the project. Of these, seventeen attended the meeting.

The aim and objects of the proposed Society were explained by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, as subsequently set forth in the preamble of the Constitution; officers were appointed and resolutions passed preliminary to the formulating of a constitution and by-laws for the organization and government of a Society to be known by the name and title of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto.

PREAMBLE
OF
CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

Submitted to a meeting composed of fifty-seven members, held, by the kind courtesy of the Council, in the Canadian Institute Building, on December 6th, 1895.

The considerations which have led to the formation of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto are as follows :

“The rapidly rising status of Canada among the nations of the world ; that a unity of national purpose and a high ideal of loyalty and patriotism in her people will alone sustain her in such high position ; that to this end a thorough acquaintance by her people, both native and immigrant, with her heroic past, is of the first importance ; that her history, literature and archives, her poetry and art are yearly becoming more valuable in affording the necessary knowledge ; that an intelligent and self-respecting national pride in Canadian literature needs to be awakened and encouraged ; that the value of documents, records and relics, both public and private, as notes in the history of a people is not generally realized, and that the collection and preservation of them is most important.”

Papers of incorporation were presented to the Society on February 14th, 1896, by T. H. Bull, Esq., Barrister, of Toronto, and a vote of thanks was tendered him by the Society at their first open meeting, held on March 13th, 1896.

When the form of constitution was submitted to the members of the Society by the Executive, no motto was spoken of or selected. Miss FitzGibbon therefore decided to adopt and print the following, "Deeds Speak"; and, in justification of her choice and action in thus taking the duty upon herself without reference to the will of the Society, told the story of its origin, and pleaded its significance as one suitable to be the motto of a historical society of Toronto women.

Miss FitzGibbon's choice was unanimously endorsed, and at a subsequent meeting it was resolved: Moved by Mrs. James Bain, seconded by Mrs. Walton, that "Miss FitzGibbon's paper on the 'Historic Banner' be published as the first transaction of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto." Following is the paper:

Madame President and Ladies,—It is my privilege to-day to tell you the story of a historic banner, historic particularly in the annals of Toronto. I am fortunate in being able, through the kindness of its present possessor, the Hon. George Allan, of Moss Park, to show it to you, and thus illustrate my story. The color of the silk is now yellow, and tinder-tinted by age; it once was either crimson or gold color, probably the former. The design embroidered upon

its centre is the Crown Royal of England, supported on either side by the letters "G" and "R" (*Georgius Rex*). Beneath the crown is a wreath of laurel leaves, the green shades still discernible, and the fine stitching in perfect condition. Below this again, also intact, the lettering, "3rd Regiment York Militia," tells for whom the banner was intended, and on a ribbon-like scroll, also embroidered, the words "Deeds Speak"—the motto which I took the liberty of placing upon our printed Constitution as that of the Society, assured of your hearty acquiescence.

In the right-hand corner of the banner are the Royal arms, and in the left the arms of Canada—not the arms of to-day, which bear the quarterings of the confederated Provinces of our Dominion, but those of Old Canada—as seen now only on old coins, deeds, and charters, bearing the cornucopia, or horn of plenty, the anchor, and the sheaf of arrows. For the rest, the silk is torn, frayed and tattered, in many places entirely gone; the fringe faded, but to a great extent intact. Such is the banner which has given us our motto.

When war was declared against Great Britain and her colonies by the United States of America, on June 18th, 1812, Canada was in a less capable condition to defend herself than she is to-day. Her extensive frontier of thirteen hundred miles was without a single well-appointed fortress to oppose the entrance of an invading army. The defence of the Province, entrusted to General Brock, was to be maintained by a slender force of some five thousand men, of whom not more than fifteen hundred were British regulars.

Well might the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Prevost, believe that, unless large reinforcements were sent speedily from England, there was little hope of the Canadian Provinces being retained to the British Crown. General Brock, although he had but recently been defeated in carrying through the House of Assembly a measure which would enable him to strengthen the militia, and thus put the country into a better state of defence, knew the people better. He believed in the loyalty of the majority, as well as in the ability of a small force, fighting for their homes, to defend them against an invading army ten times their number.

“Everyone with whom I have had an opportunity of conversing,” he writes to Sir George Prevost, on May 16th, “assures me that a good disposition prevails among the people.”

The Militia Bill passed, Brock was still forced to acknowledge that, although every man capable of carrying a musket along the whole line of frontier was prepared to fight to the last to preserve the country from the foe, he had not “a musket more than would suffice to arm part of the militia from Kingston westward.”

If you will also remember that the militia of 1812 were not equipped in any way as well as are the militia of to-day, and that they were without uniforms, regular arms or camp equipages, you will realize that it was their loyalty to Britain which fired them to defend her colony from invasion. Many, animated by a bitter antipathy to the United States and their Government, born of dastardly persecutions

and sufferings at the hands of the Americans before they had sought refuge within the borders of Canada, there to find home and peace under the shadow of the Union Jack, and inspired by gratitude and loyalty to the land thus made their own, were ready to go forth to fight, and, if need be, die in its defence, rather than surrender its soil to the southern foe.

And had the women of the day no share in this,—had they no part to play? We know the worth of our influence now for good or ill, and the devoted loyalty of the women of Canada in 1812 was a strong factor in the preservation of our land to the British Empire. On every page of the history of the U. E. Loyalists, and that of the war of 1812-14, the energy, loyalty, bravery and endurance of the women are written in letters of gold.

“Woman,” says Laurence Oliphant, “is the Divine principle of man,” and well she acted her part during those days of gloom and foreboding. No fear cowed her heart, no selfish thought of the preservation of present home comfort, or dread of the possible loss of her nearest and dearest, hampered the man who was called upon to defend the land. No! she sent him out cheerfully, full of hope and courage, to do his duty as a man; and strengthened by her strong heart and earnest prayers, how well and truly was that duty done!

Of the many instances of this spirit among the women, the working of this banner is one that has a personal interest to us as Toronto women, and still more particularly to many here, who are descendants of those who traced its design, through whose

fingers were drawn the rich silks now faded and frayed. From the reminiscences of one of them, Mary Warren Baldwin, a girl of twenty, who drew the design and helped to work it, we learn that the ladies met in the old McGill-McCutcheon house, which stood then on the site now occupied by the Metropolitan Church. The spot was then high ground, rising above a shallow winding ravine or depression, which, after leaving the shore of the bay, turned eastward at this place toward the Don valley.

The motto, "Deeds Speak," was chosen for them by the Rev. Dr. Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto. General Brock visited them, and commended their work. Mr. McLean (afterwards Judge McLean), Stephen Jarvis, Mr. Robinson (afterwards Chief Justice Sir J. B. Robinson), sat with them, and read aloud "The Battle of Talavera" and other stirring poems, records of hard-fought battles and great victories won.

The battle of Talavera, it will be remembered, was fought in Spain by Wellington and the allies against France and the hitherto victorious generals of Napoleon's great army, on July 27th and 28th, 1809.

These two most hotly contested and sanguinary engagements, ending in a glorious victory, added such laurels to the British flag that Sir Arthur Wellesley was made Viscount Talavera as a mark of his country's gratitude.

Written by Sydney Croker, the talented Secretary of the Admiralty, the first editions of the poem were published anonymously. It, however, was received

with such favor by an admiring public that the sixth edition bore its author's name upon the title-page.

The following extract, copied from a review of the book in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of January, 1812, will be sufficient to show how the record of deeds done in the Old World might well fire the hearts of the loyal in the New :

“ Oh, for a blaze from heaven to light
 The wonders of that gloomy fight,
 The guerdon to bestow,
 Of which the sullen, envious night
 Bereaves the warrior's brow.
 Darkling they fight, and only know
 If chance has sped the fatal blow,
 Or by the trodden corse below,
 Or by the dying groan :
 Furious they strike without a mark,
 Save now and then the sulphurous spark
 Illumes some visage grim and dark
 That with the flash is gone !
 Promiscuous death around they send,
 Foe falls by foe, and friend by friend,
 Heaped in that narrow plain.
 But with the dawn the victors view
 Ten gallant French, the valley strew,
 For every Briton slain ;
 They view with not unmingled pride,
 Some anxious thoughts their souls divide,
 Their throbbing hopes restrain.
 A fiercer field must yet be tried.
 Hundreds of foes they see have died,
 But thousands still remain.
 From the hill summit they behold,
 Tipped with the morning's orient gold
 And swarming o'er the field,

Full fifty thousand muskets bright
 Led by old warriors trained to fight
 And all in conquest skilled :
 With twice their number doomed to try
 The unequal war, brave souls, they cry :
 Conquer we may, perhaps must die,
 But never, never yield.

Thus ardent they ; but who can tell
 In Wellesley's heart what passions swell,
 What cares must agitate his mind,
 What wishes, doubts and hopes combined,
 Whom with his country's chosen bands,
 'Midst cold allies in foreign lands,
 Outnumb'ring foes surround ;
 From whom that country's jealous call
 Demands the blood, the fame of all—
 To whom 'twere not enough to fall
 Unless with victory crowned.

“ Oh, heart of honor, soul of fire,
 Even at that moment fierce and dire,
 Thy agony of fame !
 When Britain's fortune dubious hung,
 And France tremendous swept along
 In tides of blood and flame ;
 Even while thy genius and thy arm
 Retrieved the day and turned the storm.
 Even at that moment, factious spite *
 And envious fraud essayed to blight
 The honors of thy name.

* The calumniators of Sir Arthur Wellesley have been so industrious in publishing their malignity that it is unnecessary to recall to the public observation any particular instance of it. In reading these base absurdities, one cannot but recollect the expression of Marshall Villars (I think it was) to Louis XIV. : “ Sire je vais combattre vos ennemis et je vous laisse au milieu des miens.” Sir Arthur, much worse treated than M. de Villars, says nothing about it, but beats his country's enemies and despises his own.

He thinks not of them : from that height
 He views the scene of future fight,
 And, silent and serene, surveys
 Down to the plain where Teio stays—
 The woods, the streams, the mountain ways,
 Each dell and sylvan hold ;
 And all his gallant chiefs around
 Observant watch, where o'er the ground
 His eagle glance has rolled.

“ Few words he spake, or needed they,
 Where to condense the loose array
 Or where the line unfold ;
 They saw, they felt, what he would say,
 And the best order of that day,
 It was his eye that told.
 Prophetic to each chief he shows
 On wing or centre, where the foes
 Will pour their fury most ;
 Points out what portion of the field
 To their advance 'twere good to yield,
 And what must not be lost.
 ‘ Away, away ! the adverse power,
 Marshals and moves his host.
 ’Tis come, ’tis come, the trial hour,
 Each to his destined post.
 And when you charge, be this your cry,
 Britons strike home, and win or die—
 The grave or victory ! ’ ”

This was no idle tale to these women, for before the banner was presented to the regiment many of them mourned the loss of friends—one the death of her lover and affianced husband,—and all had wept over the grave of the man to whose memory, of all others, Canada owes a debt of gratitude to-day. The

battle and victory of Queenston Heights had been fought and won.

The following simple but pathetic account of the presentation is also lent me by the Hon. George Allan. The page is faded and yellow, the print faint, and the type of the last century renders it difficult to decipher. There is no date nor name of the paper of which it has once formed a part or page, but from the context we may gather the presentation took place sometime at the end of the year 1812, or during the early days of 1813:

EXTRACT.

“The gallant achievement at Detroit in the beginning of this war, if it excited admiration in the Mother Country, failed not to make an equal impression on the inhabitants of this province.

“The portion of the 3rd Regiment of York Militia embodied in the flank companies, whom fortune made sharers in the glory of that exploit, were gratefully thanked for the faithful discharge of their duty, and the young ladies, with a fervor of patriotism literally above commendation, had prepared a banner which it was their intention to present to the regiment immediately upon the return of the volunteers from that expedition.

“But the sudden recommencement of hostilities rendered the late General Brock's presence for a time impossible, and subsequent events, the recollection of which it is painful to recall, occasioned a delay of their intention.

“Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe, having it in his power to honor the ceremony with his presence this day, was appointed for the purpose, and at one o'clock the regiment was drawn up in front of the church at open order to receive and salute the General and his suite as they passed. The Evening Service was read by the Rev. Dr. Strachan, and an appropriate sermon delivered from the following text: ‘Give thanks unto the Lord, and call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people.’

“The 3rd Regiment and all the respectable inhabitants of the town attended. They who heard it will not readily forget the matter nor the manner, and those who were not there could receive little satisfaction from any account of a discourse which derived much of its effect from the earnest sincerity so conspicuous in the preacher.

“It was visibly and sincerely lamented by the regiment and by every spectator, that a misfortune at any time melancholy, but at the present instance peculiarly distressing, prevented Colonel Chewett from assisting at a ceremony, the anticipation of which had afforded him much honest pride. Major Allan, on that day, commanded the regiment.

“Dr. Strachan, after his discourse was ended, resumed the surplice, and ascending a stage which had been erected near the pulpit for the occasion, requested the young ladies who had wrought the standard for the 3rd York Militia to approach with the person whom they had chosen to present it.

“The Rev. Dr. Strachan then consecrated the regimental colors and the standard to be presented by the ladies, which were supported by Lieutenants George Ridout and Samuel Jarvis, of the 3rd Regiment.

“Decorum forbids me the liberty of exhibiting in this place to the admiration of the public the impressive prayer used on the occasion by the Reverend Doctor.

“When it was ended, Miss Powell, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Powell, presented the colors (standard?) to the Major, with this short but elegant and animated address, spoken in a manner so amiable and unaffectedly diffident, and in a tone so interestingly appropriate to the sentiments, to the occasion and to the fair presenter, that it infinitely heightened the solemnity, and increased (I speak from my own feelings) the rapture of the scene :

““The young ladies of York, in presenting a banner to you, their brave and successful defenders, perform a duty most grateful to their own feelings.

““They are proud to imitate the example of the most distinguished of their sex ; among the most virtuous and heroic nations who have rejoiced in giving public testimony of their gratitude to their countrymen—returning from victory—receive then this ensign

of union as a token of their lasting esteem and the harbinger of increasing glory.

“Receive it as a proof that they strongly participate in that generous patriotism which burns with so pure a flame through the Province, and when you behold it unfurled on the day of battle, let it become a kind remembrancer of the unlimited confidence which they place in the efficiency of your protection.’

“The Major received the colors, which he committed to ensigns Charles Denison and Edward Thompson, the junior officers of the regiment, and returned to the lovely donors of them this reply :

“*Mesdames*,—This regiment of militia receive from the young ladies of York, with the most grateful acknowledgment, this consecrated banner, deeply sensible of the powerful additional claims which a favor so precious gives to our best exertions in defence of this happy province.

“The recollection of this day shall awaken in our bosoms the deepest affections of the soul, and shall animate us with a spirit which, by Divine assistance, shall completely shield you from every danger ; and when we look at your gift waving in the battle, the remembrance of our fair benefactors shall fasten on our hearts, and the flattering confidence which you place in the efficiency of our protection shall not be disappointed.’

“Here the ceremony ended, the regiment formed again without the church, and were honored by this flattering address from Sir Roger :

“I congratulate the 3rd Regiment of the York Militia on possessing these honorable, these sacred banners, and rejoice to see them under the protection of men who have already encountered the enemy and gloriously triumphed over them, and when you shall be called to rally round them to defend, not only them but all beside that is precious to you, I am confident that you will give new proofs of your courage and patriotism, and that you will reap fresh laurels and add to the victories and renown which you have already won.’

“After His Honor had left the ground, Major Allan addressed the following appropriate speech to his regiment :

“*Gentlemen of the 3rd Regiment of York Militia*,—Permit me to express the great satisfaction I feel in meeting you upon this occasion. The inestimable gift conferred upon you by the young ladies

of York must awaken the most lively gratitude in every bosom, and suggest new motives for redoubled efforts for resisting the enemy. They rely on our conduct and courage, not merely in defending the banner which they have presented, but in making it the admonisher of the most important services in support of our King and country ; and you are not to suppose that this religious dedication of your colors is an unmeaning ceremony, for they become a token and pledge of a most solemn engagement, not only between us and our sovereign, who calls us to arms, but between us and our fellow-subjects, for whose protection we are employed, especially of that tender and most amiable sex who have consigned them to our hands, and who zealously hope that we will never abandon them but with life.

“It is our part to realize these grateful expectations, and to show that they have not been consecrated by words only, but by our hearts, and by the noble and heroic spirit which the sight of them shall always awaken in our hearts.

“The enemy against whom we contend are loud in their threats, and enraged at the unexpected resistance which they have already experienced in this province ; they will wreak the bitterest vengeance upon us should they prove victorious, but they can never be victorious while we are united ; on the contrary, they will continue daily to receive bloody proofs that a country is never more secure than when defended by its faithful, loyal and industrious inhabitants, who have constantly before their eyes the tenderest pledges of nature, and are influenced by all that is dearest and most interesting to the human heart.

“March, then, under these colors, inspired by that pure honor which characterizes the Christian soldier, which inspires him with reverence for religion and loyalty to his sovereign, makes him a devouring flame to his resisting enemy, and a humane protector of the fallen, and it will be the most pleasing joy of our declining years to remember that we have made a noble use of the opportunity now presenting of contributing to the defence, the safety and the glory of this highly favored portion of the British Empire.’

“The colors were then escorted by the Grenadier Company, the band playing ‘The British Grenadiers,’ to the Major’s quarters, where they were deposited.

“The scene which I have thus imperfectly described is one in

which the mind alone is concerned, and which derives its grandeur purely from the principle which pervades it; external magnificence is not essential to its sublimity, nor can add to or diminish from its interest. The oppressor has frequently offered up thanksgiving for his triumph over freedom, and the conquerors' *Te Deum* has been often mingled with the cries of murdered citizens, but here was an assemblage of persons who had been lately called from the enjoyment of every peaceful blessing to defend their property and rights from an unprovoked invasion, and who were now met to bless and adore their Creator for the success which had hitherto attended them in every effort of resistance, and consecrate to Him a symbol intended to strengthen their unanimity and add life to their ardor through the continuance of the war."

Thus was the banner presented to and received by the regiment. Owing to the inexplicable conduct of Sir James Yeo, in the early spring of 1813, in putting back into Kingston with his vessels and thus enabling the American fleet, under Commander Chauncey, to sail out of Sackett's Harbor unmolested, York was besieged and taken by the enemy on April 27th.

In no instance of the war was bad generalship more conspicuous than in this surrender of York.

How well the handful of Indians under Major Givins fought in defence of the landing of the enemy under General Pike, by some mistake supported too late by but sixty of the Glengarry Fencibles, and later by two hundred and twenty militiamen, of whom the 3rd Regiment formed a part; how the company of the 8th, or King's Regiment, under Captain McNeil, was cut to pieces and, unsupported, was forced to retreat, is history, much of the true inwardness of which is yet to be learned.

General Sheaffe ordered the retreat on Kingston, shortly after which the magazine at the fort was blown up by accident or design—the latter being the most probable, in view of the fact that Major Givins sent an orderly to warn his family at Pine Grove, the house nearest to the fort, to seek safety in the cellar, as the Americans were victorious, and the British, being obliged to retreat, were going to blow up the fort in the endeavor to rob the enemy of the fruits of their victory.

From the late Miss McNab, of Hamilton, sister of Sir Allan McNab, of Dundurn, I learned much of the history of that eventful day. She remembered Dr. Strachan coming to her father's house with the tidings (brought from Scarboro' Heights by the lookout man stationed there) of the approach of the American fleet. Her father's impetuous exclamation when told that Sheaffe was in command, of "Then all is up with the town, for Sheaffe is no commander!" had left an indelible impression upon her mind.

Numbers of women and children, herself among them, had sought refuge in the old McGill house, which, from its position on the rising ground north of the road and sheltered by the forest behind, was less exposed than the houses nearer the bay.

Mrs. Seymour (*née* Miss Powell, then a child of six) remembers being sent to watch from one of the upper windows and seeing the British flag lowered and the Stars and Stripes run up in its place, while Miss McNab recalled with excitement the retreat of the regulars, and how later Mr. McLean burst into the

drawing-room with the banner the ladies had worked wrapped about his body for concealment, and remembered the storm raised by Miss Powell's bitter words of indignation and her taunt that after all their protestations the men had sent the banner back for the women to protect.

Stung to the quick, Mr. McLean, whose personal courage was undoubted, vowed he would return and face the victorious enemy rather than endure such words. He turned and would have dashed out again, but was stayed, and Dr. Strachan, learning that he had not been with the men who had surrendered at the fort, and had therefore no promise or parole to break, induced him to take a horse from Mr. McGill's stable, follow and join the retreating Sheaffe at Kingston.

I am indebted to Miss McLean, a daughter of this Mr. McLean (afterwards Chief Justice), for a corroborative account of the following particulars: "They buried the banner under a tree in the orchard behind the house, first wrapping it in an old bit of canvas," said Miss McNab.

"Hearing that the enemy was coming, Mr. McLean ran out with it and buried it in the forest behind the house," writes Miss McLean. How Mr. McLean had obtained possession of the banner does not appear. Ensigns Thompson and Charles Denison, to whose charge it had been entrusted, are enumerated in the articles of capitulation of York, and it is probable that when they found surrender was inevitable, they managed to convey the banner to McLean in time to save it from the disgrace of capture. He, either in

obedience to their wish or from true instinct, brought it back to the women who had worked it.

After the evacuation of York by the Americans the banner was restored to the regiment, and was carried through every engagement in which it took part.

After the close of the war, in 1815, the lapse of years of peace lessened the necessity of keeping up the militia, and the 3rd York Regiment, although continuing for many years to hold its annual parade on the 4th of June, King George the Third's birthday, by subsequent changes made in the militia, soon existed only on paper.

After the death of Colonel Duggan the banner was lost sight of, and it is due only to the determined and persevering search of years that we have it here to-day.

The Hon. George Allan, ably assisted by Mr. Henry Duggan, ultimately discovered it, together with the Queen's colors, in the attic of the Normal School, forgotten, tattered and discolored.

He had them conveyed to his home, and to a woman we owe the present state of preservation of our banner.

Mrs. Allan, with clever ingenuity and deft fingers, spread it on a breadth of white net, placed the worked design in its original position, covered it all with a second width of net, and by stitching it through kept it intact; then, sewing the fringe round the outer edge, preserved the remains as we have them to-day.

Need I say more to justify my choice of our motto, taken from a banner worked by women, to hearten the men in defence of their homes, cared for

in its hour of danger, and, finally, preserved to our sight to-day by a woman?

May we act up to it, and by our efforts to preserve the history of the days when it was worked, fire the hearts of the future with the loyalty to crown and country which burned so brightly then, and be worthy to bear upon our escutcheon the words

“Deeds Speak.”

MEMBERS.

Mrs. Ambrey.
Mrs. Baldwin.
Mrs. Russell Baldwin.
Mrs. Louise Beard.
Mrs. Wm. Bickle.
Miss Boulton.
Susanna P. Boyle, M.D.
Anna A. Boyle.
Mrs. A. G. Broughall.
Miss Buik.
Mrs. Burwash.
Mrs. George Campbell.
Mrs. John Cartwright.
Miss Cartwright.
Miss Carty.
Miss M. Carty.
Mrs. Allan Cassells.
Miss Laura Clarke.
Miss Cox.
Miss Cozens.
Mrs. E. M. Currie.
Miss Edith M. Curzon.
Mrs. Delamere.
Mrs. J. M. Delamere.
Mrs. John Charles Dent.
Miss Dent.
Mrs. J. H. Denton.
Miss Dickson.
Mrs. Dignam.
Miss Laura B. Durand.
Mrs. J. D. Edgar.
Miss Ellerby.
Miss Lillian V. Evans.

Miss Farmer.
Mrs. Farrer.
Miss Ferguson.
Miss Isabella George.
Miss George.
Miss Givins.
Mrs. E. Jeffers Graham.
Mrs. S. Bradley Gundy.
Mrs. John Haldane.
Mrs. Harrison.
Mrs. S. R. Hart.
Mrs. Elmes Henderson.
Mrs. Houston.
Mrs. Stephen Howard.
Mrs. Stephen Jarvis.
Mrs. Æmelius Jarvis.
Miss Jennings.
Mrs. G. W. Johnson.
Mrs. Kennedy.
Mrs. Kuring.
Miss Lang.
Mrs. Lash.
Miss Lash.
Miss G. Lawlor.
Miss Lawlor.
Miss Lefroy.
Mrs. George Lindsay.
Miss MacCallum.
Mrs. Grant Macdonald.
Mrs. Angus Macdonell.
Mrs. Alan Macdougall.
Miss Macdougall.
Miss M. MacMurchey.

Miss Bessie Macmurchy.
Mrs. Henry McLeod.
Mrs. A. W. McNab.
Mrs. W. Hamilton Merritt.
Miss Merritt.
Miss C. A. Merritt.
Miss Catherine M. Merritt.
Miss Sara Mickle.
Miss Jessie Mickle.
Miss Montizambert.
Mrs. Charlotte Morrison.
Miss Jessie Munro.
Mrs. Murphy.
Mrs. Nevitt.
Mrs. W. Oldright.
Mrs. W. Palmer.
Mrs. Parker.
Mrs. Parkin.
Miss Patterson.
Miss Playter.
Miss Pringle.
Mrs. Rean-Wadsworth.
Mrs. Reid.
Miss M. E. Riordan.
Mrs. Robertson.

Mrs. Robertson.
Mrs. C. C. Robinson.
Miss Rolph.
Mrs. Scales.
Miss Scott.
Mrs. Mary Shaw.
Miss Shaw.
Miss Minnie Shaw.
Mrs. C. F. Small.
Mrs. Sullivan.
Miss Stevenson.
Mrs. Strachan.
Mrs. John Taylor.
Mrs. Henry Thompson.
Miss Thompson.
Mrs. Todhunter.
Mrs. Totten.
Mrs. S. Walton.
Mrs. Welch.
Mrs. Willison.
Mrs. J. Willison.
Mrs. Wilson.
Miss Windeat.
Mrs. Wrong.

DEEDS SPEAK.

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO.

TRANSACTION No. 2.

The Battle of Queenston Heights,

October 13th, 1812.

BY

MRS. S. A. CURZON, First President.

With a Sketch of her Life and Works

BY

LADY EDGAR.

1899

SKETCH OF MRS. CURZON'S LIFE AND WORK.

BY LADY EDGAR.

Read at the Meeting of the Women's Canadian Historical Society, November 16th, 1898.

I wish to-day, in this closing hour of our year, to speak of one whose earthly work is done, Mrs. Curzon, the first President of our Society, who, as you know, passed away last week.

I think you would all like to have some account of her life and work, and it is fitting that, at this annual meeting, we should speak of one who just three years ago did so much to found this Society, and became, by unanimous vote, its first President.

Sarah Anne Curzon was an English woman by birth. She was born in Birmingham in 1833. Her father, George Phillips Vincent, had a large glass manufactory there, was a man of good education, and particularly interested in chemistry and physics. He devoted himself to his family, read and talked with his children and instructed them in all the public questions of the day, and also allowed them as often as possible to meet the scientific men who gathered at his house.

Dr. Charles Baker, one of the principal physicians of Birmingham, and his brother, a well-known divine and author, were cousins, also Edward W. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1858 she married Robert Curzon, and came with him to Canada in 1862. For more than thirty-five years she has lived among us in Toronto, and by her pen and personal influence has done much for our intellectual and national life. Beneath a frail form and gentle bearing dwelt a brave spirit, and with many disadvantages of health and fortune she accomplished much.

With all her strength she fanned and kept alive a true Canadian spirit in our midst, and fostered also an intense love for the motherland, believing that Imperial Federation was the best system of colonial development.

From 1872 she contributed, by essay, fiction and verse, to the *Canadian Monthly*, the *Week*, the *Dominion Illustrated*, *Grip*, the *Evangelical Churchman*, the *Canadian Magazine* and many English and American papers, and for two years she edited a woman's page in the *Canada Citizen*.

In 1887 her most ambitious work was published, "Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812," a drama. This volume is most highly thought of, and has assisted much in stimulating the study of Canadian history, more especially in regard to the war of 1812.

Her excellent knowledge of French led her to translate from Sulte, Le Moine, Le May, and other well-known French-Canadian writers, and among her fugitive pieces of verse are many excellent translations from the French of Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Philippe Desportes and others.

Nor was her pen devoted to literature alone. At a time when the doors of the University were closed to women she worked industriously by contributions to the daily press, and by discussions in the Women's Literary Club, in order to obtain for women the right to all college and university privileges in arts, science and medicine. She had the satisfaction of seeing her own daughter become a graduate of the University and assistant analyst in the School of Practical Science, Toronto. With her co-laborer, Dr Emily Stowe, Mrs. Curzon also assisted in founding the Women's Medical College. Another measure claimed her attention also. She was a strong advocate of Woman Suffrage, and with others she worked earnestly and with success in obtaining for married women more control of their own property, and in securing the measure of enfranchisement which women now enjoy in the Province of Ontario.

Those who knew her gentle and retiring nature would hardly have suspected the strength that lay beneath. One of her own sweet verses seems best to describe her life :

" For many a valiant deed is done,
 And great achievement wrought,
 Whose inspiration knows no source
 But pure and holy thought.
 For strung by Duty's steady hand,
 And thrilled by love's warm touch,
 Slight forms and simple names may serve
 At need to avail for much."

The Battle of Queenston Heights, October 13th, 1812.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

A Paper read before the First Meeting of the Season of 1897-98 of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto.

The War of 1812-15 has taken its place in history. It was not an unimportant struggle between two insignificant combatants, as some have affected to consider it—a mere colonial quarrel in which it did not particularly matter which side won; it was a gauge of defiance thrown down by a people new at the art of governing, but which, having proved its powers against its late governors, had not wholly subsided into gravity after a hysterical interlude of self-gratulation. The declaration of war with England by the United States, in 1812 was, in fact, a fresh outburst of hysteria, and was conducted all through upon lines of excitement, which found vent in foregone conclusions and bombastic proclamations, such as even the protest of a party, the pretence of a faction, the heroism of a Lawrence, and the skill of a Harrison could not mask. But the challenge, unworthy as it was, had to be taken up, and England, already strained for men and means by the long struggle with the disturber of European peace, at once addressed herself also to the defence of her loyal colonies in North America. The protection by a mailed hand which the mother country had given Canada from the moment the Union Jack first floated over the ramparts, was enlarged and strengthened; excellent officers were in command, and these received the necessary Orders-in-Council and stood on the alert.

But not for offence! The mother-heart still yearned over her departed offspring, and *defence only* was “writ large” on all official documents. To this fact alone it is due that the War of 1812 lasted three years. Had Brock been at liberty to follow up his success at Detroit by an attack on Fort Niagara, the course of the struggle would have been changed, and, as far as can be seen, shortened considerably. Confined, however, as he was, to a strict line of defence only, he could do nothing better than see to his weapons, “keep his powder dry,” and be ready for what might happen. And much was happening. The surrender of Fort Detroit by General Hull without

even a blow struck, had cut the American war party to the heart, and their clamours had shaken the American Government to the centre. Hull, an aged and able Revolutionary officer, was disgraced, and every post and fort was strengthened, while three armies were put on an active footing under good command, and money was freely voted for the war. Brock knew—for he could see it—that men were being massed all along the Niagara frontier, and was very conscious how weak were his own resources. The four or five regiments of regulars that could alone be spared by England from her bitter fight with Napoleon were divided and sub-divided among the various posts; Kingston, York and Niagara were points on which the enemy would be sure to pounce, and must be well defended. He knew he could count on a loyal, but far from numerous, militia; and he did all in his power to prepare them for the inevitable. He knew his men of all arms would never fail him, and they never did; yet he had ample cause for anxiety. So young a country had seldom been driven to make such a stand as Canada was called upon to make.

Detroit was taken on August 16th, and now October, the forerunner of winter, approached. There were evident signs that the enemy intended some move against the Canadian frontier. Brock thought it would certainly be against Fort George and the little town under the shelter of its few guns. There was nothing worth attacking up the river—a gun or two and a few men at Queenston, and a few more men at Fort Erie with other guns. Only at Fort George were there military stores of much value. Moreover, if that were carried the outposts would be taken almost necessarily. This may not have been Brock's absolute reasoning, but it is well known that up to the last he expected the impending attack would be upon Fort George, and in this view his officers generally agreed with him. How that expectation became modified is explained in a letter of which I hold the copyright as an appendix to my poem, "Laura Secord," a drama, and I refer to it here as an authority, because none but the readers of that volume have had an opportunity of seeing this valuable contribution to the history of the eventful day. The letter was written by Lieut.-Colonel Evans, of the 8th or King's Regiment, who was Acting Brigade-Major to the Forces at that date; and it was most obligingly lent to me by his son, Major R. J. Evans, at the request of the late George M. Evans, M.A., for use in my work. If I may be allowed to do so, I would commend the Notes and Appendices to "Laura Secord," a drama, etc., to the attention of such of our members as would desire to acquaint themselves fully with the personages and events most closely connected with the opening of the War of 1812 in the Niagara Peninsula.

Brigade-Major Evans dates his letter "Government House, Fort George, Oct. 15, 1812," and after narrating the instructions he had received from General Brock at dinner on the evening of the 11th October, part of which required him to cross the river with a message

to General Van Rensselaer, he says: "I reached Queenston early in the morning of the 12th. . . . And when about leaving Hamilton's house (Capt. Dennis' quarters) a scattered fire of musketry from the American shore took place, and on a ball entering the room, passing between us, I enquired, with surprise, the meaning of such unusual insolence. Capt. Dennis stating the practice to have existed more or less for some days, insomuch as to render ingress by the river door hazardous, I deemed it fitting first to cross the river. . . . I now begged Mrs. Dickson kindly to prepare a white handkerchief as a flag of truce, asking Mr. Dickson, who was a Captain of Militia, would he accompany me across the water. . . . I took Dickson by one hand and the flag in the other. We launched our frail canoe amidst an unsparing shower of shot which fell all around us; nor did the firing cease till the canoe became quite unmanageable, tossed about in the waters of the strong eddies; when, as if struck by shame at his dastardly attempt to deter us from our purpose, the enemy gave the signal to cease firing. I was thus relieved, and enabled on approaching the shore to observe more calmly all that was passing. On touching the ground, with water in the leaky canoe ankle deep, I was about, as was my custom, leaping ashore, when a sentinel from a guard brought to the spot, came to the charge with fixed bayonet, authoritatively commanded me not to leave the boat. To my inquiry for Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer (the Adjutant-General), with whom I usually conferred, I was told he was sick. I then stated having an important message from General Brock for their commander, which, if inconvenient for their General to receive from me personally, I begged an official person might be immediately deputed to convey it to him. After some delay, Mr. Tooche, the General's secretary, made his appearance, but his reply to General Brock's request being abrupt, and as I thought somewhat significant—'that nothing could be done till the day after to-morrow'—I ventured to remind him of General Brock's liberality towards their people which the fortune of war had thrown into his hands, entreating that he would again consult his General, and enable me to carry to mine something more satisfactory." (Col. Evan's message to Gen. Van Rensselaer was requesting the immediate exchange of the prisoners taken in the *Detroit* and *Caledonia* for an equal number of Americans Brock had released after the capture of *Detroit*.) "In compliance, as he stated, with my wishes, but more as it appears to be with an intent to consume my time, rendered precious from its being after midday, he detained me in my miserable position for two hours, and then returned, expressing the General's regret 'that the prisoners having been marched for Albany they could not instantler be brought back, but that I might assure General Brock, with his respects, that all should be settled to their mutual satisfaction the day after to-morrow.' I was now too anxious to depart to wish the parley prolonged, my mind being quite made up as to the enemy's intentions,

and to the course it was most fitting for me to pursue under the circumstances. It had not escaped me that their saucy numbers had been prodigiously swelled by a horde of half savage troops from Kentucky, Ohio and Tennessee, which evidently made it hazardous for their northern countrymen to show their accustomed respect for a flag of truce from a foe; but my most important discovery was their boats slung in the sides or fissures on the river bank, covered only by the brush, with indeed many decided indications that an attack on our shores could not be prudently delayed for a single day. Under such impression the first thing on reaching our own side was the removal by Mr. Dickson of his family from his own house on the beach, the very site of the prospective struggle, and giving note of preparation to the few Militia which, with the 49th flank companies, were all the immediate disposable force for the defence of Queenston."

It must not be overlooked that in 1812 Queenston was not merely the summer resort it is to-day. It was the head of the portage between Lakes Ontario and Huron, and a horse-railway—traces of which may still be seen at a point on the St. David's Road—facilitated a large traffic, which, beginning early in French occupancy of Canada, became after the Revolutionary War, a very important route of trade from both sides of the line. Mr. Thomas Dickson was the first postmaster on the Canadian side, and had large trade interests and storehouses at Queenston, as also had the Clarkes and Secords.

Lieutenant-Colonel Evans' letter continues: "Having to put the many posts on the line of communication on the *qui vive*, although I rode at full speed, it was 6 p.m. ere I reached Fort George. . . . I narrated to General Brock all that had occurred. . . . The General, evidently doubting at first, hesitated, but seeing my earnestness in rebuking his attendants of charging my being over-sanguine, and chagrin at their proffered bets against my predictions, he became unusually grave, desired I would follow him to the office, where at his request I succinctly recapitulated the days occurrences, adding my solemn conviction that not a moment was to be lost in effectually preparing for defence. The General now thanked me, approved of all that I had done, and, returning to the dining-room, directed officials to be immediately written and despatched by Provincial Dragoons, calling in the militia of the vicinity that same evening, those more distant to follow with all alacrity. I was directed to make all requisite preparations at headquarters. In this work I was busied till near 11 p.m., when, worn by fatigue, I stretched myself on the mattress. After a slumber of a few hours I was aroused by a distant cannonade soon after 2 a.m., October 13th, but without surprise, well-knowing whence the ominous sound came. The General, who, himself, had all in readiness, at once mounted his horse and proceeded for the post attacked. His *aides-de-camp* (Glegg and Macdonell) were awake and soon followed. Major-General Sheaffe, second in command, assumed charge at headquarters, but the impres-

sion on General Brock's mind being that the attempt at Queenston would prove only a feint to disguise his (the enemy's) real object from the creek in front of Fort Niagara, his apparent wish was that whilst all were held in readiness to act in any quarter, no decisive movement of the troops should take place till the enemy's intention were fully developed.

"The Indians and regular artillery were, however, promptly despatched, and the *élite* of the 41st, with an equal number of well-drilled Militia flank companies ready to follow on the first summons. As the day dawned—(This would be between 7 and 8 a.m. of an October morning)—the scouts I had sent out reporting no symptoms of hostile movement in the quarter indicated—(The creek in rear of Fort Niagara, now, I think, the site of Youngstown)—these troops all proceeded at double quick for the succour of Queenston, the debouching of which column on the main road appeared to be the signal for opening a brisk canonade from Fort Niagara on the troops, the town and the fort.

"Soon after," continues Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, "the news of the gallant Brock's unhappy fall reached us." . . . Thus showing, on incontrovertible evidence, how early in the morning, probably not nine o'clock, Brock was killed. The note which carried the mournful news to Fort George was from Captain Derinzy, commanding the 41st companies that had gone to the support of Queenston, and is quoted by Lieutenant-Colonel Evans thus: "He found on arriving at Queenston the enemy in possession of the opposite heights (that is, the heights upon which Brock's monument now stands and which overlook the town), and one heavy one-gun battery there; that the enfilading (of the river and landing place) on one side, too distant to be quite effective—then protected by his division—had been powerfully aided by Captain Holcroft, of the Royal Artillery, who, unmindful of consequences, boldly dashed his gun through the valley into Hamilton's courtyard within point blank range, thus succeeding in sinking some of the enemy's crowded boats, and damping the ardour of his troops for crossing. Seeing his critical position Captain Derinzy had sustained him by a party of the 41st regiment. He briefly mentioned that the spirited Brock, finding on his arrival the 41st Grenadiers and Militia, though resolutely defending the landing-place, hard pressed, had called to their aid the 49th light company from the Heights' summit, the key of the position. The enemy, profiting by this step, moved unperceived about a hundred and fifty men—and over a precipitous steep it was deemed impracticable for a human being to ascend—who suddenly appeared to the astonished General first on the mountain summit, and the next instant in possession of the redoubt, putting its defenders to the sword. The gallant spirit of Brock, ill-brooking to be thus foiled, with a courage deserving a better fate, hastily collected the weak 49th company and a few Militia, debouching from a stone building at the mountain's

brow ; with these little bands he spiritedly strove to regain his lost position, but in which daring attempt he was killed by a rifle ball entering under the left breast, passing out by the right shoulder. Captain Williams, by taking a wider range, made a second effort, but as the result proved, with a too inadequate force, the A.D.C. being mortally wounded and Captain Williams' head being partially scalped by a rifle ball."

A plain unvarnished tale, truly ; yet what a tragedy ! Side by side they lie now under one stone—the able General who had seen many fields, and the accomplished *aide-de-camp*, already Attorney-General of his Province, whose early fall on his first engagement, at the age of twenty-eight, is scarcely less touching than that of his beloved commander, who had accomplished his forty-third year only a few days previously.

Let us look at the field in that early morning light. A thriving village in a valley ; above it steep heights, and before it a rapid river which alone separates it from a fierce enemy at that moment crossing its force in boats, some of which land their men safely, others hit by the one gun on the heights, or the others, a little down the river, are sunk or overturned. Yet the enemy's force on Canadian ground increases, and Captain Dennis, with his two flank companies of the 49th and the Militia at hand—some of whom, as Robinson and Jarvis, belonged to the now classic York Volunteers—do their best to keep the invader in check until help shall come from Fort George. To them arrive the General, followed by his *aides*. He takes a rapid glance at the field, orders a piece to be trained a little lower, sees that Dennis with his few men defending the landing is hard pressed, and orders down to his support the light company on the hill. Instantly almost a hundred and fifty Americans appear on the summit (almost where his monument now stands), and begin to descend. The moment is critical—the enemy must be driven back. Gathering the few men of the 49th and militia at hand, under the shelter of a little stone building on the brow of the hill, they emerge upon the foe, the General crying in ringing tones, "Follow me, boys !" With a cheer the rush up the hill is made, and with effect, when from behind one of the trees that then clothed the heights thickly, a Kentucky bullet finds its billet in the General's heart, and all is confusion. "Push on, never mind me !" the hero cries as he falls. "Our gallant General fell on his left side within a few feet of where I stood," says the late Judge Jarvis, of Cornwall, who was a cadet of eighteen in 1812, in Auchinleck's history of the war of 1812. "Running up to him, I enquired, 'Are you much hurt, sir ?' He placed his hand on his breast but made no reply, and sunk slowly down." Gently they carried him out of the way of the fight still raging, and he breathed his last under a thorn tree near where his cenotaph now stands. And then the beloved corpse was still more gently carried to a house near—some say the house of Captain James Secord, where the body,

it was said, was covered with a heap of old army blankets to protect it from insult, for the gallant struggle went against us, notwithstanding the arrival of such small reinforcements as we know of from Fort George, itself in sore straits during a large part of that eventful day; and among the victorious assailants were some of those half-savage troops from Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee that Lieut.-Colonel Evans speaks of as unwilling even to respect a flag of truce. Why, then, should they respect a dead General? For two or three hours at least the Americans were in possession of Queenston, and the outrages they committed were disgraceful to the last degree. In the search for money and valuables no privacy was respected, and feather beds were ripped open with their swords and bayonets for concealed plunder.

What the feelings of the British must have been under these circumstances of defeat may be imagined, but there was no retreat; sullenly, but stubbornly, they kept their ground, waiting for further reinforcements from Fort George. One noble and brave woman, Mrs. Maria Hill, a soldier's wife, brought out food and lighted fires to carry tea to the starving men who had been called out before day-break on a cold October morning, and had not yet broken their fast; her babe crowing and cheering under the shelter of a wood-pile. Oh, beautiful sight!

There was great excitement as the news of the death of Brock spread over the peninsula; the Militia flocked in from every point; men long past service took up their weapons, and retired officers who had fought for England throughout the Revolutionary struggle hastened to offer their services to General Sheaffe; the moment was recognized as critical, and every hand was put forth to avert the danger. Old Captain Clench, a man approaching eighty, came in full of ardour, and turned away in despair when assured that he could be of no use on the field. Fort George itself was in straits; every available man had been sent to the relief of Queenston; hot shot was being fired from Fort Niagara setting buildings on fire, and rendering the security of three hundred American prisoners a matter of supreme difficulty. But there was no faltering, the Battle of Queenston Heights had still to be fought. Sheaffe, now in command, came upon the field by circuitous route. With him were Lieutenant McIntyre, of the 41st, with 140 men of his regiment, and some militia; another officer, William Martin, with every regular that could be spared, and some active Militia, and every active man from the posts on the line of communication were added. It was afternoon when Sheaffe reached the field, and the enemy were in full possession, both above and below. They had entrenched themselves strongly on the height, and fresh men were from time to time arriving from over the river. Captain Wool, an able young officer of the United States army, was in command at the summit, and his action throughout the fight that followed was brilliant and courageous to

the last. But it was of no avail. Sheaffe's plan was to enclose the enemy and drive him back the way he had come. Inspired by Sheaffe's arrival, and burning with vengeance for the loss of their beloved General in the morning, the troops that had held their ground against such odds for so many hours addressed themselves to the fight with fury. The village was cleared, the Americans threw themselves into their boats with terrific precipitancy, for the "Green Tigers" fought as though mad. On the heights the tide had turned; the lost redoubt was retaken, and the enemy began to flee. Some one ran up a flag of truce, but the brave Wool tore it down with his own hands, and looked for the reinforcements that should save him. But they did not come. Sheaffe was pressing on him steadily, yet help came not, for the forces assembled on the other side refused to cross, so great was the terror inspired among them by the accounts given by the fugitives already arrived. Their officers rode among them, by turns threatening and entreating; all to no purpose, they would not budge. At last the intrepid Wool saw that the game was up. Closer and closer pressed the little British force, and at length his men broke into a run, not an orderly retreat—it was impossible—but a veritable panic, and in the *melee* men threw themselves down the steep precipices on the river bank to perish miserably by pale or flood. *The Battle of Queenston Heights was won.*

I cannot close this paper without one word further. So completely is the Battle of Queenston Heights enshrined in the halo that must forever encircle the name of Brock, the brilliant commander and able administrator, that few persons recognize or remember that it was Sheaffe who won it. Not a great officer, and somewhat of a martinet, Sheaffe, nevertheless, was a valuable man, and did credit to the service, and he was deservedly honored by promotion.

The Battle of Queenston Heights was a terrible struggle marked by nothing less than a tragedy; the death of Brock touched the national heart to the quick, and the 13th of October, 1812, must ever remain a sacred day in the annals of Canada and Britain.

Recollections of Mary Warren Breckenridge,

OF CLARKE TOWNSHIP.*

BY CATHERINE F. LEFROY.

*(Reprinted from the "Papers and Records of the Ontario Historical Society,"
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My paper consists of a few extracts taken from the recollections of Mary Warren Breckenridge. These recollections were written from her dictation by her daughter, Maria Murney, about the year 1859. They are interesting, as showing the contrast between those early days in the settlement of Canada and our own more comfortable times.

Mary Warren Breckenridge was the youngest of sixteen children, and was only seven years old when her father, Robert Baldwin, emigrated to America in 1798, bringing with him six children. After meeting with many adventures and being more than once in danger of shipwreck they finally arrived safely on this side of the ocean.

The first extract describes their journey from New York to Toronto :

"My grandfather and his family," she says, "reached New York in June, 1798. About a fortnight was taken up in going up the Hudson in a sloop. The weather was very hot, and they frequently stopped to buy milk, bread, etc., suffering very much from the heat. They took fully another fortnight coming up the Mohawk, where they found the mosquitoes a terrible infliction. From Oswego they crossed lake Ontario to the island—then the peninsula—opposite Toronto, which was then a carrying place of the Indians, and at night they crossed the bay of Toronto, then York, arriving at the celebrated town and finding it composed of about a dozen or so of houses, a dreary, dismal place, not even possessing the characteristics of a village. There was no church, schoolhouse or any of the ordinary signs of civilization, but it was, in fact, a mere settlement. There was not even a Methodist chapel, nor does my mother remember more than one shop. There was no inn, and those travellers who had no friend to go to pitched a tent and lived in that as long as they remained. My grandfather and his family had done so during their journey. The Government House and the Garrison lay about a mile from York, with a thick wood between.

* Read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto.

“After remaining a few days in York the family proceeded to take possession of a farm my grandfather purchased in the township of Clarke, about fifty miles below York. They travelled in open bateaux, when night came on pitching their tent on the shores of Lake Ontario. The journey generally occupied two days, sometimes much longer. They found on the land a small log hut with a bark roof and a chimney made of sticks and clay, the chinks between the logs stuffed with moss, and only a ladder to go to the loft above.”

After living about eighteen months at Clarke, Mary Breckenridge was taken by her father and an elder sister to New York, in order that the latter might be married to a gentleman she had become engaged to on the voyage out. The journey in those days was one of difficulties and adventures.

“About October, 1799, the trio set out. They crossed Lake Ontario to Niagara, which took a day and a half. They had been detained three weeks at York before they found a schooner crossing the lake, and they were detained three weeks more at Niagara before they found a party going on, for people had to wait then for a party to go through the forest, as a caravan does over the desert.

“While detained at Niagara a dark day occurred, which was very extraordinary, and during which strange noises like cannon were heard, which alarmed them very much. They visited the falls, which one came upon through the dense forest, and which were infinitely grander then, in their primeval state, than they are now, when laid bare by civilization.

“After returning they proceeded to Canandaigua, where they found they had not sufficient money to get on, and they had to wait a whole month until a remittance came to them, meanwhile suffering great privations and even hardships.

“Another party having been found, and money having come, they set out once more. They crossed Cayuga Lake over a long bridge, two miles long, and after that, by some means, lost their way—their sleigh first being upset and their money nearly lost in the snow. It was, of course, in those days gold and silver, and carried in a bag.

“After wandering about and quite losing their path they at length, by the moonlight, saw smoke, and proceeding towards it, dogs began to bark, and presently an Indian came towards them, to whom they explained their distress. He proved to be a chief, and very politely invited them into his wigwam. They gladly accepted the invitation, and my mother often speaks of that, to her, delightful night in the bark wigwam, with the blazing logs on one side and the hole at the top, where, as she lay on her bed of hemlock boughs and bear skins, she saw the stars twinkling down on them. The Indians were very hospitable, giving up with great politeness the half of their wigwam to the strangers. My mother does not remember any of the incidents of their sleigh journey for the rest of the way down the Hudson, except my aunt getting a dress made at Albany, where, to her amazement, the dressmaker told her that the open gown with the long train that was in vogue when she left Ireland was done away with, and round gowns were now the fashion.”

They finally arrived safely at New York, and the marriage—on account of which the journey had been undertaken—took place Feb. 12th, 1800. Mary Breckenridge did not return to Canada until 1807.

The changes which had taken place during that time, and other matters are described in her recollections, thus :

“The country had, of course, improved somewhat during the seven years since they went down, still where cities now stand there was then only woods, woods, woods, with here and there a few scattered houses. For instance, at Buffalo, where they passed a night, was a solitary roadside inn, with a swinging sign. No other house, and the beautiful Lake Erie spread out before it.

“My uncle drove his own carriage all the way from Albany. Ten miles he and my mother had to walk through the woods where the road was very bad. My mother found York had vastly changed in those years. There were a church, a gaol, a light-house building and many nice houses, and the woods between the garrison and town fast disappearing.

“My mother went down to the farm after her sisters had returned to New York, and then her experience of ‘roughing it in the bush’ began. The hardships were bearable until the winter came on, which proved to be one of the most severe ever known in Canada.

“In the end of the previous summer and the fall, the field mice were a perfect plague. They were found in myriads, and destroyed everything they could find. Everything that was turned up proved to be a homestead destroyed, and the cat loathed mice as the Israelites did quails. The winter made an end of the mice, which lay dead by hundreds of thousands on the ground. But a new trouble arose, very trying to the women and those unable to work. White oak staves were found to be marketable and to bring a large price. Therefore a mania arose for cutting and preparing these staves. Consequently every man in the country set to work at this new employment, leaving the women and old people to get on as they could on their wild lands. My grandfather’s man followed the universal example, and they could get no other man for the highest wages that could be offered.

“My mother, a young and delicate girl of sixteen, was obliged to drag hay up a hill to feed all the cattle and a flock of sheep, though terrified by the animals, as my grandfather was too infirm to do it himself. There was also a pack of hounds to feed, and water to draw, and logs to draw into the outhouse, at which three worked, that is, aunt Alice, my grandfather and mother, and my grandfather chopped the logs in the house to supply the great fireplace, which held what we would call a load of wood almost now.

“During the following summer flights of pigeons were remarkable. My mother says they used to darken the air.”

They were much terrified on one occasion by a visit from a party of Indians :

“One Sunday he (my grandfather) had gone to see his neighbor, Mr. Cozens (?), when soon after he had gone several Indians came, bringing furs and asking for whiskey. My mother and aunt refused them. The Indians became so urgent and insolent and so constantly increasing in number that they became terrified and sent the French girl to beg my grandfather to return. She came back in a few minutes more frightened than ever, saying that as she passed the camp she saw the squaws hiding away all the knives, as they always do when the Indians are drunken, and that they chased her back. Some of the Indians were intoxicated before they came to the house, and their threats were awful. They had collected to the number of forty, and

those poor girls still held out stoutly in refusing the whiskey, which was kept beneath a trapdoor in the kitchen, in a sort of little cellar. At length my aunt thought of the large, handsome family Bible, in two volumes, in which they had been reading, and opened them and pointed out the pictures to try and attract their attention, while my mother knelt down at the other end of the table and prayed to God loudly and earnestly.

“In this position my grandfather found them, and fearful was the shock to him. He brought Cozens with him. No sooner did the Indians see him than one man drew his knife and showed it to my mother, saying, ‘Cozens kill my brother, I kill Cozens.’ Then my grandfather, to divert that idea, was obliged to get them the whiskey. Nothing else probably saved their lives.

“Cozens slipped away and called the Lovekins and some other neighbors, and my aunt and mother went into a little room inside my grandfather’s, while he and his friends kept watch, and those horrid creatures set to for a regular orgie. There was a great kettle of food for the hounds on the fire, made of bran and potato peelings and all sorts of refuse. This they eat up clean and clever; then they drank, danced and sang all night long, and in the morning off they went, to the relief and joy of the family.

“One great misery of life at Clarke was the unpleasantness of being obliged to sit at table with one’s servants, a black one sometimes being amongst them. My grandfather used to sit at the upper end of the table, with his family at each side of him, while lower down sat the servants and laborers—somewhat in the old feudal style—the nearness of the view decidedly divesting the arrangement of all enchantment.

“Another was the being obliged to receive every passer up and down who wished to stay. Sometimes, of course, there would be an agreeable guest or party of guests, but as there was no sort of inn, it was not quite so agreeable to have fifteen or twenty coachmen come and take possession of your kitchen, and perhaps be storm-bound and have to remain several days. There were also parties constantly coming to Squire Baldwin’s to be married.

“The mode of travelling was wonderful to hear of. There was a great stopping place called Pike’s, somewhere about Whitby. Here men, women and children had to occupy one room, all lying on the floor, with their feet towards the fire and some bundle under their heads.

“In December, 1810, the family moved up in sleighs to York.”

Where, after experiencing so many hardships, they enjoyed the comforts of comparative civilization.

DEEDS SPEAK!

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 4

1. Some Elections and the Battle of Hastings.
A Paper by (Mrs.) Agnes Chamberlin, read on January 4th, 1900.
2. Letter Concerning the Election for the County of Essex to the
First Parliament of Upper Canada.
3. Speech of Indian Chief, "Me-tawth." (1813.)
4. Speech of Indian Chief, "Ope-kai-e-gan." (1836.)
5. Leaves from an Officer's Diary. (1836-1840.)
6. Penetanguishene.
A Poem written by a Subaltern. (1840.)

SOME ELECTIONS AND THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

To those who live in these days of moderation a sketch of the political excitement during the years subsequent to 1837 will be interesting. It is not necessary to enter into the question of who was right or who was wrong. The Radicals (or Rebels as they were called by their opponents, Reformers as they called themselves) and the Tories were each as violent as the other.

The three great questions to be decided were responsible government, the union of the provinces, and the settlement of that bone of contention, the Clergy Reserves.

In the spring of 1841 Mr. Baldwin had been brought by the Reform Party to run for the County of Hastings. No resident of that constituency could have had a ghost of a chance against Mr. Murney, the Tory member—the most popular man in the county, very handsome, a popular speaker, with a splendid voice. He belonged to the town, and had married a Belleville girl who was also a first cousin of the Baldwins. This made the situation more difficult.

In the good old days an election for member of Parliament being held for a week in the County Town enabled men who had property in more than one town to record their votes in each. I once heard a lawyer boast of how he voted in five counties—drove to Kingston on Sunday, voted as soon as the poll was opened on Monday morning; drove on the ice to Prince Edward (Picton), got there before the poll closed; on to Belleville, voted there on Tuesday morning; drove to Cobourg, voted there on Wednesday; on to Peterborough to vote there on Thursday afternoon, and was back to Belleville, before the poll closed, on Saturday evening. He probably needed refreshments by the way, and his excitement increased as he proceeded.

The number of immigrants, principally Roman Catholic, arriving by every ship, alarmed the ultra Protestants, and many joined the Orange Society, as they supposed, in self-defence. These, like all new converts, were very enthusiastic, even violent. They evidently thought no one was loyal to the British crown but themselves. Mr. Murney was not an Orangeman himself, but was supported by them. Mr. Baldwin was the apostle of responsible government. He was returned for both Hastings and the east riding of York in 1841, the first session after the Union, and decided to sit for Hastings.

Lord Sydenham died in September, 1841, the day before the close of the first session after the union of the provinces. The new governor, Sir Charles Bagot, following as nearly as he could in Lord Sydenham's steps, called upon Mr. Baldwin to form a government. In October, 1842, there was a new election in Belleville, the county

town of Hastings. It is of this election I will try to give my recollections. I was under ten years of age at the time, but children often hear and see more than their elders think.

There had been violent scenes at elections in various parts of Upper Canada. A man named Kelly was shot in Toronto. In Huron the military were sent for, John Galt, jr., having walked sixty miles through the forest to London, the nearest garrison town, to summon them, as they feared to send an ordinary messenger by the road, lest he should be waylaid and prevented from accomplishing his mission. Miss Lizars, in "The Days of the Canada Company," says of this election that the local constable was reported to have said: "*Now, when the row begins, do some of you fellows knock me on the head, so that I won't be of any use.*" And a justice of the peace said: "*Boys, for God's sake don't let me read the Riot Act—don't; for as sure as I do the soldiers will fire at you.*"

In Montreal, to quote from "The Life of Lord Sydenham," by his brother: "There was not a doubt that, at these elections, a good deal of violence occurred, and that without it the result, in some cases, would have been different."

"Each party threw on its opponent the responsibility of having been the assailant, and, in the midst of the conflicting assertions maintained by each, it was impossible then, and would be still more impossible now, to decide with confidence on this point.

"It is probable, however, that the blame might not unfairly be divided. Thus, at the election for Montreal county, the French-Canadians, on the first day, took possession of the poll, and in the struggle of the British party to record their votes two Irish electors were struck down, one of whom died on the spot. The body having been brought into the city, the most violent excitement was naturally produced among his fellow-countrymen, and on the following day the English and Irish voters having flocked in great numbers to the polls, the French-Canadians, apprehensive of the consequences, abandoned the struggle and their member retired without further contest. There, at least, the first violence appears to have been on the part of the French Canadians, although the triumph 'was eventually with the British party.'

"Again, at Terrebonne, M. Lafontaine, who admitted that the 'great bulk of his followers had come from their homes armed with cudgels, and those who had not had halted at a wood to provide for themselves,' withdrew without polling a vote because he found that his opponents, though, according to his own showing, not more numerous than his followers, had seized what appeared to him the most advantageous position for a fight. In this instance no collision took place at the hustings, but as the French-Canadians showed themselves at least as much prepared for a conflict as the English, there is no ground for imputing to the latter any greater disposition to break the peace than the former.

"The consequence, however, having been the return of the English candidate, he and his friends were, of course, denounced as having brought about the result by violence and intimidation.

"It is, indeed, probable that at both these elections, and especially at Terrebonne, where, as it was afterwards shown, some of the French-Canadians had armed themselves with bayonets and knives, a fierce contest, not without bloodshed, must have ensued had both parties stood their ground. Fortunately for both parties the French-Canadian candidate refused to do so."

After the return of Mr. Baldwin in 1841, the whole town, and, I daresay, the county, was in a state of fermentation. People hitherto life-long friends cut each other in the street. Doctors were written to by many of their oldest patients "to send in their bills." I know in one case two children questioned the butcher and baker, when they called for orders, as to whom they voted for, and, when they answered "The Reform candidate," these youthful partizans told them not to come to that house again, as they did not deal with rebels.

At the private schools—there were no public schools then—the rival parties had to be placed on opposite sides of the room. At the girls' school the pupils brought their lunch, and the moment the governess left the school-room at noon one girl jumped on a certain table and another on an opposite one and the names "Baldwin" and "Lafontaine" were the key-note to a war of words, which seems amusing as I look back and see how little we knew about the matter, in spite of the violence with which one's own member was defended and the abuse his opponent received. Among the children the new election was regarded with more than usual interest.

The town of Belleville has changed so much, the march of improvement has so altered its natural features—especially in the matter of cutting down hills and filling up valleys, obliterating almost all old landmarks which have been lost under fine buildings—that it will not be amiss to describe it as it then was.

It was little more than a village of about two thousand inhabitants in 1842, when the "Battle of Hastings," as we called it, was fought. The town proper was built in a valley, through which the River Moira flowed. At some distance, on either side, were hills, probably the ancient banks of the river. On the west side the hill was entirely composed of limestone.

On the east was the town, which filled the valley. The hill above was nothing but sand. To the north of it, slightly lower, was a hill or bank of sticky clay, which adhered to everything when wet, and when dry was almost like slate. Indeed, we often used it to write on our slates.

On the south, where the river emptied, was the beautiful Bay of Quinte. A road had been made from the bridge over the river to the top of the hill on the east, where stood St. Thomas's, the Episcopalian Church; it was called Bridge Street. A street ran

below this building called Church Street. On this were the churches of all denominations except the Methodist, which was in the valley. The houses on Front Street, the main street of the town, were built, as so many are in Canada, with the back to and abutting on the river. The next street parallel to it was Pinnacle Street. This ran just below the hill, which was very steep.

On the highest point, the pinnacle, which no doubt gave the name to the street below, some early settlers had built a castle. But, alas ! it was only of wood—a green two-story house on the further side but three towards the slope of the hill—with a wooden parapet surrounding the flat roof like the battlements of a castle. The offices, some twenty feet below, were hidden by a high wooden screen finished in the same way. As the steep hill was covered with oak and maple trees and very green grass, the house was a very picturesque one. In this house we lived, and it commanded a view of all the surrounding country. On the town side of Church Street there was but one other house on a level with ours, and that a cottage. A street led up the hill to the Court House, a new stone building on the brow of the hill. It was known as the Court House Hill. That building also overlooked Pinnacle Street. Opposite the Court House, on the east side of the street, the Scotch church stood, a modest wooden building with a square tower. At the turn, or shoulder of the hill, at some distance, on the same side of Church Street, was the Roman Catholic Church with its tall spire showing over the precipice. This gave the continuation of the street—which ran down to the river, where there had once been a bay—the name of Catholic Church Hill.

Between the Scotch Church and the English Church was a level plain. There the hustings was erected at which the votes were to be recorded, also sundry small booths for supplying refreshments. There were no other buildings except an old frame house at the back of the lot that was used as a hospital. Near the English churchyard was a grave where a poor old man who committed suicide had been buried without the pale of the church.

The election commenced on Monday morning, and went on without unusual incident for some hours. It was then noticed that as one party had voted they tried to prevent the other from getting to the hustings, and that nearly all carried canes or sticks of some kind. The returning officer, hearing threats, ordered that every man who came up to vote must first give up his stick. This they seemed to do willingly enough. The sticks were piled at the back of the hustings.

The following day this went on till nearly the close of the poll, when a man who had been obliged to give up his stick saw another with a pistol. Upon accusing him of having it the man ran to one of the booths, and, leaning over the counter, dropped it behind a barrel. In one moment the crowd were upon him and down went the booth. The man fell, and his head, in a very short time, was like a

red nightcap. Sticks and "handy billies" (a stone or piece of lead in the top of a stocking), were flying about the heads of the crowd. The man would have been killed (he was an Orangeman) if it had not been for the arrival of an unexpected rescuer.

A shout of "Hold there!" and the Catholic priest leaped into the midst of the melée, a good stout shillalah in his hand. Placing a foot on each side of the wounded man, he twisted his stick in a manner that suggested Donnybrook Fair, and called to his own people "to touch the man if they dare." When they became a little calmer he had the man carried into his own kitchen (which adjoined the church), and had his wound dressed. We were told, later on, that he had nine men brought in and cared for. In the meantime, when the row began, every man who had been obliged to give up his stick made a rush to the hustings to regain it, the result being that the hastily-constructed building came down like a house built of cards.

Of course no more votes were polled that day. Numbers of stories were told of different men in their excitement attacking harmless people. An old man who sat quietly apart on the "suicide's grave" was struck with a sword by a man called "King Dan"—why thus named I do not know, except that he wore a long scarlet cloak, carried a sword, and rode a white horse in the Orange procession, as representing William III. The sword of state, being probably rusty, did not do the old man much harm. He raised his arm to protect his head and it received rather a bad cut. He was one of the wounded taken to the priest's house.

The next day was to be the decisive one. The farmers had been told, if they had no pistols or guns, to bring their axes and pitchforks. A number of Orangemen slept on the field in order to take possession of the hustings the first thing in the morning. In the early morning, when the people began to come in, the children were forbidden to go out of the gate; and, of course, we younger ones immediately betook ourselves to the highest point of observation—as the novelists might say, "we betook ourselves to the ramparts." Did we not live in a castle? From that vantage-point we could see the three hills, the street below, and the plain where the hustings was being reconstructed. The first thing we noticed as strange was the number of people on crutches.

"There goes another lame man," one of the boys said, "the seventh man on crutches, and grand new ones too!"

He had hardly spoken when the man, who seemed very awkward, looked all about him, and seeing no one on the street before him (he did not look up), tucked his crutches under his arm and ran to the top of the hill, where he resumed them and went carefully along Church Street.

There was anxiety in the air. Towards noon some people looked expectantly towards the Bay, an action which we did not then understand. About two o'clock men began to gather on the top of the hill

near the hustings and at the back of the Court House. Hearing a stir in that direction, we turned and saw one side of the Court House Hill covered with a crowd drawn up in battle array in a semi-circular form, one man among them carrying a green banner with a harp on it, which we recognized as having been displayed on St. Patrick's Day. A little man, an old soldier, was drilling these men, who were armed with sticks, flails and "crutches." Little boys were running between the ranks, filling the men's pockets with the sharp stone chippings left on the ground from the newly-erected Court House. As we looked, a second crowd marched up the hill, with bayonets fixed and an orange flag (which looked rather like a silk pocket-handkerchief, fastened to a bayonet. They formed in line of four or five deep opposite the first crowd, and little boys performed for them the same service they had done for the others.

While we watched, expecting "we knew not what," a window opened in the Court House above them and the sheriff appeared, and read to them what we afterwards learned was the "Riot Act." There was a cheer of defiance from both sides, and a pause, but only for a moment or two. Then, at the crown of the hill appeared a tall officer in full regimentals followed by a company of the "Twenty-third" marching quietly and steadily in between the hostile crowds and then wheeling into position from each side. Then the "dissolving view" began. Where or how the would-be combatants disappeared it would be hard to say. They seemed to "melt into thin air," and in a few minutes the hill was in the sole possession of the red-coats.

The night before, when the authorities saw that the Orangemen had possession of the ground and appeared determined to prevent the other party from recording their votes, it was deemed prudent to send to Kingston for the troops. There was no telegraph or telephone in those days, and Mr. Ross (afterwards Hon. John Ross, who later on became Mr. Baldwin's son-in-law), drove to Kingston during the night and chartered the boat to bring them up. They arrived just in time to prevent what might otherwise have been a serious riot. This battle that was *not* fought was on the anniversary of the great Battle of Hastings, the 14th of October; and, as the county was Hastings, we always spoke of it as the "Battle of Hastings." The officers and men remained till Saturday night, and, though they were worried by many false alarms, there was no other disturbance.

The ground returned to its natural appearance with one exception: the poor suicide's grave was no longer to be seen, which rather saddened us, as we had a sort of romantic interest in it. But as another church has, I believe, been built on that plain, he may have his bones in consecrated ground after all.

The two officers were Captain Crutchly, afterwards a general, who distinguished himself and wore many marks of his sovereign's approval, and last, but not least, married a Canadian girl; and Watkin Wynne, afterwards Captain Sir Watkin Wynne, who met

a miserable death in the Crimea. After one of the engagements was over, he stooped to give a wounded Russian a drink and was cut to pieces in the same dastardly way that characterized the tactics of the Boers.

Later on, Mr. Baldwin sat for Rimouski. M. Lafontaine, of whose election I quoted, sat for York. One of the first bills he brought in when he came into power was an Act confining the poll to two days and the voters to their township or ward. Even then this was passed with much opposition.

To quote again from a contemporary article: "The third Act passed under the auspices of the Baldwin administration was one by which flags may not be carried within three miles of a polling-place during a general election."

This measure was saluted with a vast deal of patriotic indignation. It was called an Algerine law, a statute fit for the Medes and Persians. Mr. Baldwin and his ministry were accused of trampling on the Union Jack, hauling down the Royal Standard, etc., etc. But why has it not been blotted from the statute book? It has prevented many a fearful scene of riot and carnage.

"All hail," we say, "to the Algerine measure!" Had Mr. Baldwin done nothing else, he is entitled to our respect and admiration. Now that the party strife is over the very people who resisted the measures for responsible government enjoy what he fought so hard to obtain.

The accession of Queen Victoria to the throne was a greater benefit to the colonies than we perhaps realize to the full. To her gentle and wise rule we are, no doubt, indebted for responsible government. This has made Canada what she is to-day, and enabled her people to show their gratitude by sending their sons to fight for the honour of the Old Flag in other climes.

AGNES CHAMBERLIN.

II.

Letter Concerning the Election for the County of Essex to the
First Parliament of Upper Canada.

NIAGARA, 14 August, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR:

All the letters I get from Detroit give me favourable hopes, except those I receive from McNiff.¹ They assure me of the interest and influence of Messrs. McKay, Macomb,² Park, Leith, Sharp, McIntosh, Elliott,³ La Morte, McDonel, and several others, for sure.

There is, I understand, however, powerful influence against me. However, if I have fair play I don't fear, as I am assured that the settlers on Lake Erie and River La Tranche will vote for me. "Nemini Contradictè"—at least those are the words in which their assurances are represented to me.

Perhaps I should have done better to have set up Macomb, who is to be proposed; but I did not then know they would be entitled to vote; besides, were I thrown out on the 20th⁴ I might have had a chance on the 28th.

The French people can easily walk to the hustings, but my gentry will require some conveyance. If boats are necessary you can hire them, and they must not want *beef* and *rum*—let there be plenty, and in case of success I leave it to you which you think will be best to give my friends, a public dinner, and the ladies a dance either now or when I go up. If you think the moment the best time you will throw open Forsyth's tavern and call for the best he can supply.

I trust you will feel very young on the occasion of the dance, and I wish that Leith and you should push about the *bottle* and the promotion of the settlements on the Detroit.

The more broken heads and bloody noses there is the more election-like; and in case of success (damn that *if*), let the white ribbon favors be plentifully distributed—to the old, the young, the gay, the lame, the cripple, and the blind.

Half a score cord of wood piled hollow, with a tar barrel in the middle, on the common, some powder *pour tirée*—and plenty of rum.

I am sure you will preside over and do everything that is needful so far as my circumstances will admit. There must be no want, and I am sure you will do everything handsome and plentyful. Elliot, I am sure, will give you a large red flag to be hoisted on a pole near the bon-fire, and some blue-colored tape may be sewn on in large letters, **ESSEX**.

Thus talked the woman to herself when she carried her eggs on her head to market—she sat them, she hatched them, she sold them for a crown apiece, and then down she fell, eggs and all, and the anticipation of a warm and fruitful—

The remaining sheet of the above letter is wanting—unquestionably that of D. W. Smith (late 5th Regiment) to John Askin at Detroit.

(Signed)

A. W. ASKIN,
Feb. 12th, 1897.

NOTE 1.—McNiff, a land surveyor who had recently been engaged in laying out the surrounding country.

NOTE 2.—William Macomb, with Francis Baby, elected member for Kent at this election. The pamphlet, "The First Legislators of Upper Canada," p. 113, gives further particulars regarding him.

NOTE 3.—Colonel Mathew Elliott, one of the great men on the Lake Erie Shore in the old days.

NOTE 4.—From a memorandum of the dates of his appointment, prepared by himself, we learn that Smith was elected on the 27th of August, 1792, through his important services as Secretary of the Land Board of Hesse. Early in 1792 he had been transferred to Niagara, whence he writes, arranging the details of his election.

The writer of the above letter, David William Smith, of the 5th Regiment, had for two years been stationed at Detroit, where, in addition to his regimental duties, he had held the position of Secretary to the Commandant of that post, and had acquired great influence with the settlers in that region.

III.

(Numbers III., IV., V., VI. were read by Rev. A. U. De Pencier, on February 5th, 1902.)

SPEECH OF INDIAN CHIEF, "ME-TAWTH." (1813.)

In the month of November, 1813, a great "Talk" or Council was held at the Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, between His Excellency Sir George Prevost and the representatives of the several Indian tribes inhabiting British North America and those tribes in alliance with the British. Among these were several influential chiefs, sent by the Indians inhabiting the Michigan territory. At this Council the Chief, who spoke in the name of all the others there assembled, delivered himself as follows:—

Speech of Me-tawth, Soc Chief.

Father,

We have often heard of you from our young men, but we never saw you before.

Father, we are come now a long distance to smoke the Pipe of Peace with you.

Father, the Long Knives¹ are our enemies as well as yours; but, Father, when you made peace with them we buried the tomahawk in the ground.

Father, you have sent to us to say that you are now fighting with the Long Knives and want us to fight beside you.

Father, we wished for peace, we love our hunting; but, Father, we love you and our great Father across the Salt Lake. We will tear the tomahawk from the bowels of the earth, to bury it in the bosoms of the Long Knives—our enemies and yours.

Father, when the Long Knives made war with you last year, they drove us from our hunting grounds because they knew we loved you and our great Father across the Salt Lake.

Father, send across the Salt Lake and tell our great Father to ask the Great Spirit that sits in the clouds to give us victory.

Father, we will not bury the tomahawk again until our great Father desires us. But, Father, you must never make peace with the Long Knives until we have conquered back our hunting grounds, from which the Long Knives have now driven us.

Father, we have no more to say. We smoke the Pipe of Peace with you.

To this speech Sir George Prevost replied that he was glad to see his Red Children; that he would send word to their great Father that his Red Children were going to assist him in the war, and he would ask their great Father to pray to the Great Spirit in the clouds to give them victory; that he would ask their great Father not to make peace with the Americans until they had restored the hunting grounds² they had taken from his Red Children, and that he would never make peace without attending to their interests.

NOTE 1.—The Americans were called “Long Knives.”

NOTE 2.—The ninth article of the Treaty of Ghent secured peace and restoration to the Indians, as a note states, written by Earl Bathurst to Sir George Prevost, from Downing Street, 27th December, 1814.

IV.

SPEECH OF INDIAN CHIEF, “OPE-KAI-E-GAN.” (1836.)

(Translation of a speech from the Pottawattamie Chief—“Ope-kai-e-gan” (Rib), residing at St. Joseph’s Lake, Michigan, sent through the Ottawa tribe to their English Father, requesting permission to emigrate to and take up their residence in Upper Canada.)

July, 1836.

We salute you!

Hear us, Father. Open your ears, Father. We shake hands with you from our hearts. You, who are called English. You, who are red-coated! Father, we are the same; we are one; the same One made us all—the Great Spirit made all things, everything that we see, even the birds. You are not ignorant of our foolishness, Father,

of us called Pottawattamies. We have now brought upon ourselves misery; we have courted a flower which presented all the beautiful colours; we are even like little children in our Indian state—we who are called Indians. If we take one of these beautiful flowers and present it to a young child, he will take it and tear it in pieces; this is the manner in which our Chiefs, the Pottawattamies have acted. Father, they are not now without feeling miserable and poor. Observe now our situation, we who are called Pottawattamies. It is with us, at present, as a dark night. The time has arrived that we are kicked under by your fellow-whites. On looking all around us, we find even our thoughts hemmed in on all sides, and know not where our children can be taken that they may live. It gives us anxious thoughts. It is true, when we look towards the rising sun, we see your fires smoking; the appearance is a great brightness. You, called the English, Father! For this reason our Wampum goes from our women, our children, and our young men, to convey their thoughts to you. Regard it as if they were standing at your door, Father.

Our Father, Jesus has told us that, if a younger brother (or inferior), comes standing at our door, we are immediately to assist him; for this reason we are inclined to trust you, who are called English, Father, that you will save our shadow (remnant). It would be like throwing one into the fire if you were to do as they (the Americans) desire, or wish us to drive the Indians away to that place. For this reason I say to you, Father, to save our shadow. We love our Father, the Great Spirit's instruction (religion). Perhaps it would be well if you, Father, would stretch your arm towards us. You could reach us, Father, before we be cast beyond your reach, if you will be kind to us. Is there anything beyond your power, you called English? You are, as it were, Spirits in power, Father. This is all the words we send, Father. Our ears will be open to receive anything you may say in answer to our words. We salute you!

OPE-KAI-E-GAN.
(Rib.)

NOTE 1.—On October 28th, 1814, at Michilimackinac, Waindawgay, of the Pottawattamies, said: "We were the first of your Indian children who took up the tomahawk against the Long Knives."

NOTE 2.—The year 1836 was marked by a great emigration to Michigan. We learn that the Indians at St. Joseph's Lake feared that their lands were to be taken from them.

LEAVES FROM AN OFFICER'S DIARY. (1836-1840.)

(From the original diary of Major Dartnell, with an account of the march of the Royals from Montreal to London.)

LONDON, 20 May.

The Royals reached this by two divisions from Montreal, on the 15th and 16th inst., having experienced, in the short space of a fortnight, every variety of season and climate from July to December, from Siberia to the torrid zone. The first half of the route, from Montreal to Kingston, usually traversed by the Rideau in four to five days, occupied nine, and was marked by a series of misadventures sufficient to try the temper and patience of Job himself. The embarkation at Lachine was accomplished amidst a drizzling rain; at Ste. Anne's a gale was encountered, during which the steamer, after having failed in towing up the barges, drove from her anchor and well-nigh escaped (to) destruction in the rapids. The captain and all the crew but one man being employed ashore, here there was a detention of thirty-six hours. At Bytown, again, another provoking delay of two entire days occurred, there being no steamer to take the boats in tow. Had the weather been at all favourable this would have been a source of gratification, at least to the lovers of the picturesque, as affording an opportunity of enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Chaudière; but snow, sleet, wind and rain, and an unspeakable depth of mud, left the officers no alternative but to make the most of the pleasures of a country inn, and sent the still less fortunate soldiers, with their wives and children, a steaming, saturated mass, into the holds of the crowded batteaux. The *Hunter* at length arrived with the 85th going down. From Bytown the progress, tho' slow, was uninterrupted except by the tedious lockage of a long line of boats. The weather was generally cold, wet and cheerless; but this was, perhaps, in harmony with the wild and, at this season, dreary scenery of the Rideau, some parts of which are very remarkable.

Of the discomforts of the "Hunter" I shall only say that the accommodations were wholly inadequate to the numbers embarked (this probably could not be avoided), the cabins dark and dirty, the berths without bedding, the fare poor and scanty—so much for monopoly.

At Kingston, which was entered during a gale of wind, the Regt. (all but one company) embarked on board that splendid boat the *William Fourth*, and had a fine run of 24 hours, the first cheering stage of the journey, landed at Hamilton in sunshine on Sunday, the 10th May.

The march from Hamilton to London occupied 6 days and, from the fineness of the weather and the richness and beauty of the country, formed a most pleasing contrast to the preceding part of the route.

Hamilton has a splendid site and must one day be a place of considerable importance. The whole line of country from thence to London is rich and varied in scenery, undulating in beautiful hill and dale, well cleared and in many parts highly cultivated. Brantford, especially, and Paris, are delightfully situated on the Grand River, and the neighbourhood of Woodstock will remind any Englishman of his home.

London is a large, straggling town, containing already upwards of 2,000 inhabitants, the streets well laid out, but the buildings all of wood; even the gaol and court house, which are in one, is of the same inflammable material, tho' plastered to represent stone. This building occupies the centre of a fine open space called the Square, on high ground above the river, and at a distance has rather an imposing effect, notwithstanding the sorry taste of the architecture and its unhappy position in the centre, instead of on one side, of the square. The country immediately around is flat, but elevated several feet above the level of the Lake, the soil light and dry, and the climate remarkably healthy. The highest ground in the Province is found about five miles from the town in a S.-W. direction. This spot was visited 40 years ago by General Simcoe, who is said to have descried with a powerful telescope, from an elevated platform, Lakes Huron, St. Clair, Erie and Ontario. He predicted at that time the occupation of some point in the neighbourhood, at no distant day, as a grand military depot, which London is now becoming. The situation of London, too, is so central and so obviously the most eligible spot possible for a great military depot, that Governor Simcoe, so long ago as the period of his Government . . . its becoming within 30 or 40 years . . .

VI.

PENETANGUISHENE.

To ye, who, tired of war's alarms,
 In garrison or camp,
 Are sighing for the many charms
 Of march, route, or a tramp—
 Or who, on board batteaux or ship,
 Delight to vent your spleen,
 I hereby recommend a trip
 To Penetanguishene.

Oh! 'tis the place for youthful sprigs
 Whose epaulettes grow dim
 With city wear, whose rose-oil'd wigs
 Want combing into trim,
 Whose elbows are a little out—
 Such thing have often been—
 They will be bettered by abo ut
 Of Penetanguishene.

'Tis here you learn true jollity,
And scorn the march of mind,
And live in fond equality
With beasts of every kind ;
The Indian with his scalping knife
Diversifies the same—
Oh ! 'tis a mighty pleasant place
At Penetanguishene.

You shake a wild-cat by the fist
When in your path he halts,
With beavers take a hand at whist,
And gallopade and waltz—
With shaggy bears, who, when you roam
Afar in forest green,
Remind you that your nearest home
Is Penetanguishene.

Upon the article of grub
You must lay little stress,
For here with grief the starving sub
Bemoans headquarters' mess.
His pound of junk and "Tommy"^s bare
But makes the diner lean ;
For surfeits they are very rare
At Penetanguishene.

And then for swipes, poor d—l, he
Must look and feel quite glum,
Since now a sober Treasury
Has docked the ration rum ;
Unless it be with maple juice,
A drink that's thin and mean,
He cannot shake a top-screw loose
At Penetanguishene.

NOTE 1.—Penetanguishene was a small military frontier post on the south shore of Georgian Bay in Canada, in a wild and almost uninhabited part of the country.

NOTE 2.—The name "Penetanguishene" in the Chippeway language signifies the falling or rolling of the sand, literally, "Behold how the sand rolls!"—an exclamation made, it is said, by a party of Indians on first beholding the extraordinary manner in which the loose sand was falling over the high bank that forms the entrance to the little bay.

NOTE 3.—The reference to "Tommy" is a use of the nickname for the pudding which was served for dessert—sometimes without sauce.



"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 5

- I. EXTRACTS FROM JARVIS PAPERS.
1. Details of the Capture of York.
 2. Account of Magistrates following Capture.
 3. General Order.
 4. Account of Council held at Kingston.
 5. Letters, Wm. Jarvis, etc.
- II. PLATTSBURG. (1814.) From the Diary of J. H. Wood.
1. Reflections on Plattsburg.
- III. EXTRACTS FROM PAPERS OF CAPTAIN H. PRINGLE.
- IV. ORDER CONCERNING PRESENTATION OF THE KING'S COLORS. (1822.)
- V. PAPERS CONCERNING RUPERT GEORGE, CAPTAIN OF H. M. S. "HUSSAR." (1794.)
- VI. SOME U. E. LOYALIST EPITAPHS. BY SARA MICKLE.

DETAILS OF THE CAPTURE OF YORK, 27 APRIL, 1813.

(Copy of letter from ———.)

SIR :

On Monday, the 26th April, about 6 o'clock P.M., we received Intelligence that the Enemy's Squadron were in sight from the Highlands standing in-shore, about ten miles east of York. The signal guns were fired, and the Commanding General, Sir R. H. Sheaffe, appeared to have given the requisite Instructions to the officers under his Command, as at 8 o'clock he was found at Table smoking his segar and conversing on indifferent topics with his Adjt.-General of Militia and Surgeon of the Marine. The morning dawn was somewhat hazy, and about 5 o'clock report from the Telegraph stated that a fleet of 5 vessels was to be seen. About half-past five a Corvette of 28, and a Brig of 22, with 13 sail of schooners and sloops, carrying guns and Troops, passed the Telegraph, came along there, and after assembling opposite Val Tor, stood round the Point and came to anchor in a Position indicating an intended landing, near to the old French Fort. At this time we had two companies of the 8th, about 180 men, two weak companies of the Newfoundland, 40 men of Glengarry, a company of artificiers, six artillery men, and about 300 Militia, in all, 500 men.

Some difference of opinion existed as to the opposing or admitting the landing. It was opposed, but effected under cover of the shipping, with little loss to the invading force, and very great to the Grenadiers of the Kings, whose gallant Captain, McNeil, was killed at the first landing, with about 30 of his men. They were embarrassed by an order to retreat to the woods, where the American Rifle Corps, now landed, had great advantage of them, and finally drove them in. As they retreated they were joined by the Militia, and suffered considerably from an accidental explosion of a Cartridge box at one of the 18lb Batteries. Being pressed by the enemy, the Troops retreated through the Garrison, and when the American Column had reached Gleggs Battery there was a tremendous explosion by the blowing up of the Magazine, which destroyed about 60 men of the Enemy, and among them their General Pike.

Had this moment of confusion been turned to advantage, a charge by our rallied force would have routed the enemy, divided and panic-struck by the dreadful Catastrophe they witnessed without knowing the precise cause. Such, however, was not our fate. Gen. Sir R. H. Sheaffe made a stand at the ravine, between Elmsleys house and the Bay, where, after a short consultation, he decided to abandon the Town & retreat to Kingston with the regular Troops & his Staff. Having adopted this resolution, he authorized Lt.-Col. Chewett & Major Allan, of the York Militia, to treat with the Enemy, &

instantly proceeded on his March. The Terms proposed were liberal and satisfactory, but just as they were signed the destruction of the naval Storehouse became obvious, and the arrangement deferred for by the General Dearborn. A persuasion that the order to burn the ship and Store was given subsequent to the direction to treat had nearly lost the inhabitants all their property. It required time and all the resolution of the negotiators, aided by the active and vigorous mind of the Rev. Dr. Strachan, to obtain a ratification, which was short of the original Minute, and was at last conceded to the spirited representation of Col. Mitchell and Major King,* who had settled the original articles. During the interval from the retreat of the Troops to this ratification, the Inhabitants were exposed to every species of Insult and Plunder, chiefly by our own people. Upon a strong presentation by the judges,† the criminals have been poured forth from the gaol. General Dearborn declared that it had not been his intention that the functions of the civil Magistrates should cease; that he was ignorant of the gaol being opened, and that Buildings, public as well as private, should be respected.

The parliament Houses being burned the next morning, the Judges and Magistrates waited upon Genl. Dearborn with a strong declamation of the full benefit of the capitulation, and to enforce it by a General order to his army to respect the public Ministers of the Law.

This was also promised, & to a certain extent performed, and the Magistrates immediately swore in the principal housekeepers as Constables. All their officers disowned the plunder of private property, which they could not prevent. Two Exceptions to this should be mentioned, for the sake of the others. An officer, lodged in Mr. Cruikshanks house, plundered his cellars. He is known, & it has been said, was in arrest. Another plundered a valuable silver Tea equipage, which he bore about with him in a handkerchief publicly. He is known to Capt. Chauncey, who was present when he boast[ed] that it was a compensation for his loss at Ogdensburg.

A wretch, a british half-pay officer who had escaped from the fort, where he was confined on Indictment for a Criminal felony, was permitted to share the villainous invasion of the U. S., and as if in its service, direct two soldiers, who followed, to aggravate the evil of his being at large.

So circumstanced, the Inhabitants met and agreed to wait upon the Enemy's General, calling for effective performance of the terms of capitulation. This was done by a deputation, & the Minute B was read by the C[hief] Justice. Genl. Dearborn made a verbal answer that he had heard of Intention to burn the Council House, but had expressly forbidden it, and if we could discover the perpetrators they should be hung.

* United States officers.

†The writer evidently intends to say that the judges protested against the liberation of the prisoners, though literally his words convey the opposite meaning.

Depredations of public and private property being carried on under pretence of Gifts for the General or his officers, the Magistrates continued doubtful how to act. Parties still coming on shore from the fleet, a Declaration, to be made public, was drawn up and signed by those present.

(Evidently an account of the meeting referred to above.)

At a meeting of the magistrates resident in the Town of York, attended by the judges, the sheriff and the Rev. Dr. Strachan, the actual situation of the town and district was taken into consideration.

The enemy's fleet and army lying in the harbor, all our military defences at the port destroyed, the inhabitants disarmed and on parole, it is obvious that measures of as much energy as our circumstances admit should be instantly adopted to preserve order and personal security, to support and encourage the loyal, to suppress the disloyal and so confirm the wavering.

It is therefore unanimously declared that by the irruption of the enemy and temporary possession of this post no change has taken place in the relation of the subject to His Majesties' Government or laws, except as by such who were parties to the capitulation as prisoners of war and are under Parole of Honor not to bear arms until exchanged ;

That it is equally now as before the invasion high Treason to aid, assist, counsel or comfort the enemy ;

That all felons and evil doers are equally answerable to the laws as before ; that the powers of the Magistrates and members of the Law are unimpaired and continued to be so even during the actual possession of the Enemy, as the Commander of these Forces declared by a Military General order to his Troops ;

That Private property having remained unchanged, not only by the construction of the Law, but by the express terms of the Capitulation, the enemy himself disclaims the right assumed by some Individuals to transfer it from the true owner ;

That it is the duty of every good citizen to declare to the Magistrate all Instances of such unjust possession as may come to their knowledge, and of the Magistrates to enforce the restitution ;

That all persons desirous to testify their abhorrence of anarchy, which must prevail if principles adverse to the above declaration gain ground, are called upon to associate in support of the laws and to afford their aid to the civil Magistrates and their ministers ;

That the High Sheriff do publish and enforce this declaration.

N.B.—The American officers, as well of the General's staff, had pretended to give away the property of the Crown and Individuals to certain persons, sometimes merely gratuitously, at others under pretext of paying for or compensate services rendered during their possession of the town.

GENERAL ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS, YORK, April 30, 1813.

It is not the intention of the Generals that the occupancy of the Town and Garrison of York by the Forces of the United States should have any undue effect on the necessary functions of the civil magistrates. On the contrary, it is the wish of the commanding General to support the civil authority when properly exercised; and any representation of the civil magistrates of improper or irregular conduct on the part of the soldiery will be met by immediate and strict scrutiny.

(Signed) N. PINKNEY,
Major and Act'g Dpt. Adj.-Gen'l.

At a Council held at Kingston on Friday, fourth day of June, one thousand, eight hundred and thirteen.

Present—

His Hon. Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe, Bart., President; the Honorable Thomas Scott; the Honorable John McGill; the Honorable William Dummer Powell.

His Honor the President submitted to the consideration of the Board the propriety of issuing a proclamation calling the attention of the public to the laws respecting the property of the Crown. In addition to the former representation that much of the public stores at York had been plundered by individuals and were in their possession by pretended Gift from the Enemy, His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief has submitted that the army of General Vincent was in want of many of the articles of public property supposed to be so possessed, and expresses very strongly his sense of the necessity of some Act of Government to explain publickly the Law upon this subject, to apprise the ignorant of their contravention.

The Council hereupon discussed this deliberation and conceiving the expediency to be established by so high authority on sufficient grounds, and that its sanction only is wanted to the form of the Act, unanimously concur with His Honor, and advise that a proclamation be issued calling upon all His Majesties' subjects who by any means may be in possession of Public Stores or the property of the Crown to restore the same to the Sheriffs of the respective districts in which they may reside, or to such person as may be appointed by His Honor to receive it.

Approved.

(Signed) R. H. SHEAFFE, *President, etc.*

I.

REGIMENTAL ORDERS.

YORK, 18th March, 1813.

Lieut. S. Jarvis, 3rd Regt. York Militia :

SIR : You are hereby requested and desired to go into Garrison until further orders, and to join the Company under Captain Cameron, who has been directed to [take] charge of the Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates, who have been sent there for the relief of the late Flank Companies.

I have the honor to be

(Signed) W. CHEWETT,
Lt.-Col., 3rd Regt. Yk. Militia.

II.

To Lieutenant Saml. P. Jarvis :

Having received Authority from His Honor Major-General Sir Roger Hale Sheaff to raise a proportion of Volunteer Militia to be Incorporated According to Law, You have been recommended and Approved of by His Honor as a Lieutenant to Raise a proportion of Men. You are, therefore, authorized to proceed without loss of time to Raise the proportion According to your Rank.

York, 19th March, 1813. (Signed) W. ALLAN, Major.

III.

HEADQUARTERS, HEIGHTS OF BURLINGTON,

4th June, 1813.

DR SIR :

We all feel much obligation for the daily attentions which are hourly shewn us by our York friends, and I hope a future moment may arrive, when our mutual gratitude may be evinced in a manner more commensurate to your kindness. Two of your sons are now with us, and nothing can exceed their willing disposition to render themselves useful. I have just given your son-in-law, Mr. Hamilton, a pass for Samuel to fetch Mrs. H. and family from the 20. I hope his object will not be defeated by any unlooked for event.

I take the liberty of sending to your care a few packages containing official and private papers belonging to my valuable friend, Colonel Meyers, the Quartermaster-General, who, poor fellow, received five wounds on the 27th, of which I am happy to say he is doing well. You will confer much obligation by allowing the packages to remain in a dry, secure place until fortune smiles on our efforts.

With best compts. to all your family.

I am dr. sir, very sincerely yrs.,
(Signed) J. B. GLEGG, Lieut.-Col.

IV.

(Enclosed in No. I.)

Articles sent in Charge of Doyle, Mr. St. George's servant, to be left with Secretary Jarvis, and belonging to Colonel Meyers.

One long deal box, marked with ink, *Myers*.

One very small hair trunk, with a card on it, Marked *Lieut.-Colonel Myers*.

One Portable Secretary, Strong Leather Case, Marked with Ink, L. C. M. (Signed) GEO. KNOLES,

Capt. 41st Reg.,

Dy. Ass. Q.-M. Gen.

V.

WILLOWBY, 28th Sept., 1814.

DEAR PARENTS :

I arrived here on Sunday and had a very pleasant passage ; we left York about 12 o'clock, arrived at the 40 M. C. at 11 at night. Breakfasted there, left there about 10, arrived about a mile and half the other side of Nia[ga]ra Falls at 8 o'clock, left there at 7, arrived at Fort George at 12 o'clock A. M., left there for this place at 5, arrived at Fields at 7 o'clock, left there at 6 o'clock ; breakfasted at Major Kirby's, and arrived here at 5 o'clock on Sunday. I saw Mrs. T. Nelles at the Forty. We are going to York as soon as we have done threshing wheat. Mr. Nair, of the Kings, was taken and wounded in the skirmish the other day. Stigin, of the De Wattevilles, was wounded in the head. Lapiere severely wounded ; they lost a great many officers. George Jarvis was taken, but made his escape. Miss Lawe was married on the 21st, to an officer of the Navy ; I believe the Devil has got into all the Girls.

Major is appointed Assist. Adjt.-Genl. Will you tell Mrs. Thom I delivered all the stores to Mrs. Kirby, except the Black Silk handkerchief for W. Kerr, which I sent to him by a Sergeant of the Glengarrys. I saw Armstrong, he expects to go below in a short time. James has gone down to John Robertson's to see Allison. I hope McCormack has arrived safe with the rest of his goods. Love to papa. Harriet is better, I hope. George Kirby desires to be remembered to you all.

The express is just going.

With love to all, believe me to be your most affectionate son,

(Signed) WM. M. JARVIS.

Addressed William Jarvis, Esqre.,

etc., etc., etc.,

York.

VI.

STREETS GROVE, 8 Octr., 1814.

MY DEAR PARENTS :

Mr. Kemble leaves here this afternoon for York. The Americans have advanced, it is said, as far as Palmers, the other side of Black Creek, with 4,000 Men. 4,000 men are encamped under the mountain at Lewiston, under the command of Genl. Izard; it is supposed they will cross in a few [days]. Deserters say they are agoing to make an attack from Fort Erie, at the same time cross at Lewiston and attack us in our Rear. Alex. Hamilton talks of going to Montreal; he is very unwell. James received a letter from Saml. yesterday, that is for me. I have not received a line from any one of the Family since I left home. I suppose out of sight out of mind. We have just received an order to be in readiness to march at a Moment's warning. We are struck off of part of our rations, as there is but five days rations left for the whole army. Don't mention this again, if you do you will get me in a scrape. We had the promise of going to York after we had finished threshing wheat, instead of that, after we had finished that lot they set us cutting down the Trees this side of the Chippewa Creek. I suppose after we have finished that they will set us at something else. I suppose we shall see York when we return from Greenbush. Sir James Yeo has been kind enough to offer to bring up a Puncheon of Spirits and a Pipe of wine in the Fleet for every Regt. in the Right division; if he would bring up 2 or 3000 men it would be much better. Armstrong went past here the other day, on his way to Quebec. He expected to go down immediately, but I saw an order out to-day for him to remain until further orders. He will be much disappointed; he was to call at York on his way down, if he could. Mr. Kemble takes my watch to York, I broke the Glass the other day, which makes her useless to me; you may keep her now till I come Home. I am happy to hear Poor McCormack arrived safe. Genl. De Watteville and the Brigade-Major passed this [place] early this morning with a field-piece on the way to Chippewa. I suppose we shall follow him soon. Three of the Glengarrys went over the river the other day, remained all night in a House drinking, next morning returned; I believe, brought no news. In case of an alarm last night, all the Troops were to retire to the Beaver Dam. Mr. Kemble has called for my letter. I hope I shall here from you soon.

I remain, my dear parents,

Your most affectionate son,

(Signed) WM. M. JARVIS.

Addressed William Jarvis, Esquire,

Etc., etc., etc.,

York.

Favor of Mr. Kemble.

II.

PLATTSBURG, 1814.

Extracts from the Diary of Captain, afterwards Colonel J. H. Wood, R.A.

(Loaned by T. G. Wood, K.C.)

Montreal, Sept. 4th.—This day received a most unexpected order to proceed to Michilimackinac, in command of a detachment of twelve gunners, and a company of the 81st Regiment. It is situated near Lake Huron, 1000 miles above Montreal, shut out from the world and all active scenes of warfare. We are to proceed by the Grand or Ottawa River. I cannot describe my feelings on being thus banished.

The army (left division) are in full advance on Plattsburg, and we expect to hear of something being immediately carried into execution.

General Izzard, Commander-in-Chief American Army, has marched to Sackett's Harbor with 4000 men, no doubt fearing that Post will be our first attack. This force has been withdrawn from the Champlain frontier.

Sept. 5th.—To my great joy, an order reached me this morning to join the army without delay, an order I obey with the greatest pleasure and alacrity, escaping by it the dreaded trip up the Ottawa. Slade being next in seniority, takes this duty.

Left Montreal in the afternoon in light marching order, and arrived at L'Acadie, twenty-five miles, at 10.30, and trust that I shall join before operations commence.

Sept. 6th.—Marched from L'Acadie to Champlain, situated two or three miles within the lines. It is a considerable village and was occupied by the Head Quarters of the American Army, previous to our advance.

The Advance closed with the enemy and drove them through Plattsburg. They made attempts at a stand at Dead Creek, assisted by their Gun Boats, but were rapidly repulsed, and one of their Gun Boats suffered by our fire.

Sept. 7th.—Joined the army and found all operations suspended. The enemy have thrown themselves into some unfinished works and block houses (on the right bank of the Saranac), mounted with heavy Guns. Their fleet are lying at anchor in Plattsburg Bay. Several houses in the Town were set on fire by red hot shot from the enemy, and a flag of truce was sent in, proposing to extinguish it, which they declined, and kept up their fire, warmer than before.

Our Picquets occupy the Town, and are constantly engaged with the enemy's. Whenever they observe an individual they direct a volley; if more than one or two, a cannon shot. They are busily employed finishing their works and mounting heavy guns.

Report says that our troops should have been permitted to follow up and carry the works at a dash, but timidity and indecision appear to prevail, where energy and vigor ought to exist.

Sept. 8th.—The situations for the different batteries are fixed on, but little has been done towards constructing them.

I was ordered to reconnoitre Cumberland Head, to select a place for disembarking the two ten inch Mortars and Stores on their way from Isle au Noix, and reported its not being a safe place for that purpose, as the enemy's guard boats and row galleys were constantly on the lookout.

I was gratified to find that my being ordered to join the Army was owing to the particular request of the Commanding Officer of Artillery.

Sept. 9th.—Anniversary of the surrender of St. Sebastian. Owing to mistake and neglect nothing was done last night, towards finishing the Batteries on the right attack, and, in consequence, the service of the Senior Officer of Engineers were dispensed with by Sir George Prevost.

I was again ordered to reconnoitre the Lake shore, to discover a favorable spot for the disembarkation of stores, and rode down abreast of the Isle au Motte, where our fleet are lying at anchor.

The guns were ordered to be placed in Battery this night. We accordingly, at midnight, moved down and were proceeding to the batteries, when a heavy fire of musketry was thrown in upon the working parties, and shameful to relate, the covering party ran off, scarcely returning a shot, the whole running in upon our guns like a flock of sheep. It was at the moment supposed the enemy had discovered the work and made a sortie to destroy it. Supports were immediately ordered down, but the enemy had not crossed the river, and the Battery was untouched. This occurrence gave cause for a severe order from General Power, who commanded the Brigade, and occasioned the loss of one Officer and a few men. An American was also made prisoner, or he had deserted.

On examination, the Batteries were reported by the Commanding Officer of Artillery as not being in a fit state to receive the guns, consequently as day broke, we were ordered to return to the Park. Thus had three days and nights elapsed and nothing effectually done.

Sept. 10th.—There appears to be a great deficiency of arrangement and decision. Assisted in laying down a Battery for the two ten inch Mortars. We again moved from the Park at midnight and

placed the guns in Battery and found it in a most unfinished state and badly constructed as to thickness of parapet, direction of embrasures, platforms and material.

Sept. 11th.—Sunday at daybreak all eyes were directed towards Cumberland Head, anxiously waiting the appearance of the fleet. The breeze was fair and steady. It was understood that the troops were to attack at the same time the Fleets commenced action. We were all ready in the Batteries, and the enemy had not discovered us; if so, he did not condescend to open his fire.

We at first received orders to take up the firing from left to right, to commence a few minutes after the fleets were engaged. This order was set aside and we were not to open until a short time previous to the assault of the works. Another order succeeded the last. It was for us to commence our fire, and this we received after the fleets had been warmly engaged for nearly an hour. This indecision at such a moment was particularly distressing.

About 8 A.M. our Commodore announced his approach by scaling his guns, a signal previously agreed upon, it was said. At a quarter to nine the combat commenced, and in a few minutes the firing was very heavy.

Our battery, No. 1, on the extreme right, and consisting of two light 24-pr. Brass Guns, and one 8-inch Howitzer, was so situated that we could not see the shipping, owing to the commanding ground the enemy's works occupied being in the line of view.

The Batteries opened about nine-thirty, and the enemy replied with much spirit and precision. In about two hours not a gun was heard from the fleets. We were aware that the fate of the day had been decided and our anxiety to learn who were the victors was extreme. The melancholy truth at length reached us, that the British Flag had been lowered and that the whole flotilla, with the exception of the gun boats, were in the enemy's hands.

In No. 1 the enemy dismounted one of our guns and materially damaged the carriage of another, when we were ordered to withdraw them under cover of the merlons. We had the light brass 24-pr, charge 3 lbs., opposed to heavy guns of the same calibre, superior in numbers and having a commanding position. Our casualties were trifling, one killed and five wounded. A round shot stupefied me for some minutes, and an inch or two closer would have made me "shorter by the head."

In the evening we received orders to bring away the guns if practicable, and to destroy the ammunition. This assured us that a retreat was intended.

The guns were moved off about 8 p.m. and joined the remainder of the artillery and Baggage, retiring in a most confused and hurried manner, much increased by the bad state of the roads. I found

myself placed in charge on a Brigade of spare carriages, etc. Marched at eleven and reached Chazy at six-thirty a.m.

Sept. 12th.—Ordered to join the Heavy Brigade of Guns. Marched to Champlain and placed the guns in position.

Sept. 13th.—The rear-guard of the Army moved through Champlain at one-thirty p.m. Our advanced Picquet is posted about half a mile on the road to Chazy. The enemy had not the presumption to molest our rear. General Power's brigade had taken up its ground just within the American lines. Generals Robinson's and Brisbane's have fallen back. The weather for these last two days has been very bad. The heavy guns ordered to move to Odel Town, five miles, where we arrived at 8 p.m. The roads are in a most miserable state.

Sept. 14th.—The heavy guns ordered to Isle au Noix. I was to remain with a 24-pr. at Smith's Tavern, and at 6 p.m. received instructions to move with the gun and a proportion of rockets to Brisbane's house and landing place, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, for the purpose of covering the embarkation of a depot of Commissariat and other stores. Lt.-Colonel Herriott and his Voltigeurs occupy this post. It is about three miles above La Cole Mill, and five from Ash Island. A Flag of Truce arrived this evening.

Sept. 15th.—Threw up a breast work to cover the gun, placed in barbette. Several of the enemy's gunboats came down with wounded.

There is a large proportion of Ordnance and Commissariat stores at this place, which will take some days to remove. If the enemy's flotilla were in a fit state, they could, with ease, prevent their being embarked, but in the event of their attempting to land, it would cost them a great number of men, from the confined scope they would find for disembarkation, and there being excellent cover for the Voltigeurs to annoy them from.

The 49th Regiment* embarked for Isle au Noix.

Sept. 16th.—The rain fell in torrents, and the roads are rendered nearly impassable.

A Flag arrived with more wounded, also Captain Pring, R.N. (the senior surviving Officer of our fleet), on his parole. He commanded the *Linnet* during the late action, and represents the conduct of the American Commodore Macdonnough as being the most delicate, honorable and kind. Thus they are making themselves respected by their generosity of character, as well as their gallantry.

Sept. 17th.—General Brisbane and staff passed yesterday, and General De Rottenburg this morning. The former for St. Johns, the latter for L'Acadie. Getting on rapidly with the embarkation. Suffered from wet and cold, being under canvas in an exposed situation.

* 41st, the 49th was ordered home, Jan., 1813.

REFLECTIONS ON PLATTSBURG.

(By the same officer as above.)

That the 11th of September, 1814, was an unfortunate day for the honor of England, and that it was one of the most glorious experienced by the Americans during this War, must be allowed, though with feelings of the deepest regret. The retrospection of this day must give rise, to every well-wisher for the credit of his country, to feelings of the most unpleasant nature; to the troops actually employed it must create a pang that time cannot obliterate. The failure of the expedition occasioned sentiments of dissatisfaction and disgust such as never before agitated the minds of the inhabitants of the Canadas.

The grand scale on which the expedition was formed, the liberal supplies for the support of the Army, the great and deserved confidence placed in the materials of which the Army was composed, from having often been tried and opposed to the chosen legions of France, all led to carry the public expectations to the greatest height as to the result of whatever operations might be undertaken.

The publick mind being thus buoyed up—and, every impartial person must allow, not without sufficient cause—the effect produced by the complete failure of the expedition, or, as the Editor of the Montreal "*Herald*" expresses it, "by the sacrifice of the fleet and the disgrace of the army," is the entire loss of confidence in the Commander-in-chief; for every one must admit that no stigma can be thrown upon the troops, who were panting to meet the Enemy, nor on the Navy, who under peculiar disadvantages fought their ships with their usual gallantry.*

It appears that arrangements had been made to insure the co-operation of the Navy and Army, viz., as soon as the Fleets commenced action the troops were to move to the assault. This co-operation the Navy were led to expect, instead of which orders were given to cook!

That the army did not advance as agreed and promised by Sir G. Prevost is notorious.

During the Naval action the Column of Attack was nearly four miles from the promised point of co-operation, and when it was known that the Fleet had fallen into the Enemy's hands, orders were immediately given for the Column to retire. The Troops were at this time advancing in the highest spirits, driving in the Enemy's skir-

*In a note to p. 875 of "Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812," he accounts for the sudden orders to retreat given by Prevost by recording a trick played on him by the Rev. Eleazer Williams, Commander of the Secret Corps of Observation, who arranged that a letter stating that a heavy body of militia were to cross the lake to the number of 10,000, 5,000 from another quarter, and 4,000 from a third. This was placed in the hands of a shrewd Irishwoman, on Cumberland Head, who took it to Prevost, who immediately ordered the retreat.

mishers, and moving on confident of victory and anxious to close. I am informed by many Officers who were with this Column, that they never witnessed on any occasion more animation amongst the Troops. When the order to retreat was received a murmur of discontent was heard in the ranks, and some difficulty was experienced in restraining the ardor of the Light Troops covering the advance of the Column. The feelings this retrograde movement occasioned were at the moment most painful to the spirits of the soldiers: it has since agitated the public mind, which must always feel interested and deeply concerned in the honor and success of the Navy and Army.

The general opinion is that, notwithstanding our Fleet had struck, in some measure owing to the non-co-operation of the land forces, the Column should have been allowed to follow up the attack, so as to have preserved the highly elevated character of the British Army and to have cut off the enemy, with his guns, stores, etc. Some assert that the guns of the enemy's works might have been turned upon the fleets as they were laying disabled in the confusion attending the close of so warm an action.

The unnecessary precipitancy of our retreat, or more properly speaking, our *flight*, on the night of the 11th, is spoken of with disgust and indignation—an army composed of 11000 of the very best troops, a large proportion of them inured to victory in the Peninsula, absolutely ordered to run away before 1500 of the most inferior description; and to the disgraceful rapidity of their flight sacrificing their sick and wounded, together with great quantities of ordnance and commissariat stores. What was to have prevented the Army remaining in its position to cover the retreat of its sick, wounded, stores, etc.? Surely the enemy was not to be dreaded!

The effect of this flight has been more seriously felt by the British Army than in the loss of stores, etc., for it has created a feeling of disgust from the General of Brigade to the Drum-boy; it has destroyed all confidence in the Commander-in-chief; it has also caused numerous desertions; it has deprived the soldiers of those innate ideas of superiority which animated every breast (but *one*) on this advance. And when it is understood that three of the Duke of Wellington's well-trying Generals and 8000 of his Veteran Troops composed the greater part of this Army, the remark cannot be attributed to gasconade. The following remark appears in the Montreal "*Herald*" of September 23rd, 1814:

"If a tenth part of what is alleged had any foundation, there must be a solemn national investigation, when the truth would be ascertained, and an acquittal with honor, or conviction with adequate punishment, follow."

The redoubts were open to a *coup-de-main*, and an attack should have taken place the first day. This measure was most anxiously pressed upon Sir G. Prevost; the unexpected delay gave the Enemy

time to strengthen them, which he did not neglect to do. Their capture would have compelled his Fleet to meet ours upon equal terms. The Enemy was astonished at our inactivity and momentarily looked for the assault; in short, if the opposite feelings to timidity and indecision had animated a certain breast, the 11th of September would have added another wreath to the Naval and Military Renown of Great Britain. (Signed) J. H. W.

MONTREAL, September, 1814.

"We passed Plattsburg, the scene of the unfortunate Naval Action in 1814. I was then serving in the Colonies and had a good deal of correspondence with Commodore Sir James Yeo, relative to the charges he afterwards exhibited against Sir George Prevost. The historian who would illustrate by facts the almost incredible imbecility by which the Arms of England may be tarnished and her resources wasted with impunity, should bestow a careful examination on the details of the Plattsburg Expedition. He will then precisely understand how war can be turned into child's-play, and its operations regulated, as in the royal game of 'Goose,' by the twirl of a teetotum."—"Men and Manners in America,"* Vol. II., page 367.

III.

PAPERS LOANED BY T. R. KENNEDY, LEVIS, QUE.,
OF CAPT. H. PINGLE.†

March 29th, 1853.

To Henry Pingle, Esq., Markham :

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 15th ult., requesting me to procure the medal to which you are entitled for services rendered to the country during the War of 1812. Your medal, as well as those to which your comrades are entitled, will be forthcoming as soon as Major Button furnishes the Government with the proper Documents.

I have written to Major Button in reference to the matter, who, no doubt, will furnish us with all we require.

(Signed)

AMOS WRIGHT.

*"Men and Manners in America," by author of "Cyril Thornton," etc., published by Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1833. Preface signed "T. H.," and dedicated to William Woolriche Whitmore.

† Detroit medal and papers loaned by T. R. Kennedy, Levis, Que., to the Canadian Historical Exhibition, Toronto, 1899. On the medal the name is engraved Pringle, as it also appears on the commission as Lieutenant, January 24th, 1813, but on his commission as Ensign, June 24th, 1813, it is Pingle, without the "r."

DESPATCH ROUTE.

To all Concerned :

SERGEANT HENRY PRINGLE,—You are hereby commanded to proceed, with a party under your Orders, consisting of ten Privates of the 1st York Horse to Delaware Town, at which place you will receive further orders from Lieut. Merritt of the Niagara Light Horse.

York, 29th July, 1812.

JOHN BUTTON, *Capt.*

I hereby certify that the bearer, Sergt. Henry Pingle, now on *His Majesty's service*, together with eight men belonging to the 1st Regt York Cavalry, are ordered on an Expedition as far as the Delaware Town. And being on such command, they are entitled to the assistance of all His Majesty's subjects along the way, by furnishing them with Provisions and Provender.

W. ALLAN,

Major Com'dg the District of Militia.

Grand River Township, 2nd Aug., 1812.

MUSTER ROLL OF A DETACHMENT OF MEN FROM THE FIRST
REG'T YORK MILITIA, 9TH SEPT., 1813.

Ensign Pingle.	Privates—
Sergt Wm. Robinson.	10 Philip Long.
Privates—	11 Stephen Moore.
1 Garret Wm. Jumbu. [?]	12 Daniel Widimen.
2 Moses Butts.	13 Samuel Bentley.
3 John Butts.	14 John Steaffens.
4 Peter Spring.	15 Philip Cartover.
5 Andrew Spring.	16 Ebenezer Cook.
6 Jacob Wurtenberger.	17 Frederick Shill.
7 Justin Badgero.	18 James Johnson.
8 Martimus Badgero.	19 Antony Wonch.
9 John Hagerman.	

The above is Exclusive of the party under Ensign Thompson, going with the boats.

THOS. HAMILTON,

Capt. 3rd Reg't York Militia.

Enscribed on the back—

Required rations for twelve men for three days from the 20 to the 22nd, both days inclusive.

Ensign 1 Reg't York Militia.

This is to certify that the bearer, Lieutenant Henry Pingel, volunteered in my Company of Troop of Militia Cavalry attached to the First Reg't of York Militia, the 16 day of June, 1812, and he served as a Sergeant, and he always dun his duty fa[i]thful during the time that he was with me

JOHN BUTTON, *Capt.*

Markham, March the 10, 1819.

MARKHAM, 10th Jany, 1838.

SIR,—You will please immediately to assemble your company at Hunter's Tavern, as, by recent accounts from New Market, a second attempt is meditated upon Toronto. You will please distribute the men under your command so as most effectually to stop the communication with the city. Major Button is requested to furnish you with two Troopers to communicate to me by express any necessary communication.

You will please arm the men in the best manner circumstances will admit of.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your mt obdt sert,

LT.-COL. CROOKSHANK.

To Capt. Pingle, }
3 North York. }

MARKHAM, 28th June, 1838.

I do certify that Wm. Nigh was not down with rebel McKenzie at John Montgomery's when he & his rebels met there to overturn the British Government, and do consider him a fit subject to get his gun returned to him.

(Signed)

{ BENJ'M. BOWMAN.
{ THOS. MOORE.

To Major Henry Pingle, Markham.

SIR,—I beg to enclose you a Schedule of Rates of pay for subscriptions towards reconstructing Brock's Monument. You will give notice to your company to attend at Markham Village for Training on the 13th inst. Be particular in appointing Sergeants & warning your company. Let the men bring their firearms to the Parade Ground for Inspection. Your division is from & commencing No. 18 to & 35—5th and 6th Concessions of Markham.

I am, sir, your obt servt,

LT.-COL. CROOKSHANK.

Yong St., 2nd October, 1840.

P.S.—Your Subalterns are Lt. Fenwick, Ensign Wm. Robinson.
To Capt. H. Pingle.

SCHEDULE OF RATES OF PAY.

<i>Cavalry.</i>		<i>Infantry.</i>	
	s. d.		s. d.
Captain.....	18 3	Colonel.....	25 0
Lieutenant.....	11 3	Lieutenant-Colonel.....	21 3
Cornet.....	10 0	Major.....	20 0
Troop Sergeant-Major ..	3 9	Captain.....	14 6
Sergeant.....	2 9	Lieutenant.....	8 2
Corporal.....	2 1	Ensign.....	6 7
Trumpeter.....	2 0	Paymaster.....	15 8
Private.....	1 7	Adjutant.....	10 8
		Quartermaster.....	8 2
		Surgeon.....	16 3
		Assistant Surgeon.....	9 5
		Sergeant Major.....	3 9
		Quartermaster Sergeant..	3 2
		Colour Sergeant.....	2 11
		Sergeant.....	2 4
		Corporal.....	1 8
		Drummer or Bugler.....	1 5
		Private.....	1 3

Artillery

Captain.....	15 2
First Lieutenant.....	8 7
Second Lieutenant.....	7 0
Company Sergeant.....	3 11
Sergeant.....	3 1
Corporal.....	2 9
Bombardier.....	2 6
Gunner (or Bugler).....	1 8

IV.

Order Concerning Presentation of Colors from H. M. George IV.
to the Incorporated Militia of U. C.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

YORK, UPPER CANADA, 12th April, 1822.

Militia General Order :

No. 1.—The Lieutenant-Governor has much satisfaction in announcing to the militia of the Province that the colors have been received which His Majesty had been graciously pleased to command should be prepared for the late incorporated battalion, and which, in commemoration of the services rendered by the corps on the Frontier, are inscribed with the word “Niagara.”

No. 2.—As the Officers and Soldiers who composed the late Incorporated Militia are now serving in the different County Regiments throughout the Province, the Colors will be lodged in the Government House until the formation of a similar Corps shall require their being brought into the Field, and the Lt.-Governor has no doubt that the honorable testimony thus afforded of the high sense His Majesty has been pleased to entertain of the Zeal and Gallantry of the militia of Upper Canada and the Proud distinction which attends these Banners, will not fail to excite the most animating recollections whenever the country shall again call for their services.

No. 3.—The East and West Regiments of York Militia having their place of Assembly near the seat of Government will be formed in Line at eleven o'clock on the 23rd inst., His Majesty's Birthday, on the road in front of the Government House. Their right on the Bridge, a Guard of honor consisting of 100 Rank and File from each regiment, with Officers and Sergeants in proportion, the whole under the Command of a Field Officer, will be formed in front of the centre, to receive the Colors, as the representative of the Militia of the Province, and will escort them to Government House.

By Command of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor.

(Signed) N. COFFIN, Colonel,
Adj't-Genl Militia Forces.

MEMORANDUM.

It is suggested* to Colonels Allan and Givens to employ on the Guard of Honor such Officers and Soldiers of their respective Regiments as may have belonged to the late Incorporated battalion.† N. C.

V.

PAPERS CONCERNING RUPERT GEORGE, CAPTAIN H. M. S. HUSSAR, 1794.

(The following papers were loaned by Mr. Wm. George, of Bristol, England.)

*To Rupert George, Esquire, Captain of His Majesty's Ship "Hussar,"
late Commodore commanding His Majesty's Naval Force on the
Coasts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, etc., etc.*

SIR,—The merchants and other Inhabitants of Halifax, understanding that you are about to embark for England, Beg leave before you depart to express their sense of the manner in which you have acquitted yourself whilst the chief Command of His Majesty's Naval force on this Station was vested in you.

We feel great satisfaction, Sir, in the opportunity we have of thus publicly saying That your polite deportment and great attention to the Trade of this province on all occasions has given additional testimony of His Majesty's Gracious and Paternal consideration in the choice of Officers whom he honours with Chief command.

Your Zeal, Alacrity and Cordial Co-operation with this Government and the Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces, whilst we

* This suggestion was carried out, and we find that "on April 23rd, 1822 (St. George's Day), FitzGibbon was in command of the forces representing the Militia of Canada, and assembled before the Government House to receive the colors presented by His Majesty, in token of his appreciation of, and gratitude to, the Militia for their services in the war of 1812-14."—*A Veteran of 1812*, by M. A. FitzGibbon.

† Veteran.

apprehended and were threatened with an attack by our Enemies afforded us great confidence; and when the season rendered your exertions no longer necessary in port, We saw you with great satisfaction persevere in getting your ship ready and proceeding to sea in quest of those Enemies by whom our commerce was endangered and His Majesty's subjects insulted.

As we have the best reasons to believe that your exertions have been highly beneficial in protecting the Commerce of His Majesty's subjects, as well as those of his Allies and friends on the coast of America, We deem it incumbent on us to take notice of it and to offer our approbation of your Conduct both as a public duty and as a mark of the personal regard and consideration we have for yourself.

We sincerely wish you, Sir, a safe passage to England and health to continue in the active discharge of your professional duty to His Majesty and your Country.

Halifax, December 20th, 1794. (Signed) HENRY NEWTON.

LIST OF SIGNATURES.

And'r Belcher	Tho's Russell	John F. T. Geshwind (?)
Hall, Bremner & Bot- tomley	William Kidston	Peter McNab
	Jno. Cleaveland	William Fitch
	Jon Tremain, Junr.	Peter McNab, Jun'r
Joseph Davis	John Stealing	Wm. Nums
John Masters	William Millet	J. B. Clarke
James B. Tranckley	Robert Lyon	John Howe
James Lawson	James Forbes	John McKinsty
E. B. Brenton	Thomas Boggs	James Donaldson
J's Stewart	Arch'd McIlmack	John Henderson
Charles Morris, Jun'r	James Kidston	Coddlor (?) Bremner
Foster Hutchinson	Ferman Grassii	Edw'd Pryor
Jno. Newton	Duncan Clarke	Jocolee Weller
William Taylor	Martin Shier	Nichl Guest (?)
Geo. Smith	Charles Geddis	Thos. Goudge
George Grant	F. Hutchinson	Wm. Bremner
William Forsyth	Will Smith	Enoch Wirwell
Dan'l Hartshorne	John Edward Kerby	Peter Cashenbury (?)
Geo. Deblois	Peter Marchiston	Fran's Lawsons
Andrew Liddell	James Pedley	Rufus Fairbank
Tho's Wm. Denmark	Michael Head	Benj'n Carlile
J. S. Moody	Pat'k McMaster	John Thomson
Rich'd Kiefton	Wenek Allan	Edward Smith
John Lawson	George Pedley	James Wooden
Will'm Williams	Edw'd King	Constant Connor
Thomas Tilly	Dn. Hall	Jos. Anderson
John Boyd	James Creighton	Peter Smith
	Sam. Greenwood	
	Jno. Blair	

[Reverse.]

James Moody
 Rees & Rogers
 Richard Chary
 Casper Wollonhaupt
 Dan'l Wood
 James Stewart
 Peter Donaldson
 James Strachan
 Jon't Tremain
 James Boggs
 Benj. Salter
 George McIntosh
 J. S. N. Binney

Jno. Geo. Pyke
 Mich. Wallace
 Benjamin Binney
 Jon'n Binney
 J. Slayter
 William Lawlor
 E. Potts
 Chas. Hill
 Robert Hill
 Benj'n Bridge
 Wm. Anderson
 Thomas, James &
 Wm. Cochran

NOTE.—The original address being defaced when signing, the signatures were cut off and attached to this clean copy by order of the subscribers.

(Signed) MICH WALLACE.

(The half-sheet on which these names are written is much discolored and worn at the folds.—ED.)

[COPY]

Resolution, at HALIFAX,
 December the 15th, 1794.

SIR :

I received your letter of the 13th instant, representing that private Business of a pressing and important nature required your presence in England, and requesting that, as the ship you Command is not wanted to proceed to sea on immediate Service, I would permit you to go thither in His Majesty's Ship *Severn*.

I have to inform you in answer thereto, that I do comply with your request, and that the more readily as you will be able, from the service on which you were employed since the commencement of the present war, to give the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a more full and perfect account of the disposition and Conduct of the Southern Provinces of America toward Great Britain than can be done by writing, an object of such importance, in my mind, that, had not the *Severn* come here, I should have sent the *Hussar* home for that very purpose, and you can also identify the persons of the

* Americans who were taken in arms against us, should it be thought proper to prosecute them.

I therefore Commit my despatches to your care, requiring and directing you to return to your duty as early as possible in the spring, either in the *Penquet* or in any ship of war that may be sent to me, unless you shall be otherwise ordered by their Lordships.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) G. MURRAY.

Robert George, Esq., Captain of
 His Majesty's Ship *Hussar*.

* Undecipherable.

VI.

SOME U. E. LOYALIST EPITAPHS.

"Remnants of history . . . in which . . . is saved and recovered something from the deluge of time."—BACON.

One of the most interesting of the historic landmarks in Niagara is the mutilated tombstone in St. Mark's churchyard, which was used as a butcher's chopping-block by the American soldiers, while the invading forces were quartered in the old church during the War of 1812-14. The marks of the axe are still plainly seen on the marble, and the interest of the stone is increased by the fact that the inscription shows it was erected as a memorial for one who, at the time of the War of Independence, chose to suffer loss rather than give up his allegiance to his sovereign. The words have been partially effaced by time and the treatment to which it was subjected, but have been reconstructed to read as follows :

"To the memory of Charles Morrison, a native of Scotland, who resided many years at Michilimacinae as a merchant, and since the cession of that [post to the] United States, as a British subject by election. [He was distinguished] for loyalty to his Sovereign []. Died here on his [way] to Montreal on the sixth day of September, 1802, aged 65."

Nor is this the only memorial which testifies to the strenuous loyalty of that day. The tablet in St. Mark's Church to the memory of Colonel John Butler, leader of the far-famed and much-dreaded Butler's Rangers, which is headed: "Fear God, honour the King," will recur to everyone, as well as that to Martin McLelland and one or two others, too well known to be quoted.

The existence of these, and hearing of others, led to the hasty inference that there were many such epitaphs to be found in different parts of the country; a conclusion that has not been borne out by experience. Nor is the reason far to seek. The Loyalists for the most part came as refugees, having been driven from their homes and stripped of all their property. They found the country an almost unbroken wilderness of woods and swamps, and for many years their life was a desperate struggle for existence, with the forest for their foe. Those who survived had not means to enable them to erect durable memorials for those who passed away during the early years of struggle and privation, and the rude wooden headstone that once marked the spot has long since perished, while time has obliterated the inscription placed on the scarcely more durable sandstone that was used in many cases. Thus, in our oldest churchyards, there are many shattered and crumbling stones—hardly to be distinguished from common field-stones—which yet pathetically suggest memories

of forgotten lives. Also, some of the original Loyalist band fell in the War of 1812, and with their comrades in arms found nameless graves near the different fields of battle. From these and kindred causes it is evident that most of these last records of the founders of the province have disappeared ; those that remain possess an interest because many of them prove that, far from regretting the choice they made for king and country, their allegiance held firm to the last. Those noted here may be taken as the result of some summer rambles, as giving the barest outline, which others may fill in. To cover the subject it would be necessary to gather inscriptions from the other provinces settled by Loyalists. This has not been attempted, but among the two or three from New Brunswick, one from King's County is interesting and not too familiar to bear quotation :

In memory of

Lieut. Andrew Stockton,

Born at Princeton, New Jersey, Jan. 3rd, 1760, and died
at Sussex Vale, May 8th, 1821.

Also **Hannab**, his wife,

Born in the State of New York, and died in King's County,
Oct. 1st, 1793, aged 25 years and 4 months.

Lieut. Stockton was married in the City of Saint John,
then called Parr Town, the 4th of April, 1784, by
the Hon. George Leonard, which was
the first marriage in the town.

Another from Carleton, N.B., gives something of the career of a distinguished Loyalist, formerly of New York :

In memory of the

Honorable Gabriel G. Ludlow, Esqre,

Late President and Commander-in-Chief of the Province,
Born April 16th, 1736 ; died February 12th, 1808.

Nor will the search for these wayside records fail in interest. What is looked for may not be found—probably will not, if it is U. E. L. epitaphs—but the seeker may be rewarded by coming upon

something unintentionally funny, as that on a stone erected to a young man "who was accidentally killed by the falling of a tree," and the lines "We cannot tell who next may fall beneath Thy chastening rod" immediately follow the statement. Or you may chance upon this warning, if in an eastern town, not so very far from Toronto :

"Ye weak, beware ; here lies the strong,
A victim of his strength.
He lifted fourteen hundred pounds,
And here he lies at length."

Or one may meet with something quite different,—

"Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos,
Of the Here and the Hereafter."

As in the churchyard that surrounds the quaint old church at Stamford, where it is said of one, "Her existence in this life ended on the 10th day of April" in such a year. When at Chicoutimi some years ago, a search in the neglected churchyard, knee-deep in grass, tangled weeds and tall ox-eyed daisies, revealed the following tender record of one who must have been "lovely and pleasant in her life," for of her it is said, "She is speaking to God and to his angels of the friends she left behind her on earth."

A word as to the places where these old records may be found. Throughout the districts settled by U. E. Loyalists there are many private burying-grounds, some of which yet remain in the possession of descendants of the original owners. This custom prevailed particularly among the Dutch settlers. Of such is the Hamiltons' ground at Queenstown, which, it will be remembered, afforded a temporary resting-place for the body of Brock after the first monument had been destroyed and while the second was building. Such, too, is the Servos burial-ground, where many outside the family have found a resting-place, and that of the Balls, some miles from Niagara, with its darkened, time-worn stones, and the little group of graves, somewhat apart from the rest, where the faithful servants of long ago lie buried, giving us a glimpse of the patriarchal life of those early days. A hillside, or some conspicuous spot upon the farm was generally chosen, or sometimes, as upon the Bay of Quinte, the place where the wanderers had first landed was selected by the refugees as a last resting-place. One visited was situated on the banks of a stream, the high bluff overlooking river flats and winding valley, and the little town, surrounded by hills, that lies as in a shallow cup a mile or two beyond.

Many of these old family grounds have been broken up—the land of which they formed a part has changed owners, and in spite of

agreements and pledges by the purchaser, the sacred plot has, after a few years, been desecrated and memorials removed. Such has been the fate of that belonging to the once powerful family of the Butlers of Niagara, nor is it the only instance where such vandalism has occurred.

But generally some common ground was set apart, and neighbors and friends were laid side by side, all distinctions of creed being forgotten, as surely they should be. Such was the old U. E. Loyalist burying-ground at Adolphustown, and there are instances of it at Stamford, Grimsby, Weston, Barton, many through the Bay of Quinte region, and in other places too numerous to mention, nor has anyone a complete list.

As to the inscriptions, by far the larger number give the bare name and date only, and it is but by knowing something of the story of their lives that we can fill in the tale. This is the case even with prominent Loyalists who were concerned in notable events; Captain Richard Lippincott lies buried not many miles from Toronto, but his headstone gives name and date only, and there is no hint to remind us of the romantic incidents of his life and the thrilling experiences through which he passed during the Revolutionary War.

Sacred to the memory of

Richard Lippincott,

who departed this life May 16th, 1826, at the advanced
age of 81 years.

Many similar instances could be given. There is one in St. James' Cathedral churchyard here, and several in St. John's at Hogg's Hollow. Everyone who has seen this picturesque church, as it appears from the opposite side of the valley, nestling among the trees, with the hill rising beyond it, must have been struck with its likeness to the country churches in England; nor is a nearer view disappointing. Though plainly built of white brick, faced with stone, and quite unornamented with carving, it is yet so perfectly and symmetrically proportioned that, viewed from every side, it gives pleasure; and its situation on the brow of the sunny wind-swept hill is so fine that one has not the heart to blame the unpractical projectors who set it there, only to be reached by a breathless climb up a hill, too long and steep for the old, for the delicate, or the very young of the congregation.

In the churchyard surrounding it are several Loyalist epitaphs, but with the exception of that to Thomas Humberstone, which relates that "he was born in Philadelphia and came to Yonge St. in 1798," there is nothing distinctive about them, just the name and date, fol-

lowed by a text or verse expressing the grief of the survivors. It is, perhaps, a digression to note some of the other stones. Of one it is said, "She was a kind and industrious woman," while her husband was "an energetic and an honest man." This recalls the stone at Lundy's Lane erected to one "who died an honest man," which inevitably makes us wonder whether he lived as one.

Another large class of U. E. epitaphs mention the place from which the refugee came. Two or three of these are taken from the pretty, restful churchyard at Grimsby, where a profusion of white roses and lilies of the valley make the opening summer glorious, and the trim little church has a quaint, picturesque dignity all its own.

In memory of

John Beamer,

a native of New Jersey, who emigrated to Canada
in 1790, and died Feb. 9th, 1854,
aged 94 years.

Sacred to the memory of

Andrew Pettit,

born in Gaston, Penn., U.S., 23rd March, 1753.
He was a resident of Sussex Co., N.Y., for 16 years and
was married there, and settled in Grimsby, 1787 ;
Died May 15th, 1819.

Sarah, his wife,

born in Germantown, N.J., 6th November, 1758 ;
Died 17th October, 1841.

There are also monuments to the two brothers, Colonel Robert and Lt.-Col. William Nelles, which commemorate, as those last quoted, the date of their migration to Canada, and, in addition, the number of years spent in the land of their adoption.

In memory of

Colonel Robert Nelles,

who was born on 6th of October, 1761, in Palatine, on the
Mohawk River, State of N.Y., and died 27th
July, 1842, at Grimsby, after a residence
of 62 years in Canada.

In memory of

Lt.-Col. William Nelles,

born 17th August, 1769, in Palatine, on the Mohawk
River, State of New York, died 20th April, 1850,
at Grimsby, after a residence of 63 years
in Canada.

These are examples of the records to be found at Grimsby and other places. That of the Nelles is noted, not that it differs from the two first cited, but because it is interesting to know that the large substantial stone house, built by one of the brothers, more than a hundred years ago, is still standing, a fine specimen of the better class of houses erected by the refugees. The massive walls, the low, broad windows, the quaint lines of roof and chimney impress one with a sense of solidity and comfort, and this suggests a field of research as yet almost touched. What sort of houses did the U. E. Loyalists build when the first dread years of hunger and struggle had passed? Is it not possible that there may be an early colonial style for Canada? Not much encouragement for this idea is to be found in books. All the histories, local or other, speak of the rough log-house, or shanty rather—few roomed and miserable—yet this house, with one or two other well-known examples, witnesses to something better. Mr. William Kirby, the distinguished author of "Le Chien d'Or," has indeed suggested that it is likely that the better classes of Loyalists coming from the different States would, as soon as the first stress was over, build houses resembling those of the locality from which they had been driven, so that possibly two or three styles might be traced, and in accordance with his idea has made a sketch of the kind of dwelling that one of the Dutch refugees from New York would be likely to build.

Grimsby churchyard possesses yet another interesting epitaph of one who was a leader in his day, and thought and spoke strongly on the issues of the time.

In memory of the

Hon. John Willson,

Born in New Jersey, Aug. 5th, 1776; settled in
Canada, A.D. 1790.

He was elected a member of the Assembly of U. C. A.D. 1808; was Speaker of that body from 1823 to 1830. In 1839 he was called to the Legislative Council, and took his seat in 1840, to oppose the Union of the Provinces; he originated the Common School Law of U. C.

Died at his residence, Ontario,* in his 84th year,
May 26th, 1860.

* The name of Ontario was changed to Winona.

The two which follow are grouped together, as showing with a quite unconscious pathos how deep and inefaceable was the impression made by the emigration, with its attendant hardships and dangers, upon even the children of the Loyalists.

Dennis Woolverton,

born in New Jersey on New Year's Day, 1790 ; emigrated to Canada in 1798, and settled at Grimsby. ✓

Member of the Legislative Assembly of

U.C., 1836-38, and of Niagara

District Council for

many years.

Died May 23rd, 1876.

Elizabeth Wixson,

wife of James Cooper,

born in the Province of New Jersey ; emigrated to Canada in 1788. Died 14th July, 1855, in her 83rd year.

After a long life, in each case exceeding the fourscore years of the Psalmist, the migration remained a great outstanding feature of their experience, and as such was recognized by those who came after them, as worthy of being recorded in their life's brief epitome.

It would be tedious to give further instances where the State from which the refugee came has been carefully recorded. Such may be found in several of the graveyards, and must always be interesting, not only to the descendants of those who there lie sleeping, but to all who care for our early history. Occasionally some further fact may be gleaned by the curious, as from the stones of the Bedell family in the old churchyard near the battle-ground at Stoney Creek ; a churchyard still, though the old church, in which, on the night of the sudden attack under Harvey and FitzGibbon, an advance outpost of the American Army was stationed, was bodily removed some years ago and is now used as a barn. These stones record that Stephen Bedell, who died in 1837, aged 92 years, was a native of Staten Island, while Susan, his wife, who lived to be 84, was born at White Hall, N.Y., and it is found from an adjoining stone which gives New Brunswick as the birth-place of a member of their family, that Bedell was one of those Loyalists who first sought a home in that province and later moved to Upper Canada. An inscription to "the eldest daughter of the late Col. Samuel Smith, Queen's Rangers," recalls that noted Loyalist regiment, and is one of the very few

which mention regimental honors. Another example may be given from the old burying-ground at Homer, near St. Catharines :

In memory of

Solomon Secord,

Lieutenant in Col. Butler's Troop of Rangers ;
died Jan. 22nd, 1799, aged 42 years.

In another class of epitaphs, the addition of the one word "Loyalist," or the initials "U. E. L.," bespeak pride in the name, as these from Homer :

Isaac Secord,

U. E. Loyalist, died April 23rd, 1817, aged 72 years.

Capt. Jacob H. Ball,

U. E. Loyalist, died July 24th, 1820, aged 43 years.

One instance is still to be found at Adolphustown, where the inscription suggests that the sons were covetous of their father's honor "Being the son of a U. E. Loyalist he retained his loyalty to the British Crown to the end of life."

Finally there are a few inscriptions that briefly refer to their loyalty and to the sufferings it entailed upon them. The examples given are all from a single stone in the old Methodist churchyard at Weston.

In memory of

Henry Dennis,

who, an exile from his native State, Pennsylvania, and having had his estate confiscated for his attachment to British rule through the American Revolution, died a U. E. Loyalist on Staten Island in the year 1782, aged 62 years.

John, son of the above.

Who, also a U. E. Loyalist, expatriated on account of his services to the Crown during the same revolution, found for a time a resting-place in Nova Scotia, then in New Brunswick, and finally in Upper Canada.

Born, Penn., 1760 ; died, York, U.C., 1832.

Surely a tender humor dictated the verse which follows: "There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

The north side of the monument is inscribed :

To the memory of

Joseph, son of John Dennis.

A loyal and patriotic citizen, he served his country faithfully in the Defence of the Province during the

War of 1812. Born at Beaver Harbour,

N.B., 1789; died at Weston,

U.C., 1867.

The following interesting record is found on the south side :

To the memory of

John Gray.

One of Frazer's Highlanders, under the immortal Wolfe, he scaled the Heights of Quebec and fought with distinguished bravery throughout the memorable day which added Canada to the British Empire.

Born in Mull, Argyleshire, 1732;

Died at Kingston, U.C., 1829.

One cannot but wonder why the last inscription was placed there, though from the stones near it is gathered that Gray became connected with the family through the marriage of his daughter, Ann, to William Stoughton, of Kingston, father of the Rev. John Stoughton, at one time Rector of Bath, U.C. A further explanation is given by a descendant, who writes that when the pillar was being erected it was felt there should be some memorial of one who had taken an active part in the great historic battle which led to the acquisition of Canada for the British Crown. Col. Dennis, therefore, had his name placed on the monument in Weston, although, as it relates, he died and was buried in Kingston.

Gray lived until his 93rd year, and his claymore remained in the possession of the family until a comparatively recent date. The old man was always ready to talk his battles over with anyone willing to listen, and never tired of relating an unfortunate incident of the battle which concerned himself.

He was, it seems, a man of fiery temper at times, and on the memorable occasion of September 19, 1759, being in the 78th, or

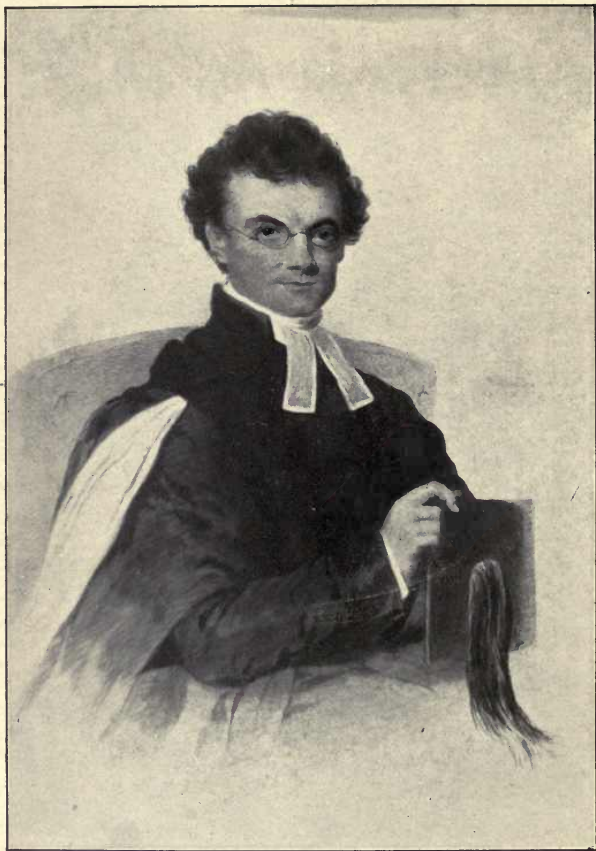
Fraser's Highlanders, under Wolfe, with the regiment he climbed the steep bank of the river and was one in the line which met the gaze of the astonished French on that misty morning.

When the opposing armies gave battle he was among the foremost in the fray, and managed to capture a French standard from its bearer. A young British officer, his superior in rank, immediately demanded the flag, and attempted to take it from him. He, indignant at being thus deprived of the fruits of his bravery, raised his hand as if to strike the officer, but recollecting himself made no further motion. Had he struck his superior he would, in all probability, have been shot; as it was he was reduced in rank, and having been a non-commissioned officer became a private. He, to the end, felt very bitterly the result of his hasty action, which may have been caused by numerous petty annoyances which superiors can inflict on those unfortunate enough to be under them.

The few scattered examples of these wayside records that have been given go to prove that the "King's men," as they were sometimes called, remained true to their principles—small wonder they were proud of the name, United Empire Loyalists, for it contains a prophecy. History speaks of them as beaten, and truly *they* were vanquished, but the cause for which they suffered was not destroyed by the success of the Revolution; their ideas have prevailed, and to-day we are looking forward to the United Empire that is yet to be.

SARA MICKLE.

A



Amy Scadding.

*From photograph of a portrait
by Hoppner Meyer, December, 1841.*



"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society
OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 6

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE REV. HENRY SCADDING,
1837-1838.

This diary gives interesting descriptions of events and people connected with the Rebellion. It is dated from Montreal and Quebec.

1906

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Extracts from a Diary of the Reverend Henry Scadding, 1837-1838, read by his daughter, Mrs. Robert Sullivan, before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto, on the 1st of March, 1906.

My father, Henry Scadding, was born in Devonshire, July 29, 1813, and came out to this country with his parents when he was eleven years old. He first attended the Royal Grammar School, and afterwards Upper Canada College, where he was the first head boy under the first Principal, Dr. Harris. Finishing his course there and taking a scholarship he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree, returning to Canada in the summer of 1837 by the sailing ship *Brigilla*. It may be interesting to note here that his only fellow passengers were Mr. (afterwards Canon) Osler and his wife, Mrs. Osler, who is still living in Toronto, now in her hundredth year. The day after their arrival in Quebec both were ordained by Bishop Stewart, Mr. Osler as priest, my father as deacon. It must have been shortly after this that my father entered Sir John Colborne's* family as tutor to his sons. The first entry in the Diary is December 12, 1837, and refers to the rebellion then going on in both Upper and Lower Canada.

*Sir John Colborne succeeded Sir Peregrine Maitland as Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada on the 14th August, 1828. He was a distinguished officer of the 52nd Regiment, who had done gallant service in the Peninsula and had fought at Waterloo. Shortly after the arrival of his successor, Sir Francis Bond Head, in 1836, Sir John was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Canada. On the departure of Lord Gosford, the Governor-General, in February, 1838, he was made administrator until the arrival of Lord Durham. . On the departure of the latter, in November of that year, he again became administrator, and in January, 1839, was appointed Governor-General of Canada, and raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Seaton.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

1837.

Montreal, Dec. 12.—A bright, cold day, streets very animated and crowded with sleighs. Another set of prisoners removed up to the new Jail, among them Jalbert, the assassin of Lieut. Weir,* and Bouchette, the Surveyor-General's son, and Dr. Kimber—all pinioned and escorted by riflemen and cavalry. Saw letter from Mrs. Kimber to Sir John, commencing: "General—Grace pour mon mari." Sir John intends to proceed himself to the attack of St. Eustache to-morrow. Had letter from my brother at Toronto. All in arms there. Several persons murdered.

Dec. 13.—The expedition set off for St. Eustache with Sir John and his staff at its head, attended by escorts of cavalry. A large crowd of spectators attended and cheered enthusiastically. They are to rest to-night at St. Martin's, and then proceed on to St. Eustache to-morrow. Walking down Notre Dame Street saw great commotion, and the soldiers turned out before the prison barracks and cavalry riding up. Wolfred Nelson† and Dr. Valois were brought in by some Americans and were being lodged in the Jail. As they passed through the gates the crowd howled and uttered hideous cries of execration. The sentries everywhere almost are volunteers. The sleighing still good. Mournful separations to-day.

*Lieut. Weir of the 32nd Regiment. He had been sent on 22nd November, 1837, with despatches to Sorel, missed connection with Colonel Gore's column, was taken prisoner by the rebels, and in attempting to escape was cut to pieces on the morning of the 23rd.

†Dr. Wolfred Nelson, a friend of Papineau, took an active part in the rebellion in Lower Canada. Colonel Gore, with an armed force of about 250 men of the 24th, 32nd and 66th Regiments, was sent to arrest him at his house. He and his friends made such a determined resistance that the troops had to retire. Dr. Nelson escaped to the frontier, was taken prisoner and confined for seven months in jail. He was then sentenced to transportation for life, and sent with other prisoners to Bermuda. The House of Lords declared this sentence illegal, and they were all released in 1838.

Dec. 14.—Kept in suspense without intelligence from St. Eustache until 10 o'clock. For several hours previous an extensive conflagration had been visible on the horizon in the direction of that place. At 10 despatches were brought by three cavalry volunteers. The place taken, the Convent, Church, etc., destroyed and the town fired. Some of the Royals killed and Mr. Gagy wounded. About 60 of the rebels killed; Sir John quite well. Troops proceed to-morrow to St. Benoit and St. Scholastique. Accounts to-day of the dispersion of the rebels at Toronto and the recapture of the Loyalist prisoners. Mackenzie* not taken. An alarm last night of a force marching to seize the arms at Lachine, the whole town instantly in arms, but no action ensued.

Dec. 15.—Despatches received from Sir John this evening. The troops marched on to St. Benoit at 7 this morning, met by a party with flag of truce imploring mercy. On entering the village the habitans laid their arms on the ground and surrendered at discretion, the women falling on their knees in the balconies of the houses, from whence also white flags were hung out. The leaders, Girod, etc., and the priests escaped. Thus this village, notorious for many years past, escapes unscathed, whilst the village of St. Eustache, which has borne the character of loyalty for a long while, suffers. There is a great feeling of regret existing on account of this anomalous circumstance, but it could not be prevented: it would never have done to have fired upon poor wretches on their knees. The troops proceed to St. Scholastique and St. Therese. A proclamation out from the Governor of Vermont enjoining neutrality of his people. Fine, clear, bright, sharp weather, tolerable sleighing and brilliant moonlight. The glare of the fire visible behind the mountains in the direction of St. Scholastique, supposed to be the burning of some rebel's property by the force marching from Carillon to join the force marching to St. Scholastique. Some prisoners from Chambly taken up to the prison to-day. A report that Mr. Nelson is dead.

*William Lyon Mackenzie, leader of the revolt in Upper Canada.

Dec. 16.—Sir John and his staff returned and joyfully hailed by us. St. Benoit, it appears, has been fired by the volunteers and will be laid in ashes. Rode with Graham* round the mountain—2 mountains—a splendid ride. Air keen, sun bright, snow dry and flying like dust beneath the horses' feet. A brilliant glow after sunset. The little windows in the distant cottages on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence and the spires glistening beautifully. Met a party of volunteer riflemen. Saw cloud of smoke hanging in the distance over St. Benoit.

Dec. 18.—Deep snow falling. Girod, the rebel leader of St. Benoit, a Swiss, shot himself: Scott, another rebel, taken by the cavalry: £500 the premium for him.

Dec. 22.—Fast Day. Humiliation for sin. Dr. Bethune morning on 1 St. Peter 5-6. Afternoon, Mr. Robertson. Good congregations and very attentive.

Dec. 24.—Snow falling. Dr. Bethune on 1 Timothy, 3-6. Evening I preached on Phil. 4-4. A large congregation.

Dec. 25.—Christmas Day. No sermon in the morning—a very large communion; I assisted with Dr. Bethune, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Ramsay. A mild day and heavy atmosphere. Church not decorated. How different my feelings this day and the 25th last year. Then looking forward with the most intense anxiety to the January examinations, regardless of the joyful season; now comparatively at rest and peace. I would by no means exchange the present for the past Christmas if I could. How much a year brings about—how astonished should I have been the last 25th December had I been assured where I should be, and how engaged this 25th—preparing my sermon for the Orphan Asylum, where I am to preach next Sunday.

Dec. 30.—Splendid ride round the mountain with Sir John and Francis—mild. Capt. Philpotts here. Had letter from Toronto—no news.

*Edmund and Graham were the sons of Sir John Colborne.

Dec. 31.—Preached for the Orphan asylum on John 14: 18. Collection £33 15s. Evening, Lundy of Quebec preached on the “7000 left” Mem. Elijah the Tishbite.

1838.

Jan. 1.—Made some calls. The town all alive with carioles and gentlemen making their congratulatory visits. Sir John’s house quite crowded. A number of cards left for me. A mild, pleasant day, and particularly propitious. Rode with Graham round the mountain. The bells of the tower in the Place d’Armes ringing very furiously—three bells rung in no order at all. Evening, a basket of reciprocal presents brought into the drawing-room and delivered to each according to its address. A beautiful bronze candlestick and sealing taper* stand given me by Lady Colborne.

Jan. 2.—Received letters from Mrs Simcoe, Sen.,† and Miss K. S. and Miss Ch. S.‡ All well, both at Penheale and Wolford.§ The receipt of this letter a great relief to my mind. Very mild and thawing.

Jan. 5.—Wet—rain—thaw. News of steamer, the purveyor of provisions to Mackenzie on Navy Island, having been cut adrift at Schlosser in the U.S. by some of our people and sent down the Falls with its crew. Dinner party to-day. Cols. Dundas,|| Wetherall,¶ Gore,** Maitland,†† Mr. Lang, Wetherall, Lysons‡‡ and Mad. and Mdme. de Montinach, Mrs. and Miss Wetherall.§§

*Now in my possession.—H.M.S.

†Widow of General Simcoe, formerly Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada.

‡Katherine and Charlotte Simcoe, daughters of General Simcoe.

§Family seats of the Simcoes.

||Col. Dundas, son or brother of Col. Dundas after whom Dundas Street was named.

¶Wetherall—afterwards Sir George Wetherall, who was Adjutant-General of the Horse Guards during the Crimean War.

**Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Charles Gore—afterwards Military Governor stationed at Kingston.

††Col. Maitland was brother of the Earl of Lauderdale, and Colonel of the 32nd Regiment, afterwards stationed at London, Ont., with his regiment in 1839. He died there and was buried there. The second Weth-

Jan. 6.—Had the account of the steamer affair at the Falls confirmed. Authorities in Toronto rather alarmed. The New York militia called out. Rode to Lachine. Sleighs on the ice, but river open. Troops to be despatched to the Upper Province—instantly.

Jan. 7.—Rain, mild. Dr. Bethune on the offerings of the wise men. Mr. Robertson on the "Return of the Prodigal."

Jan. 9.—Sent letter to Mrs. Simcoe by a despatch to New York. Party of young people here—Miss Selby, Miss Porter, the little Robinsons, etc. Some quadrilles and waltzes in the evening. Snow gone.

Jan. 10.—Colder this morning—slight poudre snow. The poor fellows go in for their degree to-day at Cambridge. Poor Ellis, Simmonds, etc. Well, it will be soon over for them.

Jan. 17.—Dined at Dr. Bethune's. Evening, on returning heard that Sir John was appointed Governor-in-Chief of the two Canadas. A special newspaper from London with most laudatory and complimentary despatches from Lord Glenelg, Lord Hill, Lord Fitzroy Somerset,* etc., conveying this high charge to Sir John. There is no act of the Govern-

erall men tioned was Edmund Wetherall, son of Col. Wetherall. He afterwards became a distinguished officer.

††Lysons was a young officer who very nearly caught Papineau during the Rebellion. It is said that while chasing him Papineau fell into a ditch and Lysons jumped over and lost him in the dark. Had Papineau been caught at that time he certainly would have been hanged. Many years afterwards Papineau and Lysons, both then distinguished men and Papineau's past forgotten, met in England and became great friends. Papineau then told Lysons how he escaped. When Lysons left Canada with his Regiment, the First Royals, going down the St. Lawrence in the transport *Premier*, the transport was wrecked at Lake Chatte Bay. This was in the late fall. Lysons walked from the wreck to Quebec and obtained relief for the Regiment. For this he received a Captaincy. He afterwards became one of the distinguished Crimean Officers, and was knighted Sir Daniel Lysons. Late in life he wrote a very interesting book on Canada, which will be found in the Public Library at Toronto.

§§The Miss Wetherall was a daughter of Colonel Wetherall, and afterwards married Capt. de Crespigny.

*Afterwards Lord Raglan.

The above notes were kindly furnished by Mr. Edward Harris.

ment which will give greater satisfaction and joy at this moment.

Jan. 20.—News of the evacuation of Navy Island, being shelled out by our artillery.

Jan. 23.—Tandem Club out. Many streets in the direction of Griffintown inundated by the river—great distress—houses filled with water and furniture spoiled. A great deal of grain, etc., spoiled in the warehouses. People moving about in canoes in the streets—channels obliged to be cut for them through the ice, which continually forms. The river covered with a vast chaos of monstrous masses of ice, jostled together in hills and mountains; passages being cut through by bands of soldiers to St. Helen's; and by habitans to Longueil. Evening, walked with Sir John till half past five—cold but not unpleasant. Met detachments of the 83rd Regiment from Halifax in sleighs—a curious sight—the long lines of vehicles winding along.

Jan. 24.—I must make this day the date of my commencing the world on my own account, inasmuch as I have just received the first money which I ever realized as a return for the efforts of my mind or hand, and the first money consequently which I could ever feel to be my own. Bought a pile of books.

Jan. 25.—Mr. James Colborne arrived from England. The sight of him once more has given me intense pleasure. To witness the affectionate welcome given him by his brother and sisters was delightful, and recalls my sweet ecstatic pleasure experienced in returning home last June. Evening—my Cambridge reminiscences.

Jan. 26.—Mild, heavy rain, snow going, roads' sloppy to a degree.

Jan. 31.—Grand review of all the forces—regular and volunteer, cavalry, infantry and artillery. A brilliant turn out. Bitter cold with wind. St. Denis, Point Charles affairs in the English papers to-day.

Feb. 1.—Drove with James Colborne in tandem to St.

Laurent. Called on St. Germain, the Curé; a long drive afterwards. A bright, sharp day.

Feb. 3.—Rode to Long Point Church—crossed the river on the ice there, up to Longueil and crossed again and so back to Montreal. Took a prettier ride with Graham. Went to Travers' rooms.

Feb. 4.—Communion this morning. Evening, the town in a commotion—the Glengarry Highlanders (volunteers) arrive from Upper Canada with their bagpipes and banners, escorted by cavalry and the band of the Royal Regt.

Feb. 5.—A mild day. More of the Glengarrys arrive in sleighs—a long cavalcade. The Upper Canadian two-horse sleighs looked quite substantial and remarkable after the ridiculous little trains and carioles of the French-Canadians. They are to be billeted about on the disaffected villages, Longueil, etc. Madame de Montenach's party this evening—invited but declined. Attended the meeting of the Bible Society. Mr. McGill* presiding; Colonel Wilgris, Dr. Holmes,† Mr. Wilks, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Perkins, Capt. Maitland, etc., etc., addressed the meeting.

Feb. 8.—Deep snow falling—driven in tandem with the Club. Went to and over St. Helen's. A beautifully picturesque island.

Feb. 10.—Rode to St. Martin's with Graham. Fine wooden bridge and deep, rapid river dividing the Isle Montreal from Isle Jaise.

Feb. 12.—Sir John to have been inaugurated as Governor-General to-day, when a messenger from Lord Gosford arrived announcing that his Lordship had fallen on some ice and so severely cut his head that he could not leave. So the ceremony is to be put off, to the great annoyance of the people here. The boards round the square opposite the Cathedral bearing the words "Place D'Armes" taken down, and their

*Hon. Peter McGill, for many years President of the Montreal Bible Society.

†Dr. Holmes founded in 1824 the Montreal School of Medicine, which was merged into that of McGill College.

places supplied by others bearing the words "Doric Square."

Feb. 14.—Went with James and Francis Colborne and Edmund and Graham to St. Eustache in tandem. Bitter cold. One splendid upset. Poor Graham hurt in the leg. St. Eustache possesses a most desolate appearance. Solitary chimneys, shells of stone houses, and the fine church one vast ruin, its front bearing abundant marks of the cannon ball directed against it without effect. Dined here at the lodgings of Mr. Griffin,* the military officer stationed here, who declares that the people are as seditious as ever. Returned to Montreal after dark, leaving St. Eustache at 8 and reaching here at one. Lost our way many times, and drove into the deep trackless snow, where we had all to flounder about and lend our whole strength to get the sleigh turned in order to get back. All got thoroughly cold and miserable. Edmund got his eyelid severely cut with the branch of a tree crossing the road, a merciful escape for his eye. Moon rose about half past twelve. *Cahots* very frequent and most amazing—reached home wretchedly fatigued.

Feb. 16.—Dined at Dr. Holmes, meeting Col. Wilgris, Capt. Maitland, Mr. Wilks, Mr. Neil, etc.

Feb. 24.—Rode with Graham round St. Helen's. Mild day. Dined at Macnider's and spent a pleasant evening—Mr. Finlay, Mr. Marchant, Heward, etc., etc., there.

Feb. 26.—Thanksgiving Day for the suppression thus far of the rebellion. Dr. B. preached at the military service. The day very generally observed.

Feb. 27.—A mild, bright day. Sir John Colborne swore in as Administrator of the Government. He rode from his house to Government House accompanied by his staff; cavalry and volunteers escorted him. Saddle cloth blue, with gold lace and telescope and sword embroidered on the corners. His breast covered with orders and stars and medals. The mild-

*The Mr. Griffin mentioned was an officer in the 83rd, and a son of Dr. Griffin, an army surgeon—a famous amateur actor. That Dr. Griffin was a grandfather of Mr. Scott Griffin, well-known in Toronto.—E. HARRIS.

ness of the weather enabled the soldiers and staff to appear in their red coats without their great coats. Sir John wore whilst on horseback a blue cloak; salute fired on his leaving his house from the Champ de Mars, and again after the oath was administered. The strong language of the oaths sounded rather strange to be uttered before so many Roman Catholics as were present—the Executive Councillors were also sworn in, but the language was a little modified for those of them that were Roman Catholics, and the declaration of a disbelief in transubstantiation omitted.

Feb. 27.—Evening, the whole city and suburbs were profusely illuminated. Appropriate transparencies in various places, and fireworks in the Place d’Armes. Two triumphal arches with Doric pillars erected, one at each end of Notre Dame Street bearing in illuminated letters the words “Doric Club” and various inscriptions and devices. One was the *Caroline* going over the Falls, with Schlosser and Amherstburg over it; on another was Point Charles and St. Eustache. Everywhere were to be seen Sir John Colborne’s arms and his name, and that of Sir Francis Head* and Col. Wetherall and the Queen. The Seminary and the Nunnery by the river were illuminated; everything was very orderly, though the streets were thronged. Volunteers were patrolling. General Wells’s (of the U.S. army) aide-de-camp here—Gen. W. cannot restrain his people. A large body of Iroquois Indians came in from Caughnawaga to-day, headed by their chief and two red flags with the cross of England upon them—to do honor to Sir John. The people received them with loud huzzas, which they returned by uttering their inhuman sort of whoop, taking off their caps. They looked very Indian with their black hair and peculiar countenances. The Rifles moved off to another part of the area before Government House to make room for them. Whilst the Council was holding, the Chief repeatedly harangued them most energetically to keep them in order; they were very restless and irregular

*Sir F. B. Head, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, 1835-1838.

in their mode of standing. Whilst the soldiers and volunteers were continually jumping and beating their feet to keep themselves warm, the Indians showed no symptoms of cold. On Sir John's making his appearance at the door of the Council, again the extraordinary whoop was raised, and all set off and followed him with the soldiers and volunteers to his residence, where they cheered again. This has altogether been a most favorable day for the whole of the ceremonies and manifestation. Lord Gosford† is believed to have taken his departure at 4 p.m. Viger's‡ house and the Lacroix were not illuminated. The *Courier* office was very dark.

March 6.—Letter from my mother saying Lady Head has left me a present of books. Mr. Stewart, the ex-Attorney General, dined here. Very mild. News of another engagement with the people of the States on Pt. Pelée Island on Lake Erie. The 32d repulsed them at the point of the bayonet, losing two men and receiving many wounds. The slaughter on the other side was very great. It was fought on the ice. The British troops and volunteers had been marching during nearly the whole preceding night on the ice—a bitter cold night. One volunteer was also killed. Many amateurs attended with rifles.

Mar. 9.—Walked with Edmund and Graham. Saw the Volunteer Artillery practising with ball on the ice at a target. I had no idea that it took so long for the ball to get from the muzzle to the target—it is quite a sensible time, and the whizz of the ball through the opposing air is very audible. Of course the time seems longer from the time taken for the sound of the ball striking the target to return.

Mar. 10.—Very mild this morning, only 32 in shade. News arrived that Gen. Sutherland and his aide, Spencer, were taken on the ice up on lake Erie—posting away for Pt.

†Right Honourable the Earl of Gosford, G.C.B., Governor-General of Canada from August, 1835, to February, 1838.

‡Hon. D. B. Viger, a friend and ally of Papineau. He crossed the Atlantic to lay the grievances of the Canadians before the Imperial Parliament. When the rebellion broke out he was seized and imprisoned.

Pelé Island. Sir F. Head's farewell speech in the House arrived yesterday, characterized by his peculiar manner—a masterly *exposé* of the baseness of the citizens of the States and the inefficiency of their laws; some fine strokes of keen satire. Rode to Chambly with Graham—saw the old fort, a venerable and picturesque object—the scenery pretty when you get near Chambly, a winding river with trees and well cultivated fields on its banks. There is a French College at Chambly—a large stone good-looking building. The roads bad for riding, snow being so moist and deep. Did not get back till eight. Found a letter from dear old Mungeam—now Curate of Sheerness. English papers arrived full of Canadian affairs. Lord Eldon died.

Mar. 11.—Major-General Clitherow arrived last night with part of his staff and waited on Sir John Colborne.

Mar. 14.—Sent off letters to Mrs. H. A. Simcoe and to Mungeam. Mild. News arrived that Lord Durham is coming out as Viceroy or Lord Lieutenant of the British Colony. This is a decidedly bad omen for Canada, and I doubt whether permanent peace will be the consequence; Whig principles being essentially unsound, nothing that flows from them can be ultimately beneficial or permanently good. Sir George Arthur* is arrived at New York; and Col. Cathcart† and Gen. Gascoigne. An autograph letter from the Queen to Sir John begging him to put Capt. Conroy on his staff. Her Majesty writes a plain legible hand, but not a very pretty one. Her w's and v's are made badly. The letter is dated Windsor Castle, Jan. 1, 1838.

Mar. 21.—Fire in the Quebec suburbs, went to it.

Mar. 22.—Fall of snow. Had letter from Charles, who is now in Toronto as one of the Grand Jury on the Rebel

*Sir George Arthur succeeded Sir Francis Bond Head as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.

†General Sir George Cathcart commanded the King's Dragoon Guards and a large force on the south of the St. Lawrence, in 1838. He had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. He distinguished himself in the Crimean War and fell at Inkerman.

cases. Robertson came to request me to preach next Sunday. Finished Babbage's book.

Mar. 24.—Alarm of fire in the New Jail, where the traitors are confined. All the world, civil and military, rushed to the spot—the tin of the roof was quickly stripped off and the fire extinguished. The roads one puddle of mud.

Mar. 27.—Ascended the mountain with Edmund, and found it by no means an easy task, from its steepness and slipperiness—but was fully repaid for the fatigue and the risk by the delightful views which it affords in every direction—one can take in nearly the whole island. Woods look more forestlike than I had imagined, and many white pines growing. Returned by descending the opposite side, near Col. McCord's house. Thought of Jacques Cartier's visit to this summit described in Bibaud.* A bright, sunny, but cold day. Roads drying fast.

Mar. 29.—Had letter from Griffin—now lecturer in St. John's College—full of amusing details.

April 3.—A year ago this day I left happy Penheale.† A solemn day to be remembered—the hand of God led me—all seemed dark and gloomy and wrong then; but now all bright promising and right. The blessed group around the fireside in the old Oaken Hall will remember me this day. May God's blessing be amongst them. It was a sore separation. However, I am thankful now and believe everything was as it ought to be.

April 5.—Mild spring morning. Heard birds singing for the first time. Received *Cambridge Chronicle* sent me by Ellis containing the lists of the Math'l & Tripos: St. John's has the senior wrangler! huzza! huzza!—Main of St. John's! Mould, of Corpus, next; O'Brien, of Caius, next, and then Blackhall, of St. John's. Docker, 9th, Currey 14th—Ellis 18th Senior Opt.; Kingdon, 1st Junior Opt.

*Michel Bibaud, Canadian historian, poet and scientist. His "Histoire du Canada" appeared in 1837.

†Penheale the home of the Simcoes.

April 6.—Soft rainy spring morning—birds singing. Sailed this day last year.

April 7.—Sent letter to Griffin—attended Mr. Sutherland's funeral.

April 8.—Mr. Wood,* Rector of Three Rivers, preached on Job 33-14.

April 9.—Heavy continued rain—the ice, which has been breaking for some days, must go now. Swallows flitting by yesterday. Eclipse of the moon. Ice gone opposite the town.

April 10.—Blustering—furious snow-storm.

April 13.—Good Friday. Dr. Bethune preached Rom. 5-8. Received letter from the venerable Archdeacon of York† containing very important matter relative to the Toronto District School, and ultimately the College.

April 14.—Mr. Vale, Messenger from President Van Buren, dined here, and Col. Chichester, one of the British Legion in Spain, and a number of other officers. Col. C. profusely covered as to his breast with medals etc.—a blustering bully of a man apparently. He declares that Sir John has managed the revolt badly out here in getting it over so soon; had he kept it up for a little longer he would have been made a Peer as surely as possible.

April 15.—Easter Day. A very large body of communicants, nearly 400. Afternoon I preached on "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Apr. 18.—Windy and sleety night. The new special Council, assembled by Sir John according to the recent Imperial Act, met for the first time—an era in the history of the Province. News arrived to-day that Lount and Matthews the rebels, were executed at Toronto last Thursday. The *Varenes* steamer arrived here from Sorel—the first steamer that has showed itself in motion on the river this season. The executions at Toronto have struck terror into the rebels here both in Jail and out.

*Father of Mr. S. G. Wood, Toronto.

†Right Rev. J. Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto.

Apr. 19.—Dined with Heward, it being his birthday, meeting Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Paul, McNider and some others. A very enjoyable evening.

Apr. 23.—Bright sunny day but chilly wind. Had invitation from the officers of the Garrison to a fancy ball next Monday, which I of course declined.

Apr. 26.—A review day. The poor fellows had, however, no sooner marched out than on came a heavy spring rain, whereupon they marched back, the band merrily playing notwithstanding.

Apr. 28.—Had a most delicious ride from 2 to near 6. Went to Lachine; everything cheerful and spring looking, people plowing, birds singing, frogs piping, children playing, here and there the grass growing green. Roads tolerably good, not dusty. Observed a playfully meandering stream in the valley under the terrace going to Lachine, which I never noticed before. Beautiful tints on the distant hills. People very polite, tipping their hats everywhere. Passing the Champ de Mars on my return witnessed a regular set-to between a large party of French and English boys with stones, which were plied most vigorously on both sides. Thus early does the non-amalgamation of the two origins evince itself. Col. Cowper, Lord Durham's private secretary, and Capt. Conroy, one of Lord Durham's aides-de-camp, dined here.

Apr. 30.—General review of all the troops of the Garrison, regular and volunteer, on the Champ de Mars before Major-General Clitherow and staff. A brilliant day and brilliant scene. Crowds of people present and three bands. There were 2,300 soldiers, regulars, volunteer and cavalry, together. Edmund and Graham went to the fancy ball—the former in Persian and latter in Turkish costume.

May 7.—Made my P.P.C. visit to Dr. and Mrs. Bethune at Burnside. Went over their large garden—cucumbers under glass fit to cut and the vines covered with blossom and incipient fruit. Peas appearing out of the ground. Returned by Sherbrooke and de Bleury St. Had note from the Bishop

relative to my obtaining priest's orders on Whit Sunday next, when there will be an ordination.

May 8.—All packed up for Quebec. Rode with Cordelia. Evening at 6 left Montreal in the *Canada* for Quebec with Edmund, Graham, etc. Sir J. and Lady Colborne coming down to see us off. Reached Sorel about half past ten. Brilliant moonlight. Walked about the place and up to Government House. Everything looking excessively familiar. Heard whip-poor-will for the first time.

May 9.—Still on our way. Walked about Three Rivers at five this morning. Passed Lotbinière, Déschambault, Chaudière Bridge, etc., Quebec coming magnificently into view. The *Inconstant*, 76, the *Edinburgh* frigate and two armed transports, containing 1,600 Guards, lying at anchor. Numerous merchantmen were also lying at anchor, and Quebec all alive. Went at once to the House, to which the baggage and furniture were quickly brought. Met the Bishop in the street. Saw the Guards disembark and march to the Barracks. Tall, gaunt fellows, officers all young, and wearing braid. Took tea at Mrs. Rowan's.

May 10.—Rain. Called on the Bishop and had long conversation. Met Mr. Mackie and Mr. Sewell. The Coldstream Guards landed.

May 13.—Sunday rainy and gloomy. Morning at the Cathedral. The Bishop on "Reprove the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment." Evening at St. Matthew's Chapel—I preached. Sir John is to leave Montreal on Monday.

May 14.—Ships doubling Pt. Levis literally in crowds and the telegraph continually announcing more. Considerable sensation at seeing the signal of a line-of-battle-ship hoisted on the telegraph—everyone expecting the *Hastings* with Lord Durham to be at hand, but it turned out to be the *Malabar* from Cork with the 71st regt. It is a majestic sight. Walked over the citadel and round the whole of Quebec on the walls. Evening, crowds promenading. The bugle band of the 71st

playing on board the *Malabar*—this Regt. goes on to Montreal. Many of the officers are on shore with their plaid trousers and scarfs. The 71st were here some years ago.

May 15.—About 12 a gun announced the approach of the steamer from Montreal containing Sir John. A detachment of the Guards marched down to the wharf, where a great crowd was assembled. Sir John appeared on the deck surrounded by his staff and many officers stepped on board and paid their respects, among them Major-Gen. Sir James McDonnell. The group was very brilliant. As Sir John stepped ashore the Guards presented arms, the band played God Save the Queen, and a salute was fired from the Citadel, and the people cheered loudly as he rode away. Met accidentally Col. Cowper, Lord Durham's private secretary, who told me that he had been requested to form my acquaintance by some friend of mine, whose name he cannot recollect, whom he met in London or Devonshire. I mentioned the Simcoes, but that was not the name. He mentioned several names, but none that I knew. I thought it might have been some Cambridge friend, but no, it was a family man and a very pious person. It was very stupid of him, he said, to forget the name. Walked over the St. Charles Bridge to Beauport, a most picturesque road, giving one a majestic view of the whole of Quebec and the highlands around it.

May 17.—*Dr. and Mrs. Harris arrived to-day from Toronto.

May 18.—Had letter from Dr. Strachan. Conversed with Dr. Harris, who rather recommends my taking the district school at Toronto.

May 21.—Visited the old *Brigilla*, in which I came over last year. Saw Capt. Richards and his son Joe and many of the same crew. The cabin looked very familiar. I would willingly return in her. Afterwards walked with Mr. Mackie. Met Mr. Wade, rector of Peterborough.

*Dr. Harris was the first Principal of Upper Canada College. Mrs. Harris was Lady Colborne's sister.

May 22.—The *Pique* arrived yesterday and a sloop of war to-day. A large party of naval and military officers dining here to-day, among them Capt. Pring of the *Inconstant*. This name has been familiar to me ever since I was a child, and, wondering whether he were a Devonshire man, I enquired of Mrs. Harris. Almost immediately after Lady Colborne approached bringing with her Capt. Pring and introduced me to him. This was the very Capt. Pring who knew my father well, and who was a great friend of the Simcoes and lived at Ivedon near Wolford. He was in this province throughout the last war and remembered Castle Frank and the scenery of the Don, and all the neighborhood of Toronto. Young Moore, a midshipman of the *Pique*, a nephew of Sir J. Moore, (Corunna) was here, a fine interesting lad; Capt. Boxer, of the *Pique*, and several officers of the Guards.

May 23.—A gloom thrown over everyone by the intelligence of the death of the well known and much loved Major Wade of the Royal Regt. at Montreal. He was shot dead in a duel with one Sweeney, a volunteer officer. The affair arose from some silly altercation at a party the evening before. "When will fools cease from folly?"

May 24.—The Queen's Birthday. Tremendously blustering and stormy all last night, and now the Royal Standard is stretched motionless from the staff on the citadel. A royal salute fired from the battery—a *feu de joie* on the esplanade, and a salute from the men-of-war. Considerable crowds notwithstanding the rain.

May 26.—Was driven by Lundy in his gig to his cottage at Auvergne and spent a very pleasant afternoon. Walked over the grounds of Chief Justice Sewell's country house, which are picturesque and elegantly laid out. Wild flowers very abundant—brought home a bouquet of them.

May 27.—Bright morning once more. The report of the gun from the Cape to-day at 10 echoed and re-echoed and re-echoed again in a most remarkable manner. Mr. C. Sewell being absent, I took his whole duties at the Mariners' Chapel

and Trinity. At the former unexpectedly saw many familiar faces in the crew of the old *Brigilla* who were present. During the morning service the *Hastings* frigate arrived, bringing Lord Durham and suite—crowds upon all the walks commanding a view of the river. Band playing on board, but his Lordship does not land till to-morrow at 2. Met poor young Davidson's funeral. How well I remember him when a boy at school at the old Royal Grammar School at Toronto. He was but little older than myself and is thus cut off. I felt that I ought to read a lesson in that sombre procession as it passed, and looked upon it as providential my happening to come into the street through which it was slowly wending. He leaves a wife, a bride seven months ago.

May 28.—Heavy dreary rain, in consequence of which Lord Durham did not land.

May 29.—To-day at two Lord Durham and family and suite landed from the *Hastings*, with salutes from her and from the Citadel. The streets from the Queen's Wharf to the Chateau were lined with guards on both sides. Large crowds attended. The Countess and family came up in carriages; Lord Durham and suite rode. The people cheered. His Lordship wore a red coat with two stars and silver epaulettes, etc., and a broad red scarf and a cocked hat. He rode a very stately black horse. Before the ceremony of the installation the Bishop and Clergy met in the vestry of the Cathedral and robed and then went in a body to the Council Chamber, myself being one of that body. We had a good point of view allotted us. Lord Durham looks remarkably young—jet black curly hair, sallow complexion, dark restless eyes—all indicating excessive irritability to me. I have seen many like him. He is not tall. When Sir John yielded the chair to him after the oath the change did not at all appear for the better. Indeed at the first it was some time before I distinguished Lord Durham. I thought him an aide-de-camp. The aides-de-camp were very numerous, principally very young, and all very glittering and brilliant. Each wore

epaulettes. The Countess, his wife, is tall, handsome, very English looking and ladylike. The daughters looked English and unaffected. The little boy has a remarkably formed head. Debartzch,* the traitor, was present. After the oath the Executive Councillors were introduced by Sir John. To each was returned a formal bow. Our bishop was also introduced. The Roman clergy did not attend because of the oaths in which are solemn protestations against transubstantiation the pope, etc. After the ceremony his Lordship and suite went to the Chateau, where for the present he will stop. The sky was very gloomy during the whole of the ceremony, but cleared up just in good time. The men-of-war were manned and covered with flags—everything went off very well.

May 30.—Rode with Graham to Cap Rouge by the St. Louis road and returned by the St. Foy road. Both delightfully picturesque. Marchmont, Spencerwood and other residences with grounds attached give the route a very English appearance. The river is a fine feature in the scenery everywhere. The leaves in the sheltered woods are much in advance of those of Quebec. The mosses and small plants looked green and springlike. Returning we fell in with Sir John and Dr. Harris. Evening Lord Durham and the Countess and Lady Mary, Mr. Buller,† Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Turton, etc. all dined here, and Capt. Loch of the *Hastings*. Sent off my final letter to Dr. Strachan.

June 1.—The Executive Council dismissed and others chosen, consisting principally of the little set brought out by Lord Durham. Mr. Daly and Mr. Routh are included, however. Thus the province is to be governed by pure Theory; not one has that sort of real and enlightened knowledge

*Hon. P. D. Debartzch, a member of the Upper House. He founded a journal in Montreal, and protected and defended some of the leaders of the insurrection.—(Morgan.)

†Charles Buller, a celebrated English politician (Liberal). Born 1806. Entered Parliament in 1830. Came to Canada as Secretary to Lord Durham, and is credited with having written the greater portion of the celebrated "Report."—(Morgan.)

of the country which is necessary for a beneficial Executive Councillor. News arrived of the destruction of the British Steamer *Sir Robert Peel* by a band of armed men on the American shore, but of course half the details are exaggeration, but the steamer has been destroyed.

June 4.—Sent off by the *Brigilla* a parcel. This day twelve months I was ordained deacon. Was to have been ordained priest to-day with the rest, but the Bishop thinks I had better not, not having an immediate prospect of a charge. Sir John Colborne and his staff set off for Cornwall and Kingston, the Citadel saluting. The affair of the steamer and the excitement in consequence were the principal causes of his departure.

June 5.—Attended, with the rest of our clergy, Lord Durham's levee. Notwithstanding the rain which poured during the whole of the day, immense crowds attended, both inside and out the Chateau. A guard of honor was drawn up in front of the doors and sentries placed in great abundance throughout the passages.

June 7.—A Ladies' Bazaar—a wretched pouring day. Lady Durham there, however, and on the whole it was pretty well attended.

June 9th.—Saw Ford Jones there for the first time since my return from England.

June 10.—Trinity Sunday. The Bishop preached on Eph. 2: 18. I read prayers. A sultry day. The prisoners Theller* and Sutherland brought here to-day from Toronto on their way to New South Wales. The crowds assembled at the wharf followed them up to the prison with whoops and huzzas. This sounded unfeeling, but the arrival of the prisoners here has been the only outward and visible sign of

*Theller, an Irish-American agitator, who led a party into western Canada and was taken prisoner near Amherstburg. Sutherland called himself "General commanding 2nd Division Patriot Army of Upper Canada." Theller escaped from prison in Quebec on the 16th October, 1838, and caused great excitement there. The newly arrived Coldstream Guards had furnished the guard by whose carelessness the prisoner escaped.

the rebellion that the good people of Quebec have witnessed, and so their enthusiasm is excusable.

June 11.—Sheriff Jarvis dined here. He escorted the State prisoners down from Toronto. A very acceptable thunder storm this evening—the thermometer had been 81 in the shade to-day.

June 12.—Very warm to-day still. Sent off letters to Mrs. H. A. Simcoe and Henry,* also to Mr. Dade and Mr. Matthews, by F. Jones. The *Dee*, an armed steamer from England, arrived with troops, etc. Crowds assembled to witness her approach and landing and heartily cheered. This is the first steamer from England to Quebec. The *Hercules*, 74, also arrived to-day, the arrival of a line-of-battle-ship creates no sensation now—the occurrence is so common. Lists of the levée in the *Mercury* this evening.

June 13.—All the world have this evening been at Lady Durham's drawing-room at the Chateau.

June 14.—Visited the *Hastings* and the *Inconstant* with Edmund and Graham in Captain Pring's boat. Saw Captain Nicholas of the *Hercules*. The *Hastings* still remains as fitted up for Lord Durham. The Admiral, Sir C. Paget, arrived this morning and was saluted from the ships and the Fort. The echoes of each shot most remarkable—like a succession of artillery as the sound was reflected from each successive hill. Evening, rode over the St. Foy and St. Louis Roads.

June 15.—Went with a party in three carriages to Lake St. Charles. Caught soon after starting in a storm and had to wait, then proceeded and we were well repaid. The lake, or rather the two lakes, are surrounded by highly picturesque and richly wooded mountains, now in the first beautiful foliage. Went in canoes through the lakes—saw Sir C. Grey's† cottage, which mars the natural and otherwise unbroken beauty

*Rev. Henry Addington Simcoe.

†Right Hon. Sir Charles E. Grey, who came to Canada in 1835 as one of the Royal Commissioners for the adjustment of the affairs of the Province.—(Morgan.)

of the scene. A magnificent storm gathered on the hills, with lightning and thunder. Waited at the Inn and refreshed ourselves and returned in the evening, everything looking doubly charming after the rain! Through Lorette by Le Misne Road, an exquisitely romantic route overhanging the rapid rushing river. Reached home amidst thunder and lightning at half past nine, having escaped the rain, which began to fall again instantly that we arrived.

June 16.—Sir John and suite returned, much to our surprise, from Upper Canada, having extended his journey as far as the Falls “and Navy (Knavey) Island.” His reception everywhere has been most enthusiastic,—he stayed two days at Toronto, and “never did he return to a place with such feelings of pleasure.” The people there were most warm in their devotedness to him. Evening all the party here went to a ball on board the *Hastings*. Had letter from Toronto and a note from Henry.

June 17.—No service in the Cathedral to-day and there will be none for some Sundays, the interior being painted. The Bishop preached at the Free Chapel and I read prayers. It was a charity sermon. Mr. Mackie to-day officiated at Lord Durham’s house to the suite, etc. The Mummers of the Fête de Dieu has been taking place to-day. Evening I preached at the Free Chapel and Mr. Mackie read prayers.

June 18.—Visited the Chaudière Falls with Graham in a calèche, 14 miles from Quebec, on the Point Levis side. The foliage everywhere was fresh and bright, and the Falls fully came up to my expectation—they are very rocky and broken, and consequently very romantic. There was a fine heavy rainbow spanning them. Returned at 8 o’clock, crossing each time in the horse-boat. Saw a new flower, a species of honey-suckle or woodbine.

June 20.—The Queen’s accession. The Royal standard flying from the Citadel. The *Cornwallis* decorated gaily with a profusion of flags—among them the United States flag, I perceive, and the Royal Standard on the main top—The

Hastings sailed last night. A warm day. Went over the Historical Society's room. The *Hercules*, 74, going to Bermuda, so that Dr. Harris declined going in her. A salute from the citadel and from all the men-of-war at 12 in honor of the day.

June 21.—Review of the Guards on the Plains of Abraham. A brilliant day and an animated scene. Afternoon rode along the St. Foy road to the turn down into the Lorette road, and so returned. A long hot fatiguing ride. Went to a sale of books at Reiffenstein's, but they went so high that I bought none—many priests present. An old Juvenal printed by Vincent two years after the invention of printing was there, but not put up. Towards sunset a sudden tornado and thunderstorm with magnificent lightning—the dust whirled up in one black cloud. Afterwards most perfect rainbows, primary and secondary, of a great elevation. To-day is the longest day in the year.

June 22.—Sent off letters to Mrs. Simcoe, senior, and Ellis, and a paper to Mungeam. Had letter from Dr. Holmes and answered it relative to my preaching a charity sermon in passing through Montreal. Gen. Clitherow, Col. Cowper, Col. Price of the Hussars, Col. and Mrs. Eden, and several other officers, dined here. Had long conversation with Col. Cowper; the deadening effect of the round of occupation at Government House. His affecting allusion to his calling on Sir John one evening at ten and seeing all the family going to prayers—he longed to be one of them. The *Great Western* has arrived at New York, 15 days passage. Talleyrand is dead,—and a change in the ministry about to take place.

June 25.—A drizzly misty day, wind blowing hard up the river—consequently the *Hercules* does not sail. Heard to-day of the unexpected death of poor Dr. Phillips, but found afterwards that it was most probably incorrect—he, however, certainly has had a most alarming attack.

June 26.—The yard arms of all the men-of-war manned to-day and salutes fired, Lord Durham visiting them. The men

in blue jackets and white trousers stand along the yard arms, holding by ropes, which at the distance I was were invisible, so that the men seemed just standing upright in those perilous places without holding. Evening, large party dined here—Major Richardson, *the author, Mr. Cavendish, Major Hale, Mr. Caldwell, Sir John Doratt, Col. and Mrs. Gore, Col. Bernard, etc., etc.

June 27.—Rode to Charlesburg, etc., on the sands at the mouth of the St. Charles—all thrown into a state of great alarm by Sir John's being thrown from his horse and severely hurt on the forehead and left arm.

June 28.—Sir John better this morning and able to attend the review to-day, but with a dreadfully black eye. The Queen's coronation—the ships decorated profusely with flags—a grand review on the Plains—Lord Durham and staff present and rode round with the military staff. Royal salute from the ships and from the citadel and from ordnance on the field—with a *feu-de-joie*—and three cheers from the men. The *feu-de-joie* consisted of three explosions along the whole line, from left to right, then from right to left. The band played God Save the Queen in the intervals. Little Lord Lambton was with the staff on a spirited pony, and was thrown but not hurt—the horses generally stood the firing well. Instantly the review was over and the St. Levis road thronged, down poured the rain, which now continues pattering. Major Richardson with his fierce moustache was present, and the Countess of Durham and everybody, many Highlanders also in full costume. Evening, the town illuminated. Schleups had "The Day will Come"—Lord Durham's motto, and V.R.'s and crowns were everywhere. Levy's & Kidd's were very handsomely illuminated and the Chateau, round which was a vast crowd,—the windows being open, the dancers within were visible. I went on the *glacis*, where were large crowds—at half past nine a flight of rockets took place

*Major John Richardson, author of "Wacousta," "The War of 1812," etc.

from the Telegraph Tower, and then a royal salute from the citadel—the effect was sublime—the night being very dark and the echoes very clear. Then came a *feu-de-joie* all round the ramparts three times, with rockets at intervals, and music and intense cheering from the soldiers and from the citizens. The men-of-war were conspicuous below from all their portholes being lighted—at length a royal salute was fired from all of them together—the uproar and astounding reverberations of sound were tremendous, and then a quick succession of flashes. Then followed from the ships most glorious cheers which were answered from the citadel and the *glacis* and the *trottoir*, and then replied to again from the ships, and so on, so that the whole valley of the St. Lawrence was filled with one universal English huzza! Rockets were in the meantime going up in quick succession both from the ships and from the citadel. At the firing of the first salute from the ships, suddenly all their yard arms were manned with men bearing lighted lanterns. The spectacle was brilliant in the highest degree. The succession of flashes in the *feu-de-joie* round the whole circuit of the ramparts was very beautiful, and the burning of the blue lights made it sometimes as light as day. The rain poured down in torrents the whole evening—but the people took it very good humoredly,—I was well wrapped up in a mackintosh, and did not mind it, but on the contrary greatly enjoyed it. The Gov't gardens were illuminated with rows of lamps. On board each of the ships there were also *feux-de-joie*. And not the least delightful part of the whole of the manifestation was the succession of solemn, quiet, joyous peals from the cathedral—the Protestant cathedral—these were exquisitely English. An ordinance out to-day discharging all but a few of the rebel prisoners at Montreal. These few are to be either sent to Bermuda or tried—the murderers of Lieut. Weir and Chart-rand are to be tried by the ordinary tribunal and of course will be acquitted. The wording of the ordinance clearly shows that those about to be sent to Bermuda would all be

permitted to return speedily, and those now out of the country who are outlawed are to return whenever they ask for it. The worst part of the thing is the releasing of the 150—each one of these will be a nucleus of treason in various parts of the country. The loyal British population will not stand this well—I fear for the result. The *Hercules* is to sail to-morrow, and this evening many of the family good-nights were tearful.

June 30.—This day will be another anniversary to me. Edmund and Graham Colborne took their departure for England in Her M.S. *Hercules*. I went on board with them and Dr. and Mrs. Harris and George. The wind was directly contrary, so that they floated down with the tide. I suppose life is ever chequered with these heart-depressing separations from those in whom we feel the warmest interest. Poor Edmund and Graham! Two more launched out into the uncertainties of the world! My God, be thou with them! They will need Thine aid and blessing.

July 1.—Sunday. Rain—and wind contrary for the *Hercules*. At the Free Chapel I preached and read prayers, and the Bishop officiated at the Lord's Supper.

July 2.—A pelting rain—Sir John set off again for Upper Canada by the *British America*—packed up my books and sent them off to go up by the Rideau. I now seem about to move in earnest.

July 4.—Lord Durham left under salutes from the citadel for the Upper Province, and soon after Sir John Harvey* left for New Brunswick, under another salute—the atmosphere being moist the report of the cannons was tremendous and the echoes very grand. Sent off my poor old arm-chair to the upholsterers—a fine subject—“parting with an arm chair.” It has been a faithful friend to me, and yielded me much comfort.

July 7.—Bade adieu to the home which I had enjoyed so long, and to Quebec—sailed in the *Charlevoix*, a filthy boat,

*Sir John Harvey, a distinguished officer in the War of 1812. Governor of New Brunswick in 1838.

which started at two in the morning. The French sailors dancing and playing the whole way—one grand riot and mutiny. One of the men collaring the captain, on his being ordered to leave the awning over the cabin, none offered to assist the captain. Bright warm day.

July 8.—Passed by Berthier, and not by Sorel, to Montreal—slept on board.

July 9.—Left luggage at Heward's, and embarked in the *P. Victoria* for LaPrairie, and then to St. John's by the railroad. Fell in with a little Yankee from Worcester, in Massachusetts, who stuck to me a long way. At St. John's embarked in the *Burlington* steamer—Capt. Sherman. A perfect boat, pure white like a plaster model. Captain very gentlemanly—passed the Isle aux Noix, and entered Lake Champlain at Ft. Champlain, an old regular Fort, which is on the American territory. Lake and scenery very fine. Touched at Plattsburg, Port Kent, Fort Edward etc. and Burlington. Walked about it—saw Bishop Hopkins Institution and the University. A striking town.

July 10.—At Whitehall and up Wood Creek—a mountain locked pass, covered with forest, then on to Fort Edward by canal, and then by stage to Saratoga through beautiful woods. Saratoga an elegantly laid out place—with rows of shady trees on each side of the broad streets, and all the hotels provided with commanding piazzas. Stopped at the United States Hotel, crowded.

July 11.—To the High Rock spring, etc.—at 3 in stage to Caldwell, stopping at Glen's Falls by the way—dark and rough towards the end of the journey.

July 12.—Embarked in the pretty little steamer *Wm. Caldwell* and sailed down Lake George—a luxury of the highest order—mountain, island, lake and associations. After landing took stage to Fort Ticonderoga, visiting Falls on our way. Ticonderoga exquisitely interesting and sweetly situated. Crossed Lake Champlain in ferry to Larrabee's point, and

caught the *Burlington* going to St. John's—Again walked about Burlington—sweet sunset.

July 13.—At St. John's introduced to Mr. Thorndike and Mr. Waters, Massachusetts lawyers, by Mr. Bean—Mr. Forster, etc. Met many agreeable companions and had a perfectly delightful excursion. Reached Montreal at 11 and went to the Exchange. The Glengarry officers and the 71st Band on the Champ de Mars.

July 14.—Evening at dinner, an eccentric character called Dixon present. Took tea with Dr. Holmes.

July 15.—Preached for the travelling missionary society in this district.

July 16.—Left in stage for Upper Canada with Lieut. Griffin, Col. Campbell, and several other officers, among them Lord Alexander. From Lachine to Cascades in boat, Cascades to Coteau in stage, Coteau to Cornwall in boat, Cornwall to Dickenson's Landing in stage.

July 17.—Dickenson's Landing to Prescott and Ogdensburg in the *Brockville*, and then on through the Thousand Islands whilst the sun was setting—walked about Brockville—rocks fine—Reached Kingston in the night.

July 18.—Found that the *St. George*, which ought to have conveyed us on, had not come in, so that we had to wait—Breakfasted at McDonald's—met here George and John Philpotts, John Home, and the two Macdonalds of Gananoque, all old school-fellows—this was a great gratification. At length the *William IV.* came up from Prescott and I embarked in her for Toronto, joining my fellow-travellers with whom I had parted at Dickenson's Landing. They triumphed a little over me at having caught up with us. Had a delightful sail—the water smooth. Passed Cobourg and Port Hope in the night.

July 19.—Reached Toronto at 11—a lovely morning and the harbor and town looked well. The place all alive, Lord Durham being there. Sir John had also just been there, and

had gone that morning to Amherstburg. Walked home and sent my baggage in a cart.

July 20.—Called on the Archdeacon and visited the College—Heard of a vacancy.

This vacancy was filled by my father, a position which he occupied for nearly a quarter of a century. H. M S.

NOTE.—The Rev. Dr. Scadding moved the resolution at the meeting of the Pioneer and Provincial Historical Society in 1894, authorizing the late Mrs. Curzon and Miss FitzGibbon to form the Women's Canadian Historical Society, of Toronto.

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LORD SYDENHAM



"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 7

ERRATA.

1. Read in "Contents" and in heading on page 3, "Epitome of the Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Charles Poulett Thomson, G.C.B.," etc.
2. Insert in line 3, and in the heading on page 25, the words, "From a copy" in the possession, etc.
3. Add to the footnote on page 30 the words, "*From the Dominion Archives.*"

Sec'y, W. C. H. S.



ERRATA

1. Read in "Contents," and in heading on page 2, "Editions of the Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Charles Fox" for "Thomas G. D.," etc.
2. Insert in line 2, and in the heading on page 25, the words "from a copy," in the possession of
3. Add to the footnote on page 30 the words "from the Dominion Archives."

Edw. H. O. M. S.

LORD SYDENHAM



"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 7

CONTENTS

1. Epitome of the Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Charles, Lord Sydenham, G.C.B., Baron Sydenham of Sydenham, Kent, and Toronto, Canada. In Peerage of United Kingdom, 1840.
. . . Compiled by Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie (his niece).
2. Extracts from an original MS. Memoir of Capt. Freer, A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, and Military Secretary during the War of 1812. . . . In the possession of Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie.

3

Epitome of the Life and Letters of the Right Honourable
Charles, Lord Sydenham, G.C.B., Baron Sydenham of
Sydenham, Kent, and Toronto, Canada, in Peerage of
United Kingdom, 1840.

COMPILED BY MRS. GORDON MACKENZIE, HIS NIECE.

Charles Edward Poulett Thomson was my mother's half brother. She was the only child of John Poulett Thomson by his second marriage. Charles was the third son and youngest of a family of nine by the first wife, who was Charlotte, daughter of Dr. Jacob, of Salisbury. Of the two other sons, Andrew, the eldest, was drowned in the Thames while boating with his wife; the boat upset, and in trying to save her life he lost his own. She was rescued, but died a short time afterwards with her new-born baby. Their only son Andrew, a boy of sixteen, had run away to Canada, and was said to have been wrecked at sea off the coast of Nova Scotia. George, the second son of John Poulett Thomson, took the name of Scrope, his wife being the last of that family, and died also without any heirs to the name. Many of Lord Sydenham's letters are written to him.

My mother told me that his letters to her were written in French, as he said she would have to speak French if she came to Canada. She was looking forward to coming to Canada to stay with him, and his early death was a great sorrow and disappointment to her.

John Poulett Thomson, of Waverley Abbey and Roehampton in Surrey, was the head of the old mercantile firm of J. Thomson, T. Bonner & Co., which had been for several generations engaged in the Russian trade, and possessed an establishment in St. Petersburg as well as in London. Mr. John Thomson assumed the name of Poulett by sign manual in 1820,

in remembrance of his mother, who was heiress of that branch of the family of Poulett, which had for some centuries been fixed at Goathurst in Somersetshire.

He married his first wife in 1781, and Charles was born at Waverley Abbey on the 13th of September, 1799. In his infancy he was remarkable for his beauty, as attested to by the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

During the residence of the younger part of the family at Weymouth in 1803 he attracted the attention, and became the special favorite of good old King George the Third, then residing there for the benefit of his marine excursions, and whose partiality to children was well known. My Uncle George well remembered the terror inspired when, at their first meeting with the Sovereign on the Parade, General Garth was despatched to bring the children to the Presence, and they were subjected to a rapid inquiry from the impatient monarch as to their names, birth and parentage. After this the King became so partial to Charles, the youngest, then not quite four years old, that he insisted on a daily visit from him, often watched at the window for his arrival, ran down himself to open the door to let him in, and carried him about in his arms to show all that could amuse the child in the very ordinary house then occupied by the Royal party, and especially the suppers laid out for the children's balls, which their Majesties frequently gave for the amusement of the young favorites.

On one occasion the King being on the pier head about to embark on the royal yacht, and having the child in his arms, turned round to Mr. Pitt, who was in attendance at his elbow, having probably hurried down from London for an audience on important business, and exclaimed: "Is not this a fine boy, Pitt? Fine boy, isn't he? Take him in your arms, Pitt. Charming child, isn't he?" Then suiting the action to the word he made the stiff and solemn Premier dandle and kiss the pretty boy and carry him some minutes in his arms. The circumstance, though trivial, had so comical an effect from the awkwardness and apparent reluctance with which the formal

minister performed his compelled part of nurse as to make an impression on my Uncle George who stood by, though but seven years old himself. Pitt, although no doubt fretted by his master's childish fancy, which exposed him to the ill-suppressed titter of the circle around, put the best countenance he could on the matter. He little thought that the infant would at no very distant date have the offer of the same official post which he then occupied, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

At the age of seven Charles Thomson was sent to the preparatory school of the Rev. Mr. Hannington, of Hanwell, whither his elder brother George had preceded him; and after three years' residence there was removed to the Rev. Mr. Woolley, at Middleton, near Tamworth, and afterwards to the Rev. Mr. Church, at Hampton. With the latter he remained up to the summer of the year 1815, when, at the age of sixteen, with a view to his establishment in his father's house of business, he took his departure from England for St. Petersburg, where one branch of the family had been for upwards of a century settled, and there he remained for more than two years.

In the autumn of 1817 he returned to England, and travelled on the Continent with his mother and sisters. The following years, until 1824, were spent in travelling in Russia and on the Continent with his brother George. The spring of 1824 was passed in the fascinating society of Vienna, which he left at the end of April and reached Paris, where his mother was confined by illness, only just in time to receive her last blessing. Her death took place on the 18th of May. After the funeral he returned to London, where he permanently fixed himself, taking his share in the business of the counting-house, and occasionally conducting it wholly himself in the absence of his elder brother Andrew. He consented to become a candidate for the borough of Dover, much against the wishes of his father and brothers, who wished his whole attention to be given to his city business.

In the year 1832 he was returned at the head of the poll for Dover. On arriving in London he was met by an express

forwarded from Manchester announcing that he was likewise elected for that place by a large majority, and this in his absence, without having solicited a vote or issued an address.

In the year 1834, at the removal of Lord Auckland to the Admiralty, he became President of the Board of Trade. The subsequent resignation of Lord Grey in July and the accession of Lord Melbourne to the post of Prime Minister, made no further change in his position. During his five years as President of the Board of Trade he lost no opportunity of trying to improve the commercial relations of his country with other nations. In July of the year 1837, the death of William the Fourth and the accession of Queen Victoria having occasioned a general election, he proceeded to Manchester and was elected for the fifth time in five years. The majorities in his favor having increased at every successive election. On this occasion the numbers were: Thomson, 4,158; Phillips, 3,750; Gladstone, 2,281. Gladstone was then a Conservative.

In the early part of 1836, finding his health seriously affected by the long night sittings in the House of Commons, he began to consider some change in his position to one more suited to his health. The government of Canada was suggested to him, and Lord Spencer, his oldest and warmest friend, recommended his accepting it, saying "he thought Canada the finest field of exertion for any one, as affording the greatest power of doing the greatest good to our fellow creatures." It was by this consideration, no doubt, that his determination was guided when, towards the close of the session of 1837, he had to make his choice between the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the Government of Canada, both being offered him. The situation of affairs in Canada was perplexing, and the difficulties great in the way of a harmonious settlement of the all-important question of the union of the provinces and the establishment of an entirely new constitution for their future government.

Mr. Thomson felt confident of being able to surmount those difficulties, and he expressed this confidence repeatedly to his

private friends. On August 29th he was sworn into his new office before the Privy Council, and on September 5th he had an audience with the Queen, who graciously expressed her conviction that he would be successful in the great object of his mission, and her desire that he should re-enter her service at home on his return.

In the terms of Her Majesty's Commission the appointment was that of Governor-General of British North America and Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Island of Prince Edward, and Vice-Admiral of the same.

On the 13th of September, his fortieth birthday, he embarked at Portsmouth in the *Pique* frigate for his destination in Canada. My mother and other members of his family accompanied him for a few miles to sea in Lord Durham's yacht; and though only fourteen she long remembered his last looks and the expression of his countenance which told the struggle within. A presentiment came over them all that they saw him for the last time, and it was evident that he shared in the feeling.

After a rough voyage of thirty-three days the *Pique* anchored under the walls of Quebec; but the Governor-General was obliged to delay his landing until the arrival of Sir John Colborne, which was not until the second day. On October 19th Mr. Thomson was received with the usual honors, and was immediately sworn into office. The reception he met with was most cordial and augured well for the success of his mission.

His first *levee* was more numerously attended than those of former Governors. After a few days in the ancient castle of St. Louis he proceeded to Montreal, where, since the second rebellion, the seat of Government had been fixed; and here the real business of his administration began.

Writing to his brother George, from Toronto, December 3rd, 1839, he says:

"I arrived here on Thursday week; the journey was bad enough. A portage to Lachine, then the steamboat to the Cascades, twenty-four miles further; then road again, if road it can be called, for sixteen miles; then steam to Prescott, forty miles; then road, twelve miles; then by a change of steamers into Kingston, and thence here. I slept one night on the road and two on board the steamers. The weather was cold, but not bad after the first day; yet what between the journey itself, the receiving addresses every two miles, the guards of honor and military nonsense, the job was a most fatiguing one. However, my health did not suffer, and as I felt sure that once embarked in business I should never get there, I started on Saturday for the Falls. It is only thirty-six miles across the lake to Queenston, and then seven to the Falls. So by starting early in a government steamer, which I kept, I did the thing in a day and returned here to sleep. I got three or four hours for the Falls, and they certainly beggar all power of description. The day was propitious; a hard frost, which had produced the most magnificent icicles wherever the drip was slow, and a brilliant sunshine to set off the scene. The scenery is nothing, or whatever beauty there may be is certainly lost in the one absorbing object, the enormous volume of water which dashes down. Unlike all other waterfalls I have seen, where the water is a mere accessory to the picture, here the water is everything, the surrounding scenery but the frame in which it is set. I can imagine nothing else in nature so awfully grand."

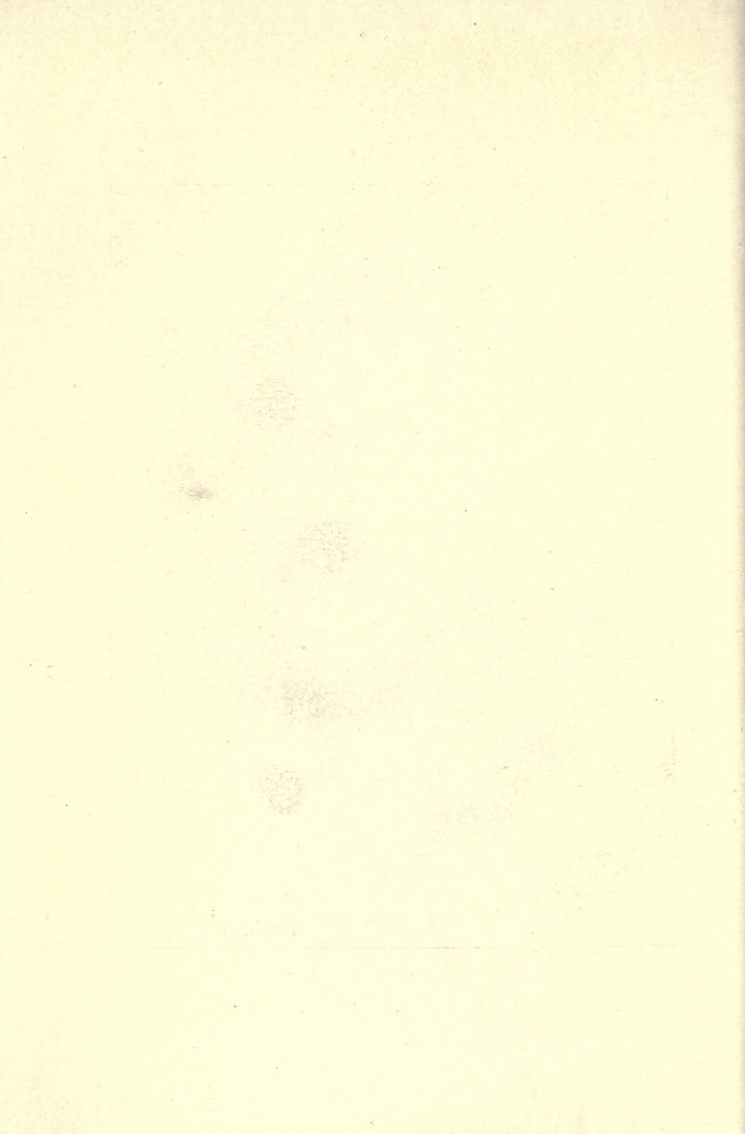
On November 8th, 1839, he writes:

"I have indeed an arduous task before me, and very little time to do it in, for I suppose I shall be pulled to pieces if I do not get a settlement ready for the opening. However, this is a great field, and upon the whole I think I did wisely in leaving Baring to try to fill the empty boxes of the Exchequer, and in trying my hand with the rebels, French or British; they can not be more unreasonable than the ultras on both sides of the House of Commons. I do not despair of getting through my task if the newspapers in England will only leave



JOHN POULETT THOMSON

(Father of Lord Sydenham)



me alone, or at least our friends pay no attention to what they say, but let me work quietly with the people here. The time is sadly against me. People in Downing Street will expect something for the meeting of Parliament, and to reach the affairs of two distracted provinces whose capitals are six hundred miles apart in the depth of winter, which it is here now, and in three months, is not a very possible job; but I shall do my best."

On the 20th of November and 8th of December, writing from Toronto, he said:

"I have succeeded in Lower Canada in far less time and with greater ease than I could have expected from Sir John Colborne's account to me of the state of feeling, especially in his own Council. The fact is that his Council ran riot and did not know how to proceed. I have given them my opinion strongly, at the same time that I expressed my willingness to hear and give due weight to theirs."

The session was opened on December 3rd by a speech from the throne, which the Governor-General purposely modelled rather after the form and manner of the royal speeches than the lengthier manifestoes which had been usual in addressing the Provincial Legislature. His object was to avoid introducing topics of excitement likely to arouse prolonged discussion before the fitting period had arrived for their consideration. In this he succeeded; the speech was very favorably received.

In another letter from Toronto, dated December 3rd, 1839, he thus describes the ceremony of opening the session:

"I opened my Parliament to-day, and really the matter was very creditably conducted. The Toronto Dragoons (Governor-General's Body Guard, then known as the Toronto Dragoons) are not quite equal to the Life Guards, and Arthur's Coach (for I did not bring my equipages up here) not quite so smart as Her Majesty's, but I flatter myself that I looked very regal on the throne with my cocked hat on, and the hall of the Legislature Council beats the House of Lords hollow.

We had all the Toronto ladies and heaps of fair Americans who came over for the sight; and the Commons made as much noise and looked as dirty as they do in Westminster. So upon the whole I think my Provincial Parliament quite as good as the old one. The worst part of the thing to me individually is the ceremonial. The bore of this is unspeakable. Fancy having to stand for an hour and a half bowing, and then to sit with one's cocked hat on to receive addresses. Poor Royalty! I learn to feel for it. Then the misery of always being on parade. When I get over the first blush, however, I hope to remedy this a little."

On December 31st, 1839, he wrote:

"I have done my business; the Union is carried successfully through the Legislature of both Provinces, and it only remains for Parliament to do its duty and pass the bill which I shall send home. It has not been without trouble and a prodigious deal of management, in which my House of Commons tactics stood me in good stead, for I wanted above all things to avoid a dissolution. My ministers vote against me, so I govern through the Opposition, which is truly Her Majesty's.

"It is something to have completed my business before I get an answer to my announcement of arrival in the country. Just two months from the day of my landing at Quebec the Assembly sent me their final address, completing the chain of assents, which I required.

"We have now winter in good earnest, snow three feet deep and twenty degrees of frost, still it is very possible to walk with worsted stockings over one's shoes, and I get about an hour of it when I can. This is all my *delaishment*, so my life is not gay."

Writing on the subject of the Clergy Reserves, he says:

"The Clergy Reserves have been and are the great overwhelming grievance, the root of all the trouble to the hustings, the perpetual source of discord, strife and hatred. Not a man of any party but has told me that the greatest boon that could be conferred upon the country would be that they should be

swept into the Atlantic and that nobody should get them, for after all there is little to divide. There will be nothing after deducting the charges for the next ten or twelve years, but the difficulty lay in the settlement; and when to this never failing source of excitement here, you add the consideration, that by the Union, if you left the question unsettled you would throw the agitation of it into the Lower Province, where amongst all its ills, the greatest of all religious dissension, is hitherto unknown. The necessity for a settlement becomes doubly great. Thank God! I shall achieve it. My bill, of which I sent you a copy, has gone through the Assembly by a considerable majority, thirty to twenty; and I feel confident that I can get it through the Council without the change of a word. If it is really carried, it is the greatest work that has ever been done in this country and will be of more solid advantage to it than all the loans and all the troops you can make or send. It is worth ten Unions, and is ten times more difficult. You would laugh at me if it were possible to make you understand the state of feeling on this subject, and the evils which this question has caused. I confess, too, that I had little hopes of succeeding in the Assembly. For fifteen years every Governor has only made the matter worse, and though I might have got the Council to agree to giving the funds to education, I never thought I could get the Assembly, which for thirteen years has voted for that and against religious purposes, to assent to such a plan; but I told you that I would work to some purpose, and I have done it. Ten members who had always before voted for education or public works, voted generously for me this time, though they may lose their seats by it."

In a subsequent letter he adds:

"The Council has voted my bill by fourteen to five. To-day I have received the addresses of both Houses, and the bill has gone home to you. The bishop has excited his clergy to petition against it, so you will have an address moved in the House of Lords. You will remember that it is to Dr. Strachan that we owe this matter to be still open. Fifteen

years ago he might have settled it if he would give anything to the Church of Scotland. I have put a history of the question into a dispatch, which you can lay before the Houses. If the Lords reject the bill, upon their heads be the consequences. I will not answer for the government of the Province if the measure should come back. In case there is any blunder made by the lawyers, you must reenact the bill in England, for here it can not come without the most disastrous results."

In another letter he writes:

"I have prorogued my Parliament, and I send you my speech. Never was such unanimity. When the Speaker read it in the Commons after the prorogation, they gave me three cheers, in which even the ultras joined. In fact, as the matter stands now, the Province is in a state of peace and harmony, which three months ago I thought utterly impossible. How long it will last is another matter, but if you will settle the Union Bill as I have sent it home, and the Lords do not reject the Clergy Reserves Bill, I am confident I shall be able to keep the peace, make a strong government, and get on well. It has cost me a great deal of trouble, and I have had to work night and day at it, but I was resolved on doing the thing.

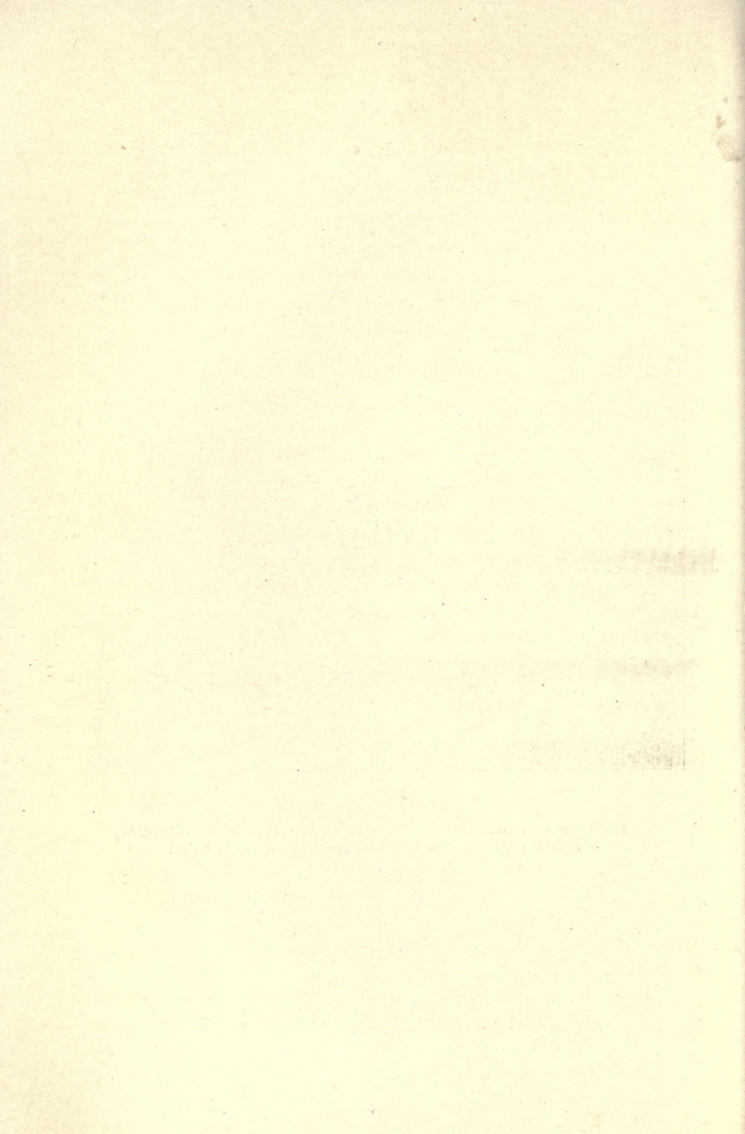
"The great mistake made hitherto was that every Governor threw himself into the hands of one party or the other and became their slave. I have let them know and feel that I will yield to neither of them; that I will take the moderate from both sides, reject the extremes, and govern as I think fit, and not as they fancy. I am satisfied that the mass of the people are sound, moderate in their demands, and attached to British institutions; but they have been oppressed by a miserable little oligarchy on one hand, and excited by a few factious demagogues on the other. I can make a middle reforming party I feel sure, which will put down both.

"You can form no idea of the manner in which a colonial Parliament transacts its business. I got them into comparative order and decency by having measures brought forward by the Government and well and steadily worked through; but



WAVERLEY ABBEY

The residence where Lord Sydenham was born. The ruins of the oldest Cistercian Abbey lie to the south, across the artificial lake, between it and the river Wye.



when they came to their own affairs, and above all to the money matters, there was a scene of confusion and riot of which no one in England can have any idea. Every man proposes a vote for his own job, and bills are introduced without notice and carried through all their stages in a quarter of an hour.

“One of the greatest advantages of the Union will be that it will be possible to introduce a new system of legislating, and above all a restriction upon the initiation of money votes. Without the last I would not give a farthing for my bill; and the change will be decidedly popular, for the members all complain that under the present system they can not refuse to move a job for any constituent who desires it.”

On the 18th of February Mr. Poulett Thomson left Toronto for Lower Canada, and reached Montreal on the evening of the next day. The distance, which is three hundred and sixty miles, was performed in a covered sleigh in less than thirty-six hours, being probably the most rapid journey ever made in Canada over the ordinary winter roads.*

At the close of the session the Solicitor-Generalship having become vacant, the Governor-General offered it to Mr. Robert Baldwin, a gentleman who was regarded as the leader of the Liberal party of Upper Canada. Mr. Baldwin accepted the office of Solicitor-General, but was not at this time replaced in the Executive Council.

In a letter written from Montreal, under date of March 13th, 1840, he says:

“I have been back three weeks, and have set to work in earnest in the Province. It is a bad prospect, however, and

* “William Weller, of Cobourg, an Englishman, was the contractor for the mails from Toronto to Montreal, and owner of the stage coach line, drove the Governor the entire distance. He arranged a mattress in the covered sleigh to enable His Excellency to rest during the night, and by having relays of fresh horses ready at the posting stations, succeeded in accomplishing a feat which he always referred to with pride. I remember hearing him tell of this wonderful drive.”—Note by Mrs. Agnes Chamberlin, née Moodie, a member of the W. C. H. Society.

“The Governor was said to have taken this means to prove to the Members of Parliament that it was possible for them to come to Kingston to fulfil their parliamentary duties without the distance being unsurmountable.”—Secretary W. C. H. Society.

presents a lamentable contrast to Upper Canada. There great excitement existed, but at least the people were quarrelling for realities, for political opinions, and with a view to ulterior measures. Here there is no such thing as a political opinion. No man looks for a political measure for improvement. Talk to any one upon education, or public works, or better laws, let him be French or English, you might as well talk Greek to him. Not a man cares for a single practical measure, the only end one would suppose of a better form of government. They have only one feeling, a hatred of race. The French hate the English, and the English hate the French, and every question revolves itself into that and that alone. There is positively no machinery of government. Everything is to be done by the Governor and his secretary. There are no heads of departments at all, or none whom one can depend on or even get at; for most of them are still at Quebec, and it is difficult to move them up here, because there are no public buildings.

“The wise system hitherto adopted has been to stick two men into one office whenever a vacancy occurred, one a Frenchman and the other a Britisher. Thus we have joint Crown Surveyors, joint Sheriffs, etc., each opposing the other in everything he attempts. Can you conceive a system better calculated to increase a distinction of race? The only way in which I can hope to do good is to wait for the Union, in order to get a Government together, and that I shall do. Meantime what I am chiefly anxious about is to get a good division of the Province for judicial purposes, which I shall make fit in with the proposed municipal districts. I hope to get an entirely new system of judicature, introducing circuits for the judges and district courts for minor civil causes. I have already established stipendiary magistrates and a rural police in this district, commenced by Lord Seaton, which I mean to extend generally over the whole province in a few weeks by an ordinance.

“The hand of the Government is utterly unknown and unfelt out of Montreal and Quebec, and not the slightest means exists of knowing what is passing in the rural districts. It

is with this view that I have proposed, and attach the greatest importance to the establishment of lieutenants for each municipal district, who will likewise preside over the Council. This is very necessary in Upper Canada, but indispensable here. You will see that I have proposed to reserve a power in my bill to appoint one or two deputy governors or lieutenants, with such powers as the Governor-General may see fit to delegate. This is essential; the Province is a thousand miles long, and without someone at each end in whom we can confide, it will be impossible to manage. Very good men can be got for £1,000 a year at the outside for what I want."

"JUNE 15TH, 1840.

"You ask me about my health. It is better than it has been for years, which I attribute to the very regular life I lead, and to the absence of the House of Commons atmosphere. Then, to be sure, if it were not for the interest I take in my business, and the quantity of it, it would be a dull life enough. Work in my room till three o'clock, a ride with my aide de camp till five, work again till dinner, at dinner till nine, and work again till early the next morning. That is my daily routine. My dinners last till ten when I have company, which is about three times a week, except one night in the week, when I receive about a hundred and fifty people, who dance, sing and amuse themselves.

"I have done myself some good by a little excursion I made last week up the Richelieu, and so around by St. John's and the railroad, back; three days of air and exercise. The weather was lovely, though very hot, especially for riding. The mode of going about is convenient enough. I took a small steamer which carried one's horses, so that I could leave the boat whenever I pleased and ride into the country to see the different places I wished to visit away from the river. Those counties bordering the Richelieu were formerly the garden of Lower Canada. The soil is rich to a degree, but they are used

up completely by the abominable mode of cultivation pursued by the habitants, and present a melancholy picture; the population rapidly increasing and the people unwilling to quit their neighborhood to settle on new land until actually starved out. The physical state of the people is, however, even better than their moral condition; their ignorance and credulity is unbounded, and no wonder they became the victims of the agitators, who stirred them up to rebel in 1837 and 1838. For all this district was the focus of the outbreak. To be sure, and a miserable outbreak it was, put down with the greatest ease by a single regiment."

In a letter dated August 27th, 1840, from Drummondville, Niagara Falls, he writes:

"Here I am on my road to the west with the windows and balcony of my rooms facing the most magnificent sight on earth, with beautiful weather, and if they would only give me a few minutes' respite from business and show, very much disposed to enjoy myself. I arrived on Sunday, and mean to complete my week nearly.

"As for attempting to describe the Falls, it is impossible to convey any idea of them. Vulgarly, they are only two great mill dams, and in painting they can only appear so, but the effect they produce on the mind from their magnitude is indescribable.

"We have a host of Yankees either in the house or arriving daily from the opposite shore, a gun-shot off, to see Mr. Governor Thomson. You never saw or can imagine such a set of people, but they are great fun. I gave them a review yesterday of the Ninety-third, a Highland regiment in kilts, which delighted them not a little. I overheard one of them say, 'I guess these Britishers do it almost as handsome as the Buffalo Citizen Militia.' Another one said to me to-day, meaning, I presume, to pay me the greatest compliment: 'I opionate that you are like our old hickory (Jackson). You downs them

everlasting locusts of place goers and won't stand no up but your own'; pretty true, by the by.

"Yesterday on the balcony a Yankee lady was walking with her little girl. The child said: 'Mama, I can't bear this,' upon which mama, looking daggers at her, said: 'How can you talk so before the Governor. You should have said, 'I can't tolerate this.' Such is their nicety of language. What it is practically you may imagine from the circumstance of my bedroom opening on to a balcony which is common to the house, and there is not a young lady in the hotel who does not walk up and down staring into the window of the room (which is about eight feet square) every morning whilst I am going through the process of my toilet."

Letter dated the Bay of Quinte, September 18th, 1940:

"This tour has indeed been a triumph, a series of ovations. You can conceive nothing more gratifying than my progress through Upper Canada, especially in the West, nor, indeed, with one exception, anything more fortunate. For I have had beautiful weather and good health, and have been able to keep my time very exactly at the different places so as to receive all intended honors and satisfy and please the people. That exception was Lake Erie; the Government steamer in which I embarked was altogether the filthiest and vilest concern which ever floated on water. Admiralty, not provincial, of course, and my patriotism prevented me from hiring a Yankee steamboat instead, which would have conveyed me safely and comfortably. We had a storm on the lake and got nearly lost, but, what was as bad, I could put in nowhere to see the coast, but was obliged to run for Amherstburg. The same thing happened on Lake Huron, where the sea runs as high as in the Bay of Biscay, and to complete the catastrophe, in running up the River Thames to Chatham away went the rudder and tiller, both as rotten as touchwood; so I abandoned the *Toronto* to cut a fresh rudder out of the woods, and was right glad to get the rest of my tour by land. I had a carriage on board

and plenty of saddle horses, and as the roads are not impassable at this time of year, on horseback, at least, I made it out admirably. Amherstburg, Sandwich, River St. Clair, Lake Huron, Goderich, Chatham, London, Woodstock, Brantford, Simcoe, the Talbot Road and Settlement, Hamilton, Dundas, and so back to Toronto. You can follow me on the map. From Toronto, across Lake Simcoe, to Penetanguishene on the Georgian Bay, and back to Toronto, which I left again last night for the Bay of Quinte. All parties uniting in addresses at every place, full of confidence in my Government and of a determination to forget their former disputes. Escorts of two or three hundred farmers on horseback at every place from township to township, with all the etc. of guns, music and flags. What is of more importance, my candidates everywhere taken for the ensuing election. In short, such unanimity and confidence I never saw, and it augurs well for the future. Even the Toronto people, who have been spending the last six weeks in squabbling, were led, I suppose, by the feeling shown by the rest of the Province, into giving me a splendid reception, and took in good part a lecture I read them telling them they had better follow the good example of peace and renewed harmony which had been set them elsewhere, instead of making a piece of work about what they did not understand.

“The fact is, that the truth of my original notion of the people of this country is now confirmed. The mass only wanted the vigorous interference of a well-intentioned government strong enough to control both the extreme parties, and to proclaim wholesome truths and act for the benefit of the country at large, in defiance of ultras on either side.

“But apart from all this political effect, I am delighted to have seen this part of the country. I mean the great district, nearly as large as Ireland, placed between the three lakes, Erie, Ontario, and Huron. You can conceive nothing finer, the most magnificent soil in the world, four feet of vegetable mold; a climate certainly the best in North America; the greater part of it admirably watered. In a word, there is land enough for

some millions of people, and for one of the finest provinces in the world. The most perfect contrast to that miserable strip of land along the St. Lawrence called Lower Canada, which has given so much trouble.

“I shall fix the capital of the united Province in this one, of course. Kingston will most probably be the place, but there is everything to be done there yet to provide for the accommodation for the meeting of the Assembly in the spring.”

On his return from Upper Canada, the Governor-General was met by the gratifying intelligence that in acknowledgment of his services the Queen had been pleased to raise him to the peerage by the title of Baron Sydenham of Sydenham, in Kent, and Toronto, in Canada. My mother always told me that the title should have been Roehampton, his place being there and not at Sydenham.

Another triumph had also been prepared for him, which, however, the weak state of his health prevented. The citizens of Montreal prepared to give him a public reception on his return. He was obliged, however, to decline this honor, having been attacked by his old enemy the gout.

In a letter to Lord John Russell, dated from Government House, Kingston, June 12th, 1841, he says:

“I think we shall do very well here. I have really a very fair house for the Assembly and Council to meet in, and the accommodation would be thought splendid by our members of the English House of Commons; but the fellows in these colonies have been spoilt by all sorts of luxuries, large arm chairs, desks with stationery before each man, and heaven knows what, so I suppose they will complain. The house I lodge in is really a very nice one, or rather will be when finished, which will just fit the arrival of my successor; and the public offices are far better than either at Montreal or Toronto; but the confusion of the move is tremendous, and the practical consummation of the Union is, I assure you, far from a honeymoon.”

In a letter to his brother George, March, 1841, he says:

“I have gout in my hand, and can hold a pen with difficulty. This is now the eighth or ninth fit I have had in twelve months, which is really no joke. Yesterday I could scarcely have signed my name to my own reprieve if I had been sentenced to be hanged. To-day it has shifted into the other hand, and the right is freer, though dreadfully stiff and sore.”

On April 10th he wrote to Lord John Russell, saying:

“I have fortunately very little to say, for I can not write and am not very fit to dictate. The doctors thought me gone last Monday, but I got through it, I suppose to show them that they know nothing about either killing or curing. I shall be weak, I am afraid, for some time, and as they have coaxed the gout into the hands and will do nothing to give it a chance of jumping again into the stomach or heart, it may be some time before I can hold a pen.”

On April 20th, writing with his left hand, he says:

“I have had a narrow escape and, thank God, have got through without much harm. It has, however, convinced me of the impossibility of remaining another winter in this country, and will hasten, or at all events confirm, my determination to quit it the moment the session is at an end. Fancy what a climate, when the snow is still two feet deep on the twentieth of April.”

On May 25th he writes:

“At last I can write you with my own hand. Grey will have told you why I could not by the last packet. I was ill in bed and utterly unable either to write or dictate. Not gout merely, but fever and horrible prostration both of the mind and body; in fact, I have been done both by the work and the climate united, and God knows whether I shall see the other side of the Atlantic again. . . . If God gives me strength to get through my Parliament I shall at all events be off the instant it is over.”

“ALWINGTON HOUSE, KINGSTON,
“JUNE 5TH, 1841.

“After Montreal, the quiet of this place is delightful. I have a beautiful view of the lake and grounds going down to it. For two years nearly I have not been able to take a stroll without my hat, or without the sentinels presenting arms. I enjoy being able to do so amazingly. The worst, however, is that I do not recover strength, which hitherto I always did very rapidly after an attack. My work oppresses me as it never did before, and I am ready to hang myself half a dozen times a day.

“I am in the midst of the bustle attending the opening of the session and have, besides, a ministerial crisis on my hands. The latter I shall get through triumphantly unless my ‘wand,’ as they call it here, has lost its power over the members, which I do not think to be the case; but the excitement and worry are more than I can stand in the present state of my health, and I do not know how it will end. I long for September, beyond which I will not stay, if they were to make me Duke of Canada and Prince of Regiopolis, as this place is called.”

Lord Sydenham’s strength was now declining. He writes:

“ALWINGTON HOUSE, KINGSTON,
“JULY 25TH.

“I have not been able to get away from Kingston for a day, nor do I think that I should get much benefit by doing so, unless it were for really a long time. It is the constant and unceasing labor and worry unvaried by the least relaxation which knocks me up and prevents me from getting back my strength, and that can be cured only by a break up of the whole thing. My job will be done at the end of the session, and I don’t think I could gather any more laurels here, though I should perhaps be willing to stay for another year if I could do so with any chance of living through it; but since that is out of the question, as my doctors tell me, and as I, indeed, feel myself, home I must go.”

Letter to Lord John Russell:

“ALWINGTON HOUSE, SEPT. 11TH.

“My dear Lord John,—

“I have received yours of the 18th of August. I am much obliged to you for the red riband (Order of the Bath), but a great deal more for the kind manner in which you recommend it.

“You will have seen that I was determined to do all my business before coming away, and a pretty session it will be; every measure will have been triumphantly carried, though I could not get the bank through it must succeed another year. The House of Assembly wished to defer it for the session, but in the meantime they have taxed the issues of private banks which will ensure its passing. My successor, therefore, will have little of legislation left for him.

“I wish I had managed my own affairs as well; but a week ago my horse fell with me, broke the bone of my leg and made a large hole above the knee. The accident is very painful, especially as the gout which, coward like, always takes one at a disadvantage, has stepped in to add to my sufferings. Under the circumstances I fear that I must have three weeks or a month of bed. The doctors tell me I am sure to be in a state to be moved by water to Quebec in time to get off this autumn. You will understand from this account of myself why I write, or rather dictate, to you as little as possible.

“Believe me, yours, etc.,

“SYDENHAM.”

Writing to Lord Falkland, he said:

“I should very much like to have the *Pique* frigate sent for me. She brought me out and I should like to go home in her; besides, I shall probably be able to do Captain Boxer a service if he manages to come to Quebec, which I should be desirous of doing.

“My Parliament will be finished next week. They have done all their business, and only missed one thing I wanted them to do, a bank of issue, but that will come.

“Adieu, my dear Falkland. I am at my sixth day, and neither fracture nor wound improve upon acquaintance, which you must receive as my apology for not writing to you more fully.

“Yours very truly,

“SYDENHAM.”

His anticipated return home was not destined to be fulfilled. On the ninth day it became evident that no progress had been made toward the knitting of the fractured bone, and alarming symptoms began to appear. With calmness most astonishing to those who witnessed it, he continued to devote his attention to public matters such as required immediate decision. His faculties remained unimpaired, and early in the day he made his will, in which, among other legacies, was one, “In token of his friendship and esteem to Lord John Russell,” repeating twice in a firm and emphatic tone, “He was the noblest man it was ever my good fortune to know.” His beautiful place at Roehampton was left to my mother for life. After receiving the sacrament with his household he asked to be left alone with his chaplain, Mr. Adamson. At seven o’clock of Sunday the nineteenth he breathed his last, after an illness of fifteen days.

His last prayer: “Almighty God, pour down upon this Province all those blessings which in my heart I am desirous that it should enjoy.”

Dr. Egerton Ryerson wrote:

—
“KINGSTON, SEPT. 27TH, 1841.

“I left Toronto on board the *Niagara* steamer. A little west of Cobourg we met the *St. Georges* steamer from Kingston, whose flag, half mast high, told us that a prince and a great man had fallen. Though the mournful intelligence was fully

expected, this silent announcement agitated my whole frame and prompted the involuntary exclamation, 'For the sake of my country, would that I could have died for thee.'"

By his own wish he was buried at Kingston in St. George's Cathedral. His tablet is to be seen over the door, and there is a brass plate in the centre aisle marking the spot where he lies. The Daughters of the Empire restored this tablet after the fire.

Kingsford, the historian, says: "The success of the Union is Lord Sydenham's epitaph. He will be remembered as one of the greatest of imperial statesmen."

R. G. MACKENZIE.

Extracts from an original MS. Memoir of Capt. Freer, A.D.C. to
H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, and Military Secretary during
the War of 1812, ^{from a copy} in the possession of Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie.

Noah Freer was born on May 11th, 1783.

Writing of his father he says: "My father was for many years in the service of George III., I think upwards of forty, until his death in the year 1805.

"In my seventeenth year Prince Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, desired to see me, and undertook to obtain for me a clerkship in the General Post Office, which he did; but in the meantime, before my father was notified of my appointment in that office, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, returned to England from Nova Scotia, and upon being appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army in British North America, H.R.H. offered to provide for me, saying to my father, 'I'm sure Ernest will forget his promise, and you had better let your son go with me,' which was at once assented to. I was therefore taken to see the Duke at his residence in Knightsbridge in June, 1799, when H.R.H. appointed me first clerk in the Adjutant-General's Depot of British North America, with a salary of five shillings sterling per diem, subaltern's allowance, and I was ordered to prepare to embark with H.R.H. in the *Arethusa* frigate, allotted to convey himself and suite to Halifax. We sailed from Spithead on July 25th, 1799, and landed at Halifax on September 6th following, when I assumed my duties and was placed under the immediate orders of Lieut.-Colonel Wetherall (the late Sir Frederick Wetherall), the Adjutant-General. I continued in this office for a little more than one year, when, on the Duke's returning to England at the end of 1800, I was removed to the office of the Military Secretary, with increased pay and allowances—the Duke wishing me to

remain in Halifax until he could obtain some other appointment in Europe, when he would send for me. H.R.H. expected to become, I believe, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I therefore continued in the Military Secretary's office under the command of the Hon. H. T. Bowyer and Lieut.-General William Garstone, from both of whom I received great kindness. In 1802, during the command of General Bowyer, I married Miss Stayner. In 1803, when the Nova Scotia Fencible Regiment was raised by General Wetherall, I was offered by him the paymastership of the corps, with an ensigncy, which I refused to accept, as I knew the regiment was to be sent to Newfoundland. I was also offered an ensigncy in the Connaught Rangers, which I refused. About this time the Duke, keeping me in view, offered me the paymastership of the Second Battalion of the Royals, of which corps he was the colonel, about to embark for India. This also I was obliged to refuse, being married, and Edward an infant; I was unwilling to remove from Halifax to so distant a country with a family. In 1805, on the death of General Gardiner, Major-General Hunter (late Sir Martin Hunter), the Governor of New Brunswick, came to Halifax and assumed the command of Nova Scotia and its dependencies, who appointed me to act as his military secretary, and from whom I have to acknowledge to have received great kindness and attention. In 1806, on the death of my father, I received six months' leave of absence from General Hunter to proceed to England to my late father's affairs, and to see that my mother was provided for. When I was in England, in 1806, I was employed for several weeks by the Duke of Kent at Kensington Palace in writing for His Royal Highness and bringing up some arrears in his correspondence. At this time the Duke was Governor of Gibraltar, where he had been in command, and had returned to England. H.R.H. was desirous that I should remain with him, and offered to appoint me Assistant Secretary, with a commission in the Royals, the 1st Regiment, and would give me apartments for myself and family in Kensington Palace. This proposal I respectfully

declined, being anxious to return to my family in Nova Scotia in compliance with my engagement with General Hunter; and the Duke having procured for me a passage in the naval transport, the ship *Brothers*, I left Portsmouth in this vessel on September 12th, 1806, under convoy of the *Rattler* sloop-of-war, and experiencing very contrary winds and bad weather, did not land at Halifax until December 4th following. In 1807, when there were apprehensions of war with the United States in consequence of the Orders-in-Council and non-intercourse, and there being but a few regular troops in Nova Scotia, three battalions of provincial militia were embodied and brought into Halifax, and I was appointed by Sir John Wentworth (the then Governor) paymaster of the 2nd Battalion, with the pay of seven shillings and six pence per day, in addition to my pay as Assistant Military Secretary to General Hunter.

“ In March, 1808, Lieut.-General Sir George Prevost unexpectedly arrived at Halifax with a large military force of five thousand men, and by commission assumed the government of Nova Scotia and command of the troops. Sir George brought with him a Military Secretary, Major Dashwood, and I returned to my station as Assistant Military Secretary.

“ Sir George had come to Quebec as Governor in succession to Sir James Craig, a change much welcomed by the French-Canadians, for, although he may not have been an able general, he possessed the gentle art of conciliation, a gift of almost equal value at that critical time.

“ Major-General Hunter returned to his government and command in New Brunswick, and the three battalions of militia were immediately disbanded and sent to their homes. A few months after this Sir George Prevost proceeded with a considerable military force to assist in the capture of Martinique from the French, and having succeeded in this service, returned to Halifax with the remainder of this force in December, 1808.

“ During Sir George's absence in the West Indies I was appointed paymaster of the detachments of the 7th, 8th and 23rd Regiments, which were left there, about 300 men, the

least effective of those corps. On the return of Sir George to Halifax in 1809 Major Dashwood was appointed to act as Deputy Quartermaster-General, Major Bowyer having gone to England on leave, and I succeeded to the office of Military Secretary, a situation I held until Sir George's death in 1816. In 1811, when Sir George was appointed Governor-General and Commander of the Forces in British North America, in succession to Sir James Craig, I accompanied His Excellency as his Military Secretary and A.D.C. to Quebec, where we landed from the *Melampus* frigate in September, 1811.

“On the 2nd August, 1810, I was appointed ensign in the Nova Scotia Fencibles; on October 25th, 1812, a lieutenant in the Canadian Fencibles, and on October 25th, 1813, a captain in the New Brunswick Fencibles, but being on the staff, never joined any of these corps for regimental duty. I raised thirty-five men for my company, at an expense to me of about two hundred guineas, paid for additional bounty beyond the regulations and in reward for recruiting parties.

“During the war with the United States from 1812 to 1815 I was actively employed as Military Secretary and A.D.C., both in the office and in the field, almost day and night, and though a young man, my health was much impaired by the fatigue and anxiety of this particularly severe service. In the course of this time I was present with my general at several actions with the enemy: At the reconnaissance at Fort George, Niagara, in 1813; at the battle of Chateauguay, in October, 1813, for which I had the honor to receive a medal; and at the battle of Plattsburg, in Lake Champlain, September, 1814. Just at the conclusion of the war in 1815, Sir George was recalled by order of the Imperial Government, and in March of that year he proceeded overland to St. John, New Brunswick, where a sloop-of-war was sent to convey him to England. Lady Prevost and family went by the St. Lawrence in the June following. I remained in Quebec after Sir George's departure, and was employed with four clerks in entering up and obtaining copies of all the public correspondence during

the war, to take with me to England for reference in any enquiry that might be made as to the conduct and proceedings of Sir George Prevost.

"This duty being completed, I embarked in the *Sovereign* transport at Quebec in July, 1815, landed at Plymouth in the beginning of September, and a few days after joined Sir George at his estate in Belmont in Hampshire, where I found that a general court-martial had been ordered to assemble at Winchester for the investigation of certain charges which had been made by Sir James Yeo, the naval commander, in his reports to the Admiralty, against Sir George Prevost.

"As several of the evidences required by Sir James Yeo were still in Canada, and that it would occupy two or three months to bring them to England, the assembling of the court-martial was consequently delayed for this arrival. Sir George therefore proposed to me that I might employ the time in visiting the Continent, while the Allied Armies were in Paris, and he allowed me six weeks leave of absence for this purpose. I accordingly repaired to London to see my friends and relations first, and embarked at Brighton for France in the beginning of October, and after visiting Paris and the Netherlands, returned to England about the beginning of November.

"On joining Sir George again at Belmont, I found that he had been suffering much from suppressed gout and dropsy, and had not been able to leave his home for several weeks. His family being desirous that he should have the benefit of the best medical advice, it was proposed that he should be taken to London, and an application was addressed to the Commander-in-Chief to allow the proposed court-martial to assemble at Chelsea for Sir George's convenience, which was finally assented to by the Duke of York, and January 6th, 1816, was fixed for the meeting of the court.*

* In an original letter dated the 27th of December, 1815, it is stated that the trial is postponed till the 5th of February, "as Sir George is much indisposed." On the 9th of January, 1816, another letter was written to the effect that Sir George Prevost was dead, and that the Court would not sit. In a letter dated the 22nd of January, Lady Prevost gives the date of her husband's death as the 5th of January, 1816.—ARTHUR G. DOUGHTY, *Dom. Archivist.*

“Early in December Sir George was removed to London in his own carriage by easy stages, and took up his residence in a furnished house I had procured for him in Baker Street, Portman Square.

“On his arrival in London Sir George was immediately attended by Sir Gilbert Blain, and afterwards Dr. Bailey was called in, but the disease under which he was suffering increased so rapidly as to occasion great debility. He expired on January 2nd, 1816.

“In consequence of Sir George’s death the general court-martial did not, of course, take place, and his family returned to Belmont in the month of April.* In May, 1816, I left England in the *Montagu* packet from Falmouth for Halifax and New York, and arrived at Quebec on July 6th.

“Lieut.-General Sir J. C. Sherbrooke was appointed to succeed Sir George Prevost as Governor-General and Commander of the Forces, and I was the bearer of his commission to Halifax.

“Sir John and suite arrived in Quebec a few days after me in a frigate direct from Halifax.

“In assuming the command Sir John cancelled my appointment as Military Secretary to the General in Upper Canada, Major-General Sir Beverley Robinson, to which office I had been named by Lieut.-General Sir Gordon Drummond, and Sir John then offered me the situation of Assistant Military Secretary, if I had no objection to serve under Lieut.-Col. Addison, his Military Secretary, which I accepted; but on the office being discontinued by order from the Horse Guards, Sir John appointed me one of his aides-de-camp, on whose staff I continued until he embarked for England in 1818, when he was succeeded by the Duke of Richmond. Sir John requested

* His widow, Lady Prevost, sent memorial after memorial to the War Office demanding some mark of royal favour to vindicate the character of her late husband; demanding a peerage (without pecuniary assistance) and a new coat of arms as her “most moderate claims.” No peerage was bestowed, but in 1817 new supporters and motto were granted for the family crest.

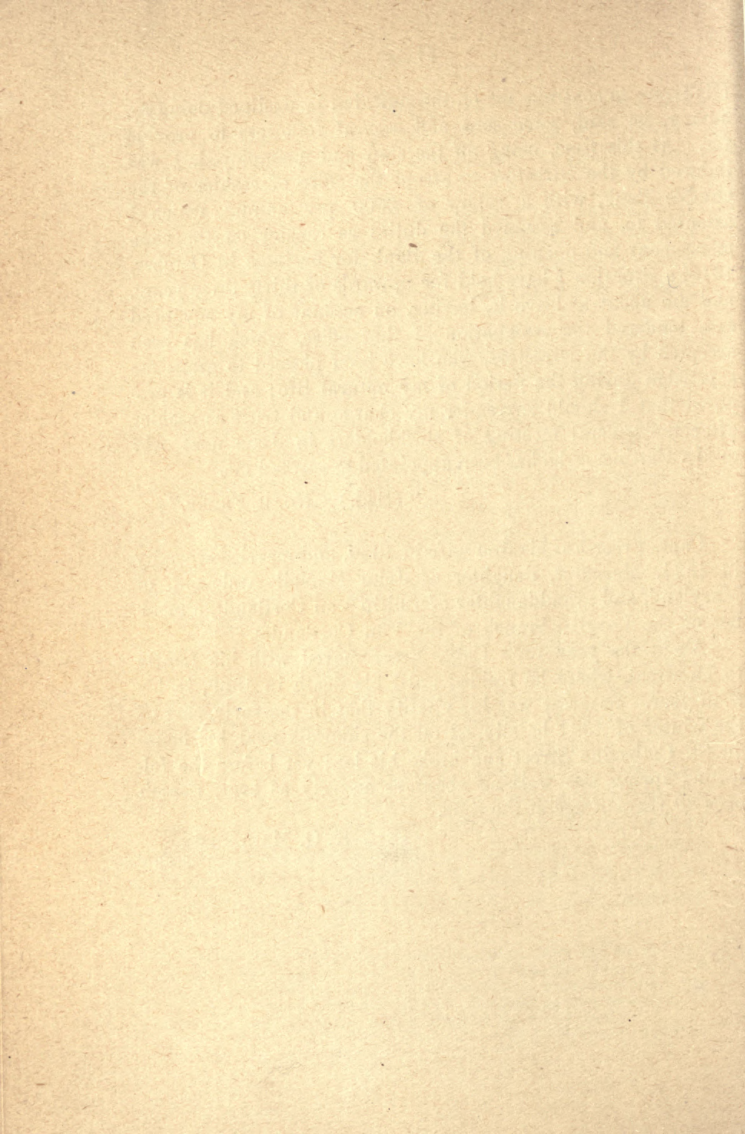
His Grace to continue me on the staff, but he declined doing so, having, he said, some sons and several followers to provide for. At this time, being off the staff and unemployed, I was induced by the Directors to accept the office of cashier of the Quebec Bank, with a salary of £500 per annum, which I assented to, and assumed the duties as cashier on the commencement and opening of the Bank for business in October, 1818, a situation I have held for upwards of thirty-three years, and am about to leave it, having, on account of my advanced age, tendered the resignation of that office, which has been accepted by the Directors, who have been pleased to grant me a pension during the period of my natural life; and it is proposed that I should surrender my charge and trust as cashier after the general meeting of stockholders in June next over to Mr. Gettings, who has been appointed to succeed me.

“(Sgd.) NOAH FREER.”

Capt. Freer lost his first wife in 1820, and married secondly in 1824, Margaret, daughter of John McNeil Anderson, of Maryland, and granddaughter of Philip Van Cortlandt, a member of the Loyalist branch of the Van Cortlandts.

About the year 1854 Capt. Freer moved with his family to Montreal, where he resided until his death in 1869, in his 87th year. So great was his vitality that in the early part of the winter of 1864 he slipped on the sidewalk near his house in St. Catharine Street and broke his leg; yet before the following spring was walking about as actively as ever, though over 80 years of age at the time.

K. G. MACKENZIE.





"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society
OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 8

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LADY EDGAR

Sketch of Lady Edgar's Life

Past President of the Women's Canadian Historical Society

Lady Edgar, *née* Matilda Ridout, was born in Toronto on September 29th, 1844. She was the fifth child and the second daughter of Thomas Gibbs Ridout, cashier of the Bank of Upper Canada from 1822 to 1861, and Matilda Bramley, his wife. Her grandfather was Thomas Ridout, of Sherborne, Dorset, who became Surveyor-General of Upper Canada in 1810. In 1865 she married James David Edgar, who had a few years previously come from Lower Canada to study law. Of this marriage there were nine children, eight of whom are still living.

For many years Lady Edgar devoted herself to her young and numerous family, and having also her husband's political career at heart she did not early discover the literary talent with which she was so amply endowed. This discovery came only in 1890, when she undertook to edit an interesting collection of the Ridout letters. The resultant volume—"Ten Years of Upper Canada" (William Briggs, 1895)—revealed her sense of historical perspective, her easy mastery of detail, and her possession of a literary style that was at once limpid, nervous and strong.

Politics once more thrust letters into the background. Mr. Edgar was at this time one of the most able and active workers in the Liberal Opposition, and was naturally marked out for important office with the advent of his party to power. The change of Government took place with the elections of 1896. Mr. Edgar's health had meanwhile seriously broken down, and he retired from active political life with his acceptance of the office of Speaker of the House of Commons. The wife's sweetness of manner, her energy and her talent, no less than her husband's dignity and judgment, contributed to make that Speakership though tragically brief yet memorable, and subtly different and removed from the accustomed type.

Sir James Edgar died at Toronto on July 31st, 1899. Several years later Lady Edgar went abroad with two of her daughters, visiting England and living for some time on the continent. She had accepted a contract from Messrs. Morang & Co. to contribute a "Life of General Brock" to the Makers of Canada series. This book, a really masterly monograph, appeared in 1904, and served still further to enhance her literary reputation. She was not, however, permitted to centre her activities in the field of literature. Elected

President of the National Council of Women in Canada, it fell to her lot to administer the quinquennial meeting which was held in Toronto in the summer of 1909 under the presidency of the Countess of Aberdeen. To the end of her life Lady Edgar retained office in the Women's Council, and was consequently brought actively into touch with all its charitable and social affiliations. The Women's Historical Society also claimed a large share of her energy and devotion, and she will always be remembered as one of the most effective Presidents of that Society.

In spite of these many and varied demands upon her time, it is astonishing how much historical writing Lady Edgar succeeded in accomplishing. She had long been interested in the romantic story of a branch of the Ridout family which had settled in Maryland in pre-Revolutionary times. A book on Maryland history, therefore, she completed before her death, and two years later, in 1912, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. undertook its publication under the title of "A Colonial Governor and His Times." The book received most eulogistic notices in the leading journals and reviews, and enjoyed a steady though quiet sale.

The literary work which Lady Edgar had most at heart in her last years connected itself with the most romantic period in English history—the early Hanoverian time—which, needless to say, is not romantic from any light reflected upon it from the thrones of the early Georges. An ancestor of her husband, James Edgar, had held for more than forty years the office of Private Secretary to the Chevalier St. George. By good fortune a large mass of his correspondence is preserved at Windsor Castle, and Lady Edgar enjoyed the privilege of working in the King's library throughout one whole winter. In 1910, with the book all but completed, Lady Edgar returned to London to do some research work in the British Museum. At her death upon her birthday of the year 1910 this work, the most masterly and fascinating of her writings, lacked only the three concluding chapters. Though only her own competent pen could adequately bring the book to a conclusion the chapters will at no distant date be supplied, and so a life's work will be rounded out which will give Lady Edgar an assured place among the distinguished women of Canada.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE MAGAZINE AT YORK (NOW TORONTO) 27th APRIL, 1813

WAR OF 1812.

There is one point relating to the capture of York by the Americans on the 27th of April, 1813, which has never been made clear in any of the well-known histories of the war. I refer to the destruction of the powder magazine by which, it is alleged, so great a loss of life occurred, not only to the enemy, but to the British-Canadian forces engaged.

Thompson, James, Roger, Coffin, McMullen, Anchinleck, Ryerson and the numerous minor historians that followed in their train, speak of it as having occurred at a time when it not only destroyed many of the attacking party, but also some of the defenders of the fort.

In order to account for the seeming stupidity of General Sheaffe in risking the lives of his own troops while destroying the enemy, some of these writers have reasonably concluded that the explosion must have been purely accidental, or at least not effected by order of the General. This was the view taken by the writer before obtaining fuller information from the original sources.

Lossing, the American historian, relates that "when the smoke floated away the scene was appalling. Fifty-two Americans lay dead, and one hundred and eighty others were wounded. So badly had the affair been managed that part of the British also lost their lives by the explosion."

The fact that the accidental explosion early in the day, at the western battery, of a travelling magazine was the one in which the loss of life occurred to the British troops, and that the explosion of the grand magazine by order of General Sheaffe, at the close of the engagement was alone fatal to the enemy, is made clear by the following letters.

The first is from General Sheaffe, the British commanding officer, written on the 30th of April on his way to Kingston. The hurried, almost illegible writing bears witness to the state of mind of the General, still smarting from the mortification of his defeat:—

"HALDIMAND, 30th April.

"MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,—I have the mortification of reporting to you that York is in the possession of the enemy, it having on the 27th instant been attacked by a force too powerful to resist with success. Sixteen vessels of various descriptions filled with men, including their

new ship 'The Madison,' formed their flotilla. The Grenadiers of the King's suffered first in the action with the enemy (in which Captain W. Neale was killed), and afterwards severely in connection with other corps, at the accidental explosion of a battery magazine, which at the time disabled the battery. I caused our grand magazine to be blown up, and have reason to believe that the new ship and naval stores were destroyed. We met the light company of the King's four or five miles from York. The troops, consisting of the flank company and Captain Eustace's of the King's and Captain McPherson's of the Glengarry Light Infantry, and some of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment are about a day's march in the rear. They were but ill-supplied with provisions for the first and second days, but by going forward myself, assisted by Major Rogers (a member of the Provincial Parliament whom I had sent for to York to employ him in superintending the improvement of the roads), a sufficient quantity has been provided for them. I am now in his house, and am this moment interrupted by the arrival of Captain Munday with letters from the Military Secretary of the 6th and 7th instant. I cannot inform your Excellency what our loss has been. I shall as soon as possible get the returns, and from Kingston do myself the honour of writing to you in a more efficient shape.

"I am, my dear Sir George,

"Your ever faithful and devoted servant,

"R. H. SHEAFFE.

"P.S.—I did not bring anything from York except a writing case containing Your Excellency's despatches and some other papers."

The second letter from General Sheaffe, dated Kingston, May 5th, gives a more detailed account of the action of the 27th, and states:—

"Our troops could not maintain the contest because of the greatly superior and increasing number of the enemy. They retired under cover of our batteries, which we engaged with some of their vessels that had begun to head up towards the harbour when their troops landed, occasionally firing, and had anchored at a short distance to the westward of the line from the barracks to Gibraltar Point. From that situation they kept up a heavy fire on our batteries, on the block-house and barracks and on the communications between them, some of their guns being thirty-two pounders. To return their fire we had two complete twelve pounders and two old condemned guns with trunnions—eighteen pounders—which, after being proved, had been stocked and mounted under the direction of Lieutenant Ingomelli of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, whom I had appointed assistant

engineer; a twelve pounder of the same description was added during the engagement. With these defective means the enemy was kept at bay for some time, when, by some unfortunate accident, the travelling magazine at the western battery blew up and killed and wounded a considerable number of men, many of them belonging to the Grenadier company of the King's regiment. The battery was crippled, the platform being torn up and one of the eighteen pounders overturned. The magazine was replaced and the battery restored to some order, but it was evident that our numbers and means of defence were inadequate to the task of maintaining possession of York against the vast superiority of force brought against us, though providentially little mischief had hitherto been done by the long, continuous cannonade of the enemy, except to some of the buildings. The troops were withdrawn towards the town, and the grand magazine was at the same time blown up. The enemy was so near to it that he sustained great loss, and so, for a time, driven back by the explosion. Some of our troops were not beyond the reach of fragments of the stone, though they escaped with very little injury. Captain Loring, my aide-de-camp, received a severe contusion, and the horse he rode was killed."

Captain Loring, in the following extract from a despatch to General de Rottenburg, aide-de-camp, gives the number of those killed by the first explosion at the western battery. He writes:—"We had a battery magazine blown up, which destroyed thirty or forty men.

"Our grand magazine exploded before we retreated."

A detailed account of the two explosions is given by P. Firnan in a curious little book entitled "Journal of Voyage to Quebec and Recollections of Canada During the Late War," published in 1818.

Firnan was a son of one of the soldiers engaged, and, though a boy at the time, gives a lively account of the whole affair. The misfortune that happened to our troops and guns at the western battery seemed to have so much crippled General Sheaffe that it may be said to have decided the fortune of the day. Firnan's account is as follows:—

"While this part of our forces was contending with the enemy in the woods, an unfortunate accident happened in the battery opposite to the fleet which proved a death blow to the little hope that might have been entertained of a successful issue to the proceedings of the day. A gun was aimed at one of the vessels, and the officers, desirous of seeing if the ball would take effect, ascended the bastion. In the meantime the artilleryman, waiting for the word of command to fire, held the match behind him as is usual under such circumstances and the travelling magazine, a large wooden chest containing

cartridges for the great guns, being open just at his back, he unfortunately put the match into it, and the consequence, as may be supposed, was dreadful indeed. Every man in the battery was blown into the air. The officers were blown from the bastion by the shock, but escaped with a few bruises; the cannons were dismounted, and consequently the battery was rendered completely useless.

“I was standing at the gate of the garrison when the poor soldiers who escaped the explosion, with a little life remaining, were brought into the hospital, and a more affecting sight could scarcely be witnessed. In consequence of the loss of the battery and the reduction that had been made in the number of our troops, their ground was no longer tenable, but after nobly and desperately withstanding their enemies for several hours a retreat towards the garrison became inevitable, though every inch of the ground was obstinately disputed.

“The government house, with some smaller buildings, formed a square at the centre battery, and under it the great magazine, containing a large quantity of powder, was situated. As there were only two or three guns at this battery, and it but a short distance from the garrison, the troops did not remain in it, but retreated to the rear. When the Americans, commanded by General Pike, reached this small battery, instead of pressing forward, they halted, and the General sat down on one of the guns; a fatal proceeding, for in a few minutes his advance guard, consisting of about three hundred men and himself, were blown into the air by the explosion of the grand magazine.

“Some time before this horrible circumstance took place the vessels had commenced firing on the garrison, which obliged the females and children leaving it. We therefore retired into the country to the house of an officer of the militia, but feeling anxious to know the fate of the day I left the house without the knowledge of my mother and was proceeding towards the garrison when the explosion took place. I heard the report, and felt a tremendous motion in the earth, resembling the shock of an earthquake, and, looking towards the spot, I saw an immense cloud ascend into the air.

“At first it was a great confused mass of smoke, timber, men, earth, etc., but as it broke it assumed the shape of a vast balloon. When the whole mass had ascended to a considerable height, and the force by which the timbers, etc., was impelled upwards became spent, the latter fell from the clouds as it spread over the surrounding place.

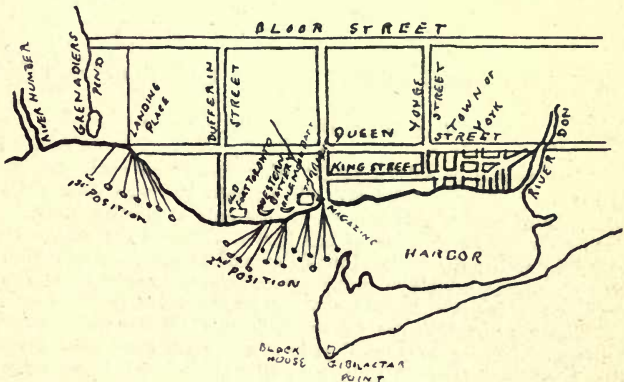
“I then advanced towards the garrison. I discovered our little party between the town and that place which latter they had not proceeded much further when had been obliged to evacuate.”*

* Sentence obviously obscure.

The above extracts from the original reports of the British General and his A.D.C., together with the vivid description of an eye-witness to the affair, will, I think, be proof enough to convince the reader that the damage done by the explosion of the grand magazine was confined entirely to the Americans, who were entering the fort.

It is a curious fact that in the despatch sent to the British War office, where it arrived on July 24th (to be found in Annual Register, 1813) no allusion is made to the tragic death of the unfortunate American General and his men. The original letter from General Sheaffe of May 5th, now in the archives at Ottawa, refers to the incident, but in the despatch signed by him, forwarded to Sir George Provost, it is ignored or suppressed.

The despatch reads:—"By some unfortunate accident the magazine at the western battery blew up and killed and wounded a considerable number of men and crippled the battery. . . . The



troops were withdrawn towards the town, and were finally ordered to retreat on the road to Kingston; the powder magazine was blown up and the new ship and the naval stores destroyed."

In The Chronicle of Events for 1813, also contained in the Annual Register for that year, the following account is given, which has no doubt proved misleading to many historians:—"When the Americans had advanced within sixty rods of the main work of the town, an explosion took place from a magazine, the effect of which was to injure

or destroy about one hundred of the assailants and forty of the defenders. General Pike lost his life on this occasion, and was much regretted as a brave and skilful officer."

When history written at this time is so inaccurate as to facts, it is not surprising that, in order to screen the British General from the charge of wantonly destroying so many Americans after his own retreat, many subsequent writers have found in the supposed loss of British lives at the same explosion a plausible ground for believing that it was accidental.

The accompanying rough diagram will make clear to the reader the positions of the American fleet, their place of landing and the defensive works on shore. Some of the public streets, as now laid out and named, are shown in order that the localities may be better understood.

M. EDGAR.

TORONTO, April 20th, 1893.

THE COLORED CITIZENS OF TORONTO.

BY MRS. AGNES DUNBAR CHAMBERLIN.

Many papers have been read to this Society on many subjects, events and people connected with Old Toronto, but none about a class who were of considerable importance, not only at election times, but during the spring cleaning of our homes. I mean the people who called themselves the "colored inhabitants of Toronto." And nothing struck me more forcibly upon my return to Toronto after being away for over twenty years than the almost total absence of the blacks.

Elizabeth Street, Centre, Chestnut, Teraulay, in fact all the streets between University Avenue—then known as Park Lane—and Yonge Street, north of Osgoode Hall, were all "black." There were some notable people amongst them, too, in the fifties. The first time I especially noticed them was when they were celebrating "Emancipation Day"—a long procession of carriages with flags flying drawn by one, two, four, and in one instance eight horses, and filled by gaily-dressed, smiling colored people. It was, I was told, the anniversary of the passing of the Bill in England for the emancipation of the slaves.

In the first carriage drawn by the eight horses was George Mink, who owned and drove, or had driven for men, all the stages in Upper Canada. He had put in a lower tender than William Weller, whose father was the original of Dickens' "Sam Weller." William was an

Englishman of the time-honoured type of John Bull. He had owned and driven the stages and carried the mails for us as long as I can remember. I am, however, wandering from his successor, George Mink. He was a very rich man, and I think his wife must have been a white woman, for his only and much-loved daughter was what was called "a yellow girl"; and yellow she was most decidedly, something the shade of yellow ochre. This was the only time I ever saw her in her father's carriage, dressed most gorgeously, and she really was a very handsome woman.

The gossips said (for this I have no personal knowledge) that Mink had said he would give his daughter \$5,000 if she married a white *man* and \$10,000 if she married a white *gentleman*. The poor girl did neither. She married a man of colour, but not very pronounced colour. George Mink was furious, refusing to give her anything; whereupon the husband, who had probably married her for her money, took her down South and sold her. Poor old Mink was broken-hearted. He dare not go to the States to buy her back, as he was a runaway slave himself, but he sent someone who bought her back for \$3,000. I do not remember what became of the old man, as "Weller" was the successful tenderer for the stages and carriage of mails the next time they were to be re-let.

In the second carriage came an equally well-known black—Richardson, the "Spring water ice man." He also made a fortune. He owned land among the hills near Davenport, and made a number of tanks into which he conducted a spring. When full they were allowed to freeze solid. The ice was taken out and they were filled to freeze again. I believe he supplied the whole city; I do not remember getting ice from anyone else. He also had a daughter, of whom he was very, very proud, especially of her education. He said she wrote "a most bookful hand, to be sure she could not read it herself, but it was bookful to look at."

Then followed the perhaps best-known man in Toronto. He described himself as "Lemon John on week days and the Reverend John Stokes on Sundays."

When I saw him first as "Lemon John" he carried a small tin pail and was calling "Lemon ice cream! Lemon ice cream!" The children ran to ask for coppers, and the coppers evidently paid him, for shortly afterwards he carried two buckets, with "Lemon ice cream and vanilla, too!" for his cry. John had a very good voice and was witty also. He varied his call, taking notice of anyone at a window. A neighbour of mine was much annoyed at his calling out "Come down, Sal"—a common expression of his; but her name happened to be Sarah, and her brothers both named her "Sal." It

was some time before she could be pacified. If the children took saucers out with their coppers or pennyworth, he would give them a spoonful and then say, "Are you a good girl? Did you know your lessons to-day?"—and if the answers were in the affirmative he would say, "Wall, I allow I'll give you a little more to-day."

John's next appearance was with a wheelbarrow and eventually with a handcart. Then I lost sight of him.*

One day the children had been promised if they were very good and made no noise to disturb their mother, who was ill, that when Lemon John came they should have an extra treat. As my window was open, I heard the following conversation. He was telling my husband that he intended to go to Hayti, that there was opening for "*intelligence there*," and enlarged more fully on the possibilities. Mr. FitzGibbon said, "By jove, John, I have a good mind to go there myself, if it is as you describe it."

"Oh, sir, but *you* could not hold land or an appointment without you were married to a coloured person."

"Then it would not do, as I have a wife already!"

"But, sir," said John, "if you should have the misfortune to lose your present good lady, *then* you might marry a coloured person!"

It was a common saying that at an election the candidate who secured Lemon John's support was sure to get in. He spoke well, and all the blacks (there were then large numbers) would vote as he told them.

Another incident connected with the blacks in those early days recurs to me. We had moved into a new house, and the man who had promised to come and cut up the firewood disappointed us. The children were crying for their tea; my husband was not home. I suggested that the nurse might try and cut a little, but this she pretended she could not do. I went out to do it myself. I dare say I made a poor attempt at it, but was so intent on the effort that I did not hear anyone come into the yard, and was rather startled by a voice saying, "If you will allow me, ma'am, I think I could do it better." I looked up, to see a *very* black man standing beside me.

Of course I gladly gave him the saw. He cut up a quantity, and when I asked what I should pay him, he raised his hat and said: "Nothing at all, lady. It is a little service any gentleman would do for a lady." I was always sorry that I did not ask his name, for it was a courteous act, whether he was black or white.

As the new house was on what was then called Avenue Street, now

*He was probably lost sight of because we moved further west in Toronto, as I remember him on Jarvis Street, with a covered cart and white horse.

College Street, we were near the headquarters of the blacks. We employed them in various ways.

There is a natural refinement in their manners and language. I never had to reprimand woman or boy for saying anything before the children that was not delicate. Very often their language is flowery and their speech absurdly affected.

For a long time we employed a black woman as laundress and her son to clean boots and peel potatoes. As everything went on satisfactorily I never asked who did the work, till one day I heard George making a bargain with the cook that if she would peel the potatoes he would iron so many shirts or do so many yards of crochet for her; and on making enquiries I found George did the fine work and Bridget did the dirty work, and, in addition, he could do all kinds of fancy work, especially crochet edging for trimming.

A short time afterwards I heard George speaking very indignantly to Bridget.

"What are you going to leave for? You never had a cross word spoken to you in this house." And the reply: "Well, I haven't any fault to find, but you are going, so I'll go, too—it would be such fun to see the mistress trying to do the work herself."

"That you will never see, for if I lose ten places I will never leave this house till I see the mistress suited."

I should explain that during the summer George got high wages on board the steamers, in winter taking lower wages in private houses. He kept his word. I sent Bridget away, and then George's talents showed themselves. He did everything—cooked, scrubbed, was parlor maid, waiter, and would have been chambermaid had I allowed him.

He certainly had the artistic taste, his kitchen showed it. He polished the tins till they shone like silver, had a peculiar way of ornamenting them by twisting his thumb to make patterns on them; even the covers of the blacking boxes, well polished, were hung in patterns on the walls. The china on the kitchen dresser was arranged in the same way; this was nearly his undoing, for the cook I engaged only stayed one day. He was giving a finishing touch to his tins, and she said: "Who will brighten those tins when you are gone?" He answered: "I geth you will now and then have to give them a *rub*."

She said no more, but went to her room, put on her bonnet, and left. I never saw her again.

The next one I engaged, George came to me and said: "I geth, missus, I better not make the tins so bright this time!"

One day my little boy, aged three years, was beating George. I told him he was a naughty boy.

"Oh, please do not correct Marsa James, he is not a bad boy; he's only so glad he's alive!"

George Williams must be an old man now, but whatever his after life, I know he has been faithful and true in whatever state of life he has been called upon to fill. His mother told me the reason he was her darling.

"You see, lady, I was Miss Eliza's slave, and when she got married ole massa gave me to her, but she had to promise I was to be free whenever I wanted to leave her. I never wanted to leave Miss Eliza till she got married a second time. He was a northern gentleman, and so cruel to all the slaves. Miss Eliza wanted me to go then, but my husband was a slave on the old plantation and all my children were slaves. But I bought them all. I worked the skin off my hands washing for white trash to earn money. I bought seven. My husband ran away and got safe to Canada.* Then I said to Miss Eliza I would take my freedom, and came here. You ask why George is my pet. I worked hard for the other boys, but George he was *born free*, and he does not seem exactly the same."

This was just after the publication of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and everyone was interested in the slaves.

You can understand that it hardly needed Lemon John's eloquence to make them loyal to the British flag.

Another coloured man who was whitewashing for me, and had been in Toronto only a few weeks, told me of hardships and hairbreadth escapes in getting to Canada, and ended by saying, naïvely:

"You know, missus, I used to think that all white people were bad, but after the Underground Railway† helped me so much I began to think that some white folks were as good as the coloured."

Another instance was that of a nice-looking fair girl, whom I engaged as a domestic without any suspicion that she belonged to the race, but I found she quite identified herself with the aristocracy of colour. When the couple, also coloured people, who did my laundry came for the linen, Arretta was never to be found. On asking them if they knew why, they expressed the greatest surprise at "Miss T—— being in service." She told me her father had decided that the names of all his daughters should begin with the first letter of the alphabet, so then Adelaide, Agnes, Alicia, Augusta, Arretta and

*John Graves Simcoe, the first Governor of the Upper Province, came straight from discussions in England on slavery and anti-slavery, and secured that one of the first Acts passed in his Legislature in Upper Canada should be an Anti-Slavery Act. Thus the British flag in this Province has never floated over legalized slavery.

†There was an organization in the Northern States known as "The Underground Railway," which helped runaway slaves to reach Canada.

Ascinda. "The last," she said, "ma wanted to call Lucinda but pa insisted on its being Ascinda!"

She used very fine language on all occasions, and when one day my son said, "I am sure it will rain to-morrow," Arreetta exclaimed, "Oh, Master James, do not be prognosticating a storm!"

While the Black Swan, a celebrated singer, possibly now forgotten, sang in Toronto, Arreetta asked leave to go out to practice, as she was to sing in the chorus. She and some friends also practised in my kitchen in the evening. Their voices were sweet and true, so we enjoyed it.

One Sunday evening, when I came home from church, I opened my sitting-room door, to find one of the blackest men I ever saw seated by the fire in my special armchair. I shut the door quietly, went upstairs and rang my bell. When Arreetta came I said to her that when she had visitors, her kitchen, not my sitting-room, was the place in which to receive them." Her eyes flashed indignantly, but with a bow like an Eastern princess she said:—

"It shall not happen again, madam!"

The next morning she borrowed \$2.00 on account of her month's wages, and asked leave to go out. She never returned, and I never heard of her again.

Another notable character among the coloured citizens was Mrs. D'Orsay. She was a handsome, clever woman, who had known and was known and respected by all the best people in the Toronto of her day, but she had no interest in Emancipation Day and its procession. "She was bawn free." She was devoted to her husband, who died after a lingering illness. When friends went to sympathize she loved to tell how, as he grew weaker, "he grew beautiffeller and beautiffeller every day, and when he died he was sweet as a rose!"

A rumour got about that Mrs. D'Orsay herself had passed away. Many notes of condolence, wreaths for her loss, and other tokens of respect reached her. These were a great joy to her. "Twasn't given to everybody to receive their own funeral wreaths nor to know what her friends thought of her after she's gone!" And the fat, kindly woman shook with the joyous laugh of satisfaction.

She is gone now; with the changing population, the district that had been a home of freedom to the runaway slave, has gradually altered its complexion and the coloured citizens have been much reduced in numbers.

GOVERNMENT (FOR USE OF THE LIGHT- HOUSE ON GIBRALTAR POINT).

		To William Allan, Dr.	
1817.			
March 3	To 4 lbs. Candles, at 2s. 6d.		10s.
10	" a Barrel best Train Oil, 37 gs. at 9s. 11½d. ..£17		6s. 10½d.
"	" Barrel, with Do., cost		10
"	" a Hambro Line for Hawlyards	8	9
21	" 2 lbs. Soap for Washing the Glass, 3s. 1½d., and a Broom, 7½d.	3	9
"	" 2 yards Cotton, for Ditto	3	9
"	" 2 balls Cotton Wick, at 1s 3d.	2	6
27	" 2 lbs. Candles, at 2s. 6d.	5	
April 12	" a Tin Pot for carrying oil	7	6
May 1	" 1½ lbs. Putty for windows, at 1s. 3d., 2 lbs. Candles, at 2s. 6d.	6	10½
20	" 6 lbs. Candles, at 2s. 6d.	15	
"	" 5 large Balls Cotton Wick, at 2s.	10	
		£21 10	
June 30	To 6 months' Rations, issued to Justian Bertrand, in charge of the Lighthouse under the auth- ority of a Letter from the Lieut.-Governor's office, Dated 7th January	9	7 6
"	" cash paid Justian Bertrand, his wages as keeper of the Lighthouse from the 1st Janu- ary to this date—both days inclusive—182 days, at 2s. 6d.	22	15

Provincial Currency£53 12 6

Amounting to fifty-three pounds twelve shillings and six pence. Pro-
vincial Currency.

W. ALLAN.

Received from Wm. Allan, Esq., Collector of the Customs at the Port of York, the above named articles, amounting to twenty-one pounds ten shillings, Provincial currency. Also my rations for the above period of six months.

WITNESS
H. HEWARD.

his
JUSTIAN X BERTRAND.
mark.

William Allan, Collector of the Customs at the Port of York, maketh oath that the within account, amounting to fifty-three pounds twelve shillings and six pence Provincial currency, is just and true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Sworn before me at York, this
twelfth day of July, 1817.

W. ALLAN,
Collector.

WM. DUMMER POWELL, C. J.

Amount of this account	£53 12s. 6d.
Deduct 2/6 from Bertrand's wages, the half year having only 181 days	2s. 6d.

Currency£53 10s.

Examined, J. BABY, *Insp.-General*.
Audited in Council, 1st August, 1817. WM. DUMMER POWELL, C. J.



"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 9

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1909

11



William Pease
Larch

WOMEN'S CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF TORONTO

WILLIAM PRICE, OF WOLFESFIELD, QUEBEC.

William Price, though born in England in September, 1789, at Laparck, near Elstree, Herts, always called himself Welsh, his father being a native of Glamorganshire and his mother, Mary Evan, of Longside, Cardiganshire. He was educated at Hammer-smith College, in the vicinity of London, and subsequently was articled to his father's cousin, Mr. Lloyd Jones, of the Inner Temple. Ere six months had elapsed family troubles and losses obliged him to give up these studies. His father had become security for some one, who the disturbed condition of affairs, owing to the wars with Napoleon, and consequent losses in business, had ruined, and he died from the shock.

Among the valuables sold were paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of them a portrait of William's youngest sister, Mary, entitled, "The Age of Innocence." It is now in the National Gallery in London. Others are in the large private collections in England.

After the father's death the family was scattered, one son going to Rio Janeiro, another to Chili, another to Peru, William and his mother going to London, where he lived till her death. William entered the counting-house of Christopher Idle & Co., merchants, London. After six years spent in their service in England he was sent out to Quebec, where he landed on May 10th, 1810. He was charged with the responsible duty of carrying out their contracts for supplying the British navy with timber, deals, masts, spars and staves.

After the termination of his engagement with Messrs. Idle & Co., Mr. Price entered into partnership with the Hon. Peter

McGill, of Montreal (after whom McGill College is named), Mr. Kenneth Dowie, of Liverpool, and Messrs. James Dowie and Gould, of London. The business thus established was an extensive one, the timber being obtained not only on the Ottawa and its tributaries, but from the shores of Lake Superior to Gaspé and the coast of Labrador.

In 1838 he severed his connection with this firm and founded one of the largest lumber firms in the world, that now known as Price, Brother & Co.

The Saguenay, sometimes called "the River of Death," is one of the most remarkable bodies of water in the world. It rises in Lake St. Jean, a lake 360 miles square, and discharges into the River St. Lawrence at Tadousac, after a course of one hundred miles. It varies in width from one to three miles, and in depth from one hundred to eighteen hundred feet. A well known geologist says of it: "The Saguenay is not properly a river; it is a tremendous chasm like that of the Jordan River and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountainous wilderness. Everything is hard, naked, stern, silent. Dark grey cliffs of granite rise from the pitch black waters; firs of gloomy green are rooted in their crevices and fringe their summits; loftier ranges of a dull indigo hue show themselves in the background, and over all bends a pale, cold, northern sky." The writer must have known the Saguenay only during dull, stormy weather, for tourists who visit it now know differently, and that our bright Canadian skies hang over the Saguenay as elsewhere.

The richness of the great Saguenay district attracted him. He saw its enormous possibilities, its untouched wealth, the beauty of its scenery, its unique grandeur, and possibly felt that with energy such as he possessed, strong will, and knowledge of his business, that it was a world to conquer for the future. Entirely shut off from the world of travel, practically inaccessible, dense forests, an unpeopled domain save by the scattered Indians, it had defied the several attempts of exploration by Government parties; little or nothing known of its wild, mountainous region, its stern cliffs and rugged shores. What wonder that the conquering and peopling of such a district appealed to his imagination, his business instinct and ability. William Price did a great service, not only to Quebec, but to Canada, when he opened

up the grand Saguenay district. It was truly a herculean task, when one remembers that in the early half of the nineteenth century there were not the facilities for moving men and families. He built mills, cleared spaces in which to build houses for the workmen to live in, provided for the long and terribly cold winters, housed, fed and supplied them with work, and cared for these people in a manner not only to secure the success of his business, but to make them content when times were hard or prosperous. When one thinks of the difficulties he had to contend with, the trials he met and overcame; of the devastating fire which swept the district for miles, the first in 1846 and the last in 1870 (this was a terrible disaster; from Ha Ha Bay to Lake St. Jean the flames swept everything before them, destroying their mills and settlements); the winter of famine—we can realize something of the courage, the perseverance and ability which characterized the opening up of the Saguenay district, to which the tourist now sails up this wonderful stream—the “water going out” of the Indians—to palatial hotels in flourishing towns and villages on its shores.

The first sawmill was built at Ha Ha Bay, Mr. Price sending the men and families in his own schooners, and before long had half a dozen other mills at different places on the Saguenay—shops and other needs for increasing population, and commercial development followed.

The French-Canadian can never settle anywhere without his priest and the means of exercising his religion. Mr. Price appealed to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec to help him and send down priests to the new districts. Two parishes were soon established—St. Alphonse and St. Alixis. These are now the oldest in the district, and owe their establishment to Mr. Price. Although not of the same religion, he built several churches for these people and gave them some valuable pictures with which to decorate the walls.

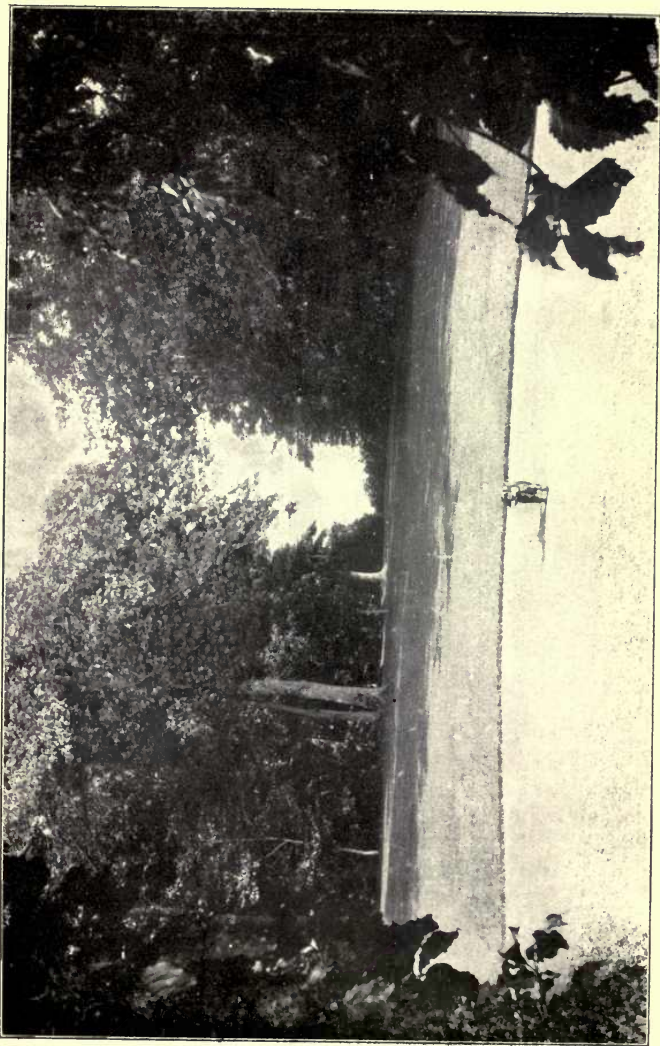
In 1844 the first sawmill was built at Chicoutimi and workmen and their families brought up to it. He encouraged the tilling of the land, providing seed and other facilities, and later built a flour-mill that the grain grown might be ground. Here, too, he helped them with their church and means to procure both their beloved curé and teachers for their children. Chicoutimi

thrived and grew more rapidly than any of the other settlements, and soon became a town of considerable importance. It obtained its charter in 1879.

There were also during this time other foes to contend with, as well as the forces of nature. The Honourable Hudson's Bay Company had a small station at Chicoutimi, and there were many amusing and interesting tales told of the fights with the Hudson's Bay Company, who did not at all approve of anyone else trespassing on their ground. Although their lease had expired, they did everything they could to discourage colonization. To put an end to these fights Mr. Price paid over \$7,000 to the Company—a large sum in those days. In 1842 he opened lumber yards at Grande Baie.

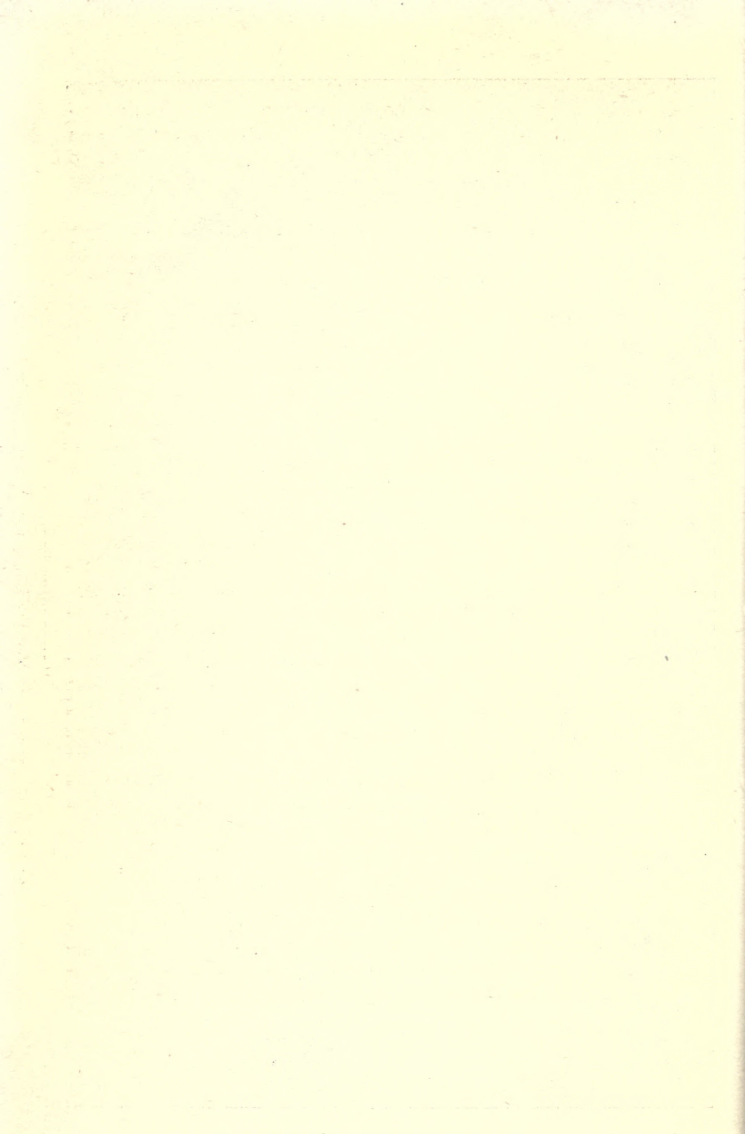
William Price was known as the head of the firm, and by the people as "Le Roi du Saguenay." In 1882 the people of Chicoutimi erected on the highest part of the town, overlooking the river, a large monument to "Les Rois du Saguenay, as a memorial of their gratitude and respect; the founder, Mr. William Price, his sons, William Price, the Hon. David Price, and the Hon. Evan John Price." This column, I am sorry to say, has been allowed to be greatly abused. The present generation of French-Canadians seem to forget all that Mr. Price did for them, and, of course, the family themselves can neither repair or speak of it, as they had nothing to do with its erection. The older French-Canadians always speak of William Price with great reverence and devotion.

Although such enterprise must have taxed all his powers, during the earlier years he had other interests and occupations in which he served his country. In 1812, having received the King's commission of Major, William Price raised a troop of cavalry, and later organized a battery of artillery at Quebec. He was a hardy sportsman and walker, and during the winter of 1813 was sent by Sir George Prevost with important despatches to Halifax. It was necessary to go through British territory. He and his companion, a ship's carpenter, went by sleigh to St. André, thirty-five miles below Quebec; then on snowshoes to St. John, New Brunswick; thence across the Bay of Fundy to Halifax, having accomplished the distance—seven hundred miles—in the remarkably short time of ten days. After delivering up his despatches he



WOLFESFIELD

The Spot to which Wolfe and his Men Climbed, September 13th, 1759.



remained to enjoy himself, and while there saw the *Chesapeake* towed by the *Shannon* into Halifax harbour, with the Union Jack floating above the Stars and Stripes. The extraordinary excitement which that heart-stirring scene occasioned used to repeat itself in his description as he told how well Vere Broke had fought his ship "in the brave days of old."

As a Canadian politician Mr. Price was liberal and tolerant, hence his name is cherished as a household word in many a cottage in French Canada. So indifferent was he to mere local issues that for nearly fifty-seven years he was not known to vote at an election. He was content to recognize differences of opinion on many points, if all agreed that the Provinces should remain part and parcel of the British Empire. He had no inclination to enter political life, and though repeatedly urged by one Governor-General after another to take a seat in the Legislative Council, he declined the honour.

He was the founder of the St. George's Society in Quebec, and through it benefited many homeless poor, while his acts of private charity were numerous.

He married Jane Stewart, third daughter of Charles Grey Stewart, Comptroller of Customs at Quebec. They had fourteen children—eight sons and six daughters. Of the sons two became Senators; two went to South America, one remaining thirty-five years, the other sixteen, before returning to Canada; another had a captain's commission in the Prince of Wales Royal 100th, raising his company at his own expense—the usual practise then—and died at Gibraltar. Two daughters married. Of the fourteen, five are now living, and his and their descendants in Quebec City are legion.

William Price went to England after forty years' absence, and his pleasure was that of a boy coming home from school. He paid a visit to Oxford, and there met the present King, then Prince of Wales, and had the honour of dining with him. It was during the latter part of Mr. Price's life that the King paid his visit to Canada. On the way to Quebec the Prince stopped at Tadousac, where the Hon. David Price, William Price's eldest son, took His Royal Highness up the Saguenay to the St. Marguerite River in a tug and gave him some fishing. The Prince, while fishing from a point, was cut off from the mainland by the rising tide,

and Mr. David Price, having on long rubber boots, carried him on his back to the mainland. A number of Americans were there, and they offered him large sums for his coat! However, they went away disappointed, as Mr. Price had no desire to see his coat end its days in an American museum. At Tadousac the Prince nearly ended his days by falling off the rocks into a place known as "the Devil's Hole." The Prince and his party were watching a shark in this hole when his foot slipped, and he would have joined the shark if Mr. Radford, a resident at Tadousac, had not been near enough to seize him. Mr. Radford was given a gold watch, with an inscription commemorating the event, by the Prince.

William Price was well read and a man of culture. At the age of ten he could repeat Milton's "Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained," and remembered it all his life. He knew Milton, Shelley, Scott, Shakespeare thoroughly, and corrected his children with quotations from them. He had apt quotations for every beautiful scene, and had a really wonderful memory.

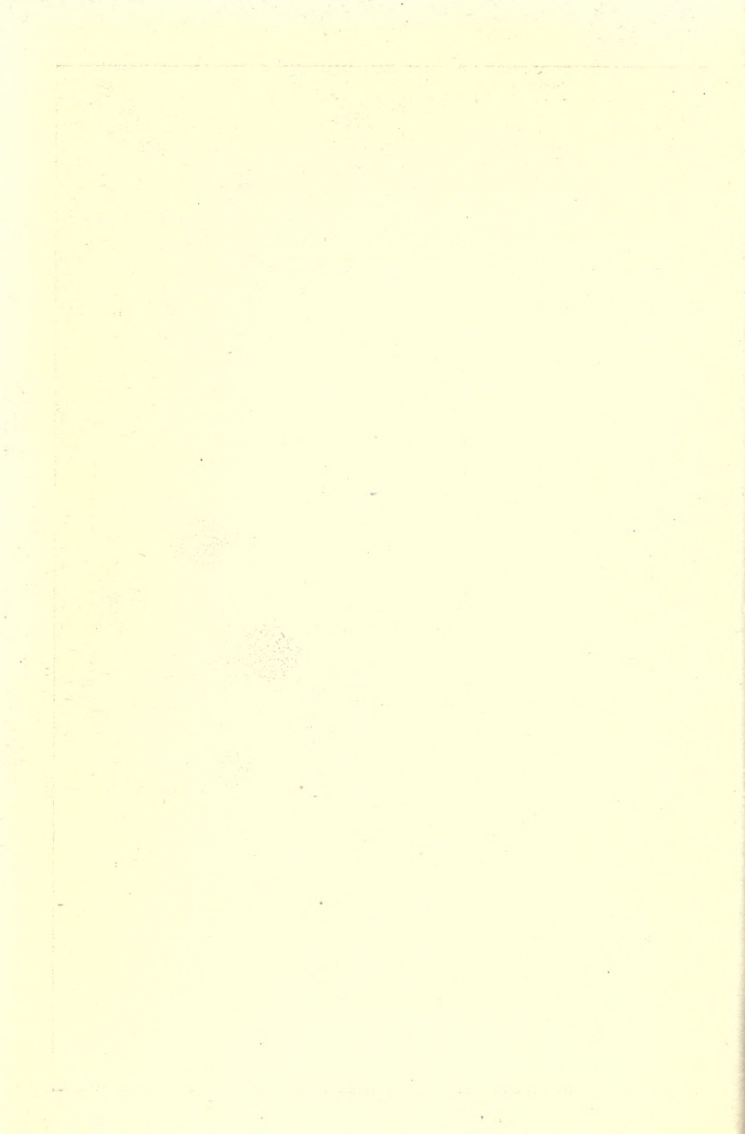
He was renowned for his hospitality. On one occasion, on the arrival of a regiment at Quebec, he learned that no mess had been prepared for the officers, and immediately ordered dinner to be served at his home. No stranger of note visited Quebec without receiving his kindly hospitality and welcome. Spencer Wood, the Governor-General's residence, is separated from Wolfesfield only by the little stream over which Wolfe crossed. English regiments were stationed at Quebec, and many balls and garden parties were given at Wolfesfield in those olden days. Nor was his hospitality confined to the rich. Any old habitants who came to see him from any of his establishments were always invited to dinner, and they were treated as courteously as any more distinguished guests. Sailors whom he saw wandering about the grounds, having come up from the cove below, were sent to the house and entertained with bread and cheese and beer. He was a man of simple tastes, guileless character and deep religious feeling.

He died in March, 1868, in his seventy-ninth year. The roads were in a shocking condition, the breaking up of the winter snows, yet all the night preceding the day of the funeral the *habitants* were arriving; many of them coming fifty miles in their little red sleighs, to pay their last respects to the dead. Mrs. Price had died seven years before.



WOLFESFIELD

Hillside up which the path to the Plains Winds.



I cannot end my paper without giving some account of Wolfesfield, Mr. Price's home. It is a beautiful place on the St. Louis Road, about a mile from the city limits. At the foot, on the river side, lies Wolfe's Cove, where the great general landed on the night so eventful for British history, crossed the little river (now no more than a stream), and climbed the cliff, now part of Wolfesfield, and surprised the French picket at the top. The old trenches are still to be seen there, the only trenches of that battlefield remaining. These are amongst Miss Price's most cherished possessions, and she is afraid they are to be taken from her to make part of the new park. They have been kept in splendid order, with the trees still about them. Every year the fallen leaves are carefully taken out that the trenches may not become leveled with the rest of the ground. Nothing is spoilt; it has been private property, and no one goes there without Miss Price's permission. At the edge of the lawn overlooking the cliff where Wolfe climbed up are two small cannon out of one of the ships—very possibly of the same style as the cannon pulled up by the sailors with him. They are about one-fourth the size of our ordinary cannon of the present day. The cliff side has been preserved in its natural beauty, as wild and wooded as it was in Wolfe's time, many of the old trees still standing.

Amongst the many things of interest in the house are two chairs that came out in Wolfe's cabin. They are quaint in shape and made of some rare wood. They are in great request by visitors, who like to sit where the hero of that day so often sat.

May I add that it has given me great pleasure to read this paper for the author, Miss Price, and to add that it is to the record of such noble princes of industry, the lives of such courteous, educated gentlemen, whose vision was so far-sighted as to see Canada's destiny, whose courage was sufficient to undertake herculean tasks, and to whose indomitable perseverance in overcoming difficulties, we owe what Canada is to-day. It is such records we should study and derive from them inspiration to do our share in making the Empire a great and united nation.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF ROBERT WOOLF,
OF LONDON, ENG., LATER ACCOUNTANT-
GENERAL OF THE EAST INDIA CO.

In April, 1775, although only nineteen years of age, I was intrusted by a London merchant (Sir George Wombwell), in whose counting-house I had been placed, with a sum of £4,000 (four thousand pounds), to proceed to Boston, Mass., U.S., to pay some part of the King's troops there. I accordingly embarked at Portsmouth on the frigate *Cerberus*, and found Generals Howe and Clinton, with their aides-de-camp, were also passengers.

The captain of the frigate apologised for thus not being able to accommodate me at his own table, and placed me with the lieutenants, one of whom was afterwards the late Admiral Burney, who also accompanied Captain Cook on his voyage round the world; and I carry the remembrance of that gentleman's musical skill on the violin, frequently dissipating, as it did, the melancholy occasioned by the monotony of the voyage. Nothing remarkable occurred worthy of observation beyond the swiftness of our frigate's sailing, compared with that of other vessels with which we fell in, and the extremely thick fog on the banks of Newfoundland, with the astonishing abundance of fine codfish caught there by the sailors.

On our arrival at Boston we were surprised to find the town blockaded and surrounded by the rebels (as they were then called), cutting off all communication with the country, and the town nearly deserted by its inhabitants; those who remained with the King's troops thus deprived of all supplies, with reason to dread an approaching famine, which would in all probability have occurred had not the approach by sea been kept open.

A first and severe action had taken place a few weeks before in the neighbourhood, when several lives were lost on both sides.

This unexpected state of affairs threw me into much perplexity, from which I was partly relieved by Captain Horsfall, of the Welsh Fusiliers, to whom I had letters. He kindly took me to his quarters and gave me both board and lodging. I also received very friendly attention from Major Pitcairn, commanding the second battalion of marines on shore.

I had not been many days settled with the family of a gentleman in the custom house when, early on the morning of June the 17th (1775), we were awakened by a smart cannonade from one of the ships of war! This was no less than the prelude to the famous and bloody battle of Bunker's Hill, so well recorded in all the public documents of the time that it requires no comment. I, however, lost a valuable friend, Major Pitcairn, killed on the field, and the cries and groans of the great number of wounded brought into the town, as they passed our house, were heart-rending.

Affairs now remained quiet until the following year, the town strictly blockaded by the Americans, the troops and remaining inhabitants suffering many privations up to the beginning of March, 1776. Then began a heavy cannonade and bombardment, many of the shot falling so close to my quarters that we were obliged to remove to a more distant part of the town, and soon afterwards orders were issued by the Governor for the troops and loyal inhabitants to evacuate the place. This was accordingly done without molestation by the enemy, and all embarked safely in transports provided for the occasion. The troops quitting the town was a beautiful sight, the whole coming off at one and the same time by signal! All then proceeded to Halifax, Nova Scotia, which, being a small place, caused no little confusion. The troops, however, remained but a few days and then proceeded to attack the Americans at New York, leaving two battalions in Halifax, with whom I was stationed, and became one of the mess of the second battalion, and there I remained for two years, thus having an opportunity of exploring some parts of that wild and (at that time) unsettled country, the extensive and impenetrable woods coming within two miles of the town. At last we embarked for England with part of the marines, and after a most boisterous passage (at one time being five days unable to carry any sail, or to cook any victuals) we landed safely at Plymouth, where I remained a week, and then, proceeding to Portsmouth, a few days more saw me safely set down again in London! October, 1778.

LADY COLBORNE'S BAZAAR.

BY M. AGNES FITZGIBBON, HON. SEC.

The reports of the meetings of our Society which have appeared in the daily papers attracted the attention of an old lady then living in Toronto, and resulted in a letter to me asking me to call upon her. I gladly accepted the invitation, especially as the bait held out to me was the interest she expressed in our work and aims. I found her in full accord with our ambition to rouse in others a patriotic appreciation of the value of our past and of the importance of a more careful preservation of our historic records and relics.

The outcome of this visit was her kind permission to make use of the pages of MS. reminiscences gleaned from diary and recollections which she had jotted down for the information and entertainment of her grandchildren, and compile from them a paper to be read at a future meeting of our Historical Society.

The bazaar-which has given me a title to this short paper was the first ever held in Upper Canada, possibly in the then whole of Canada, but I cannot ascertain the latter.

Lady Colborne, wife of Sir John Colborne, afterwards Lord Seaton, then Lieut.-Governor of the Upper Province, found no Dorcas Society or organized relief society of ladies who worked for the poor, and when the need arose was not long in providing many yards of red flannel and calling the women together to turn it into garments for the poor. So great was the enthusiasm for the work, one* of them still with us has told me, that they were soon dubbed "the Red Flannel Brigade."

Some especial need for funds, however, required greater efforts, and Lady Colborne met it by holding this, the first bazaar, at present, on our records.

There are one or two short extracts which I should like to read before coming more particularly to the bazaar, little touches which in a few words will give graphic glimpses of the school life of the early days of this century.

* Mrs. John Ridout. Since writing the above I regret that Mrs. Ridout has passed away. As the result of a fall by which she fractured her thigh bone she died on October 26, 1909 at the ripe age of 86.

"My school life commenced early," she writes; "mothers had too much to do to teach, while their husbands were clearing the forest and burning the bush. My grandfather came for me every morning, placed me on the saddle, my little basket of lunch tied to the horn; then he would lead the horse a mile to the little log school house. There I learned my first lessons from Daniel Cummings, a young man with snapping black eyes and whip in hand. I feared him. At the noon hour we would wander near the edge of the wood, seeking wild flowers and swinging on the small trees.

"Grandfather came for me at four, and on our way home entertained me with stories. I can see him now as he walked beside me, leading Black Bess, carrying his wide-brimmed home-made straw hat in his hand, fanning himself, his clear red and white complexion, no baldness on his head, his soldierly tread and fine figure. How I loved him and listened to his stories with breathless interest."

I will pass over the entries descriptive of the country life, the birthday and Christmas festivities, when "the tables were loaded with meat pies, pork and beans, wild fruit pies and milk; tea and coffee were not so much used then, for such supplies had to be fetched from Kingston in rowboats." The decorations of evergreens and mountain ash berries and the plays acted, "Sophia Babbleton" and "David and Goliath," appearing to be the chief favourites. Of the latter the writer naively remarks: "I was always glad when my brother was finished with the sling. He was left-handed, and I felt like dodging it. Goliath was a young Irishman dressed in a leopard skin tunic; his pleasant Irish accent added a charm to the play."

At the first school she attended after a removal to the neighbourhood of Brighton, Ont., where she was weekly boarder, she "learned to read well and worked a sampler with all a sampler glories," and "admired the sunlight on the lake and the moon rising beyond Presqu'ile Point."

Later, when she was thirteen, she was sent, much against her grandfather's wish, to an American seminary, where she "learned rapidly everything except arithmetic."

"It was the universal thing for all to paint a mourning piece, a tombstone in the centre under a huge weeping willow shading a lady in weeds holding by the hand a little boy. I could not put

an inscription on mine, as there had been no death in our family then."

It is pathetic to find later on in the MS. that, after a few days' illness, and before she could reach home, the devoted old U. E. Loyalist grandfather died, lamenting the absence of his darling.

Home was no longer the same to the bereaved child. "I was broken-hearted; I could not bear the sun to shine."

"On May 18th I was sent to Little York to a ladies' boarding school, kept by Miss Purcell and Miss Rose. We drove through in one day, woods all the way or nearly so, arriving at the Queen's in time for tea, after which we took a walk and went into Stewart's jewellery store, where my father got me a little gold ring and my name carved on it.

"The next morning I was taken to Miss Purcell's, and with my head on my trunk I cried most of the day. I was let alone. There were twelve boarders in this highly respectable school, daughters of the best families. Miss Purcell was a connection of Bishop Mountains, who had two daughters there; the school was under the patronage of Lady Colborne.

"I look on those days as the most happy of my life. My lonely feeling all vanished, and the change in my young life was marvellously complete. Instead of the intense quiet of country life, I found kind appreciation, interest and happy companionship. I wondered if it would last. IT DID. Miss Purcell was a mother to us all. Miss Rose was the German teacher, Mr. de la Haye the French master. Prof. Drury taught us drawing. Miss Sherman, a sister of General Sherman, was English governess, and had two assistants. Beautiful, indeed, was Eva Burgess, with her coal black hair and deep blue eyes. I never knew what became of her, nor knew of her after I left school."

"On a lovely day in June, pupils and teachers had all been invited to Lady Colborne's bazaar. The school had a holiday and, two by two, with two teachers at each end of the column, we marched to Government House, the scene of the bazaar. How like fairy-land it was to me, child of the woods, to hear the band of the 79th Highlanders. I was passionately fond of music, and had never heard a band. Soldiers lined the corridors and rooms. I was shocked at their bare knees and looked aside.

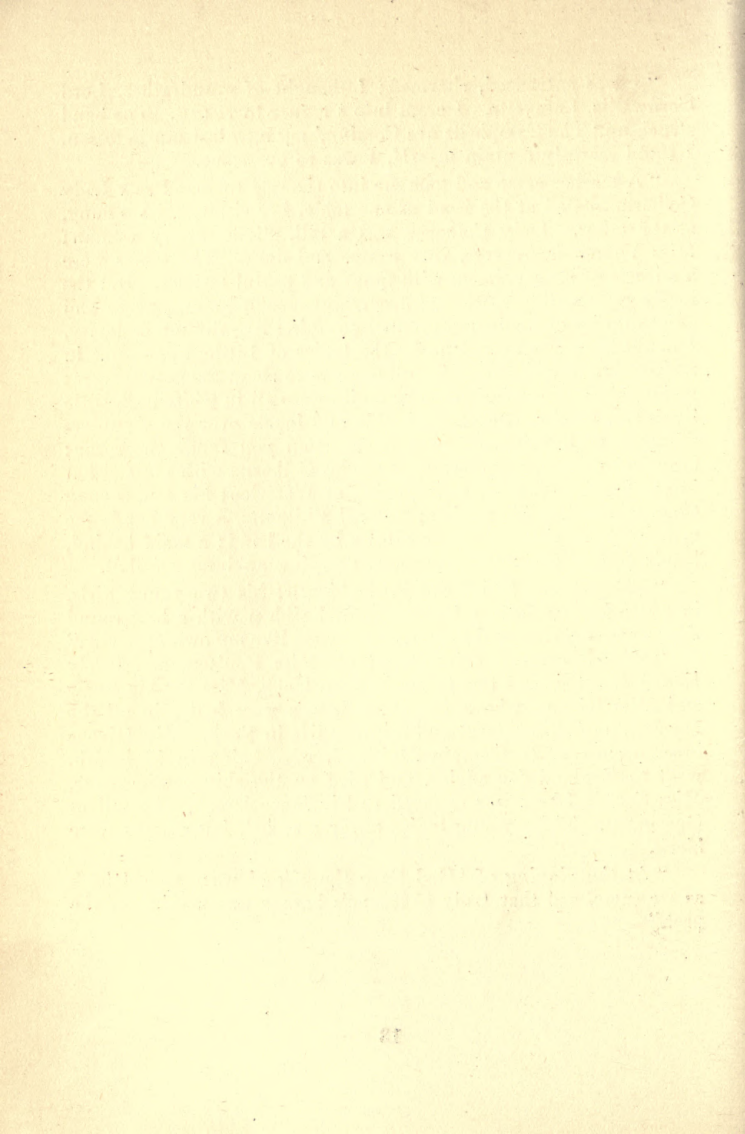
“I was entranced, charmed; I thought of grandfather, Lord Cornwallis, Lafayette. I crept into a corner to THINK. The band struck up ‘The Campbells are Coming,’ my *own* last music lesson. I could scarcely contain myself, I was so overcome.

“A teacher came and took me into the sale room. I saw Lady Colborne seated at the head of one table, her sister, Miss Young, at the other. Lady Colborne was a tall, slight, pretty woman; Miss Young the reverse, very coarse and dark. The tables were a miracle of beauty, laden with fancy and useful articles. But the lovely girls selling surpassed everything—such beauty, grace and quiet dignity of manner prevented anything like flirting or levity. I doubt if it was ever done by the ladies of Little York—not in those days. Many officers in full dress were about the lady servers; no laughing, no confusion. The ladies were all in white with little black silk aprons, pockets each side and lapels over the shoulders trimmed with points on each edge. Can you fancy the scene: beautiful women, gay officers, Sir John Colborne with plumed hat in one hand, tall, erect as marching at Waterloo; his son, Young Colborne, so like his mother; Colonel Philpotts, a very handsome man, with his little daughter Sibella by the hand; a maid behind, hands full of toys; the governess, carrying an immense doll.

“The popular Chief Justice Robinson; his two young girls, in white leghorn hats, a lemon-coloured ribbon with a bow round the crown, and strings the same. They were like my *OWN EXACTLY*.”

“Miss Sherwood, Miss Crawford, Miss Boulton, and lovely Emma Boulton, and two ladies in deep black, Miss Sophia Shaw and Miss Givens, who a few years before were belles in all the gay scenes of Government and military life in York. Miss Givens became engaged to Captain Maitland, who, being in ill health, went to England for advice, and died on the ship coming over. Miss Sophia Shaw was engaged to Sir Isaac Brock, who fell at Queenston. These young ladies never married, but always wore black.

“At the playing of ‘God Save the King’ we marched back as we came, sad that Lady Colborne’s bazaar was a thing of the past.”



ERRATA

Page 15, line 41—Bogert.

Page 17, line 9—Arundel.

Page 19, line 11—Royston.

Page 19, line 37—Almissima.

Page 20, line 7—Mullioned.

Page 20, line 27—in artibus magistros.

Page 21, line 20—Bibliotheca.

Page 24, line 35—Babbicombe.



REV. DR. SCADDING



" Deeds Speak "

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 10

CONTENTS.

1. "Gleanings." From the Journal of Miss Anne Powell, written for her cousin, Miss Eliza S. Quincy, in 1785. Read by Mrs. Forsyth Grant.
2. Further Extracts from the Rev. Dr. Scadding's Diary, 1838 to 1844, with letter from Dr. Locke, Chief Librarian, Public Library, Toronto, in response to Mrs. Sullivan's request. Read by Mrs. Sullivan.

SECRETARY'S NOTE

When making up the proposed contents of this Transaction, it was decided to include a paper on the "Explosion at Fort York, 1813," by our Past President, the late Lady Edgar, with an introductory biography and her portrait. Owing to the difficulty of procuring a copy of this paper and the expense of printing, we have been obliged to postpone the publication of the paper, and I have judged it wiser to withhold the biography and portrait that they may be printed together in our next Transaction.

M. AGNES FITZGIBBON.

“GLEANINGS”

From the Journal of Miss Anne Powell, written for her cousin, Miss Eliza S. Quincy, in 1785. Read by Mrs. Forsyth Grant.

Let me first explain that the copy of this Journal was sent to Mrs. Ridout when quite a young girl. She came with her father to Albany to see her mother's family, the Bleeckers and Van Ransselaers. During the long trip by stage they discovered that a Mr. Quincy and his daughter were relatives. Miss Quincy on her return to Boston sent her cousin *Charlotte Powell* (now Mrs. John Ridout, and in her 91st year—May, 1904) a copy of the old journal of her great Aunt, Anne Powell.

“We left Montreal on 11th May, 1785, a large party, including my brother, the Chief Justice, and Mrs. Powell, the children, two maids, myself, and Mr. Clarke; including the boatman, we had eighteen in one boat; the other was reserved for the luggage, provisions, and bedding.

At first we stopped over night at the houses of the settlers on the banks of the river, some of them being military men; but as our party was large, and the houses often small and close, we one night had tents made of the sails from the boats and blankets, and were so much more comfortable that we gave up going to the houses and pitched our tents on the shore, or on an Island. On one of these we wandered away for a walk while the tents were being pitched, and supper prepared, to see the sunset, and on turning back we found the dry leaves and grass on fire before us; we did not take many steps to fly over the burnt ground, our shoes being little the worse for the scorching. On the tenth day we arrived at Kingston and went to the house of Mr. Forsyth, a young bachelor, who very kindly begged us to consider it as our own. Here we stayed three days and then sailed with a fair wind for Niagara. At Kingston we were overtaken by two officers of Artillery, one going to Niagara, the other to Detroit; Mr. Meredith we had been introduced to at Montreal. Mr. Suckling was a stranger. They both expressed themselves pleased with joining our party and preferred accepting an offer my brother made them to cross in a vessel appointed for him, to waiting for another, where they would be much less crowded. My brother had also given a passage to another young man, and Captain Harron, a gentleman who commanded a ship on Lake Erie. We were fifteen in a small cabin where there were only four berths, so when the beds were put down at night

everyone remained in the same spot he or she had first taken, for there was no moving without general consent. One night after we had all laid down and begun to be composed, Mrs. Powell saw one of the maids standing where she had been making the children's beds, and asked her why she stayed there? The poor girl, who spoke very indifferent English, answered, "I'm quazed, Madame." Sure enough she was wedged in beyond the power of moving without assistance. I heard loud laughing among the gentlemen, who were divided from us by a blanket partition. I suppose thy, too, were "quazed." We were four days crossing Lake Ontario with a very good-humored set of people, no one complaining during the voyage; nor seemed rejoiced when we arrived at Niagara. Here we passed some days very agreeably at the house of Mr. Hamilton. We regretted very much that Mrs. Hamilton, an amiable, sweet, little woman did not live at Detroit instead of Niagara.

We received the most polite attentions from General Hunter, the Commander of the Fort, and from all his officers. Lord Edward Fitzgerald had been some months there before us, and was making excursions among the Indians, of whose society he seemed particularly fond. *Joseph Brant*, a celebrated Indian Chief, lived in that neighborhood; Lord Edward had spent some days at his house and seemed charmed at his visit. Brant returned to Niagara with his Lordship.

He was the first and indeed the only savage I ever dined at table with; as the party was large he was too great a distance from me to hear him converse, and I was by no means pleased with his looks."

On a later occasion Miss Powell met a "Captain David," a noted Chief, whom she liked much more, and thus describes: "He spoke English with propriety and returned all the compliments that were paid him with ease and politeness. As he was not only the handsomest but the best dressed man I saw, I will endeavour to describe him. His person is as tall and fine as it is possible to conceive; his features handsome and regular, with a countenance of much softness; his complexion not disagreeably dark, and I *really* believe he washes his face, as it appeared perfectly clean and without paint; his hair was all shaved off except a little on the top of his head to fasten his ornaments to; his head and ears were painted a glowing red; round his head was fastened a fillet of highly polished silver; from the left temple hung two straps of black velvet covered with silver beads and brooches. On the top of his head was fixed a long white fox-tail feather, which bowed to the wind, as did a black one in each ear; a pair of ear-rings which hung below his shoulders completed his head

dress, which I assure you was not unbecoming, though I must confess rather fantastical. His dress was a shirt of coloured calico, the neck and shoulders covered so thick with silver brooches as to have the appearance of a very rich net; his sleeves, much like those the ladies wore when I left England, fastened about the arm with a broad bracelet of polished silver, and engraved with the arms of England; four small bracelets of the same kind about his wrists and arms; round his waist was fixed a large scarf of a very dark coloured stuff, lined with scarlet, which hung to his knees, one part of which he generally threw over his left arm, which had a very graceful effect when he moved; his limbs were covered with blue cloth to fit neatly, with an ornamental garter bound below each knee. I know not what kind of being your imagination will represent to you, but I sincerely declare to you that altogether "Captain David" made the finest appearance I ever saw in my life. On leaving Niagara several gentlemen offered to escort us to the boat which made the journey very cheerful—Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Humphries, of the Engineers; Mr. Robinson, of the 60th Regiment; Mr. Meredith with Captain Warren, Mr. Smith and my brother went in the boat with us to the landing (now Lewiston), which is eight miles from the Fort; here the river became impassable, and all the luggage was drawn up a steep hill in a cradle, a machine I never saw before. We walked up the hills and were conducted to a good garden with an alcove in it, where we found a cloth laid for dinner, which was provided for us by the officers of the Fort. After dinner we were to get to Fort Schlosser—seven miles—by any means we could; two calashes were procured; in one of these my brother drove his family; Mr. Humphries and myself took our seats in the other, Mr. Meredith got a horse, and the rest of the gentlemen walked. All our party collected about half a mile above the Falls and walked down to them. I was in raptures all the way. "The Falls" I had heard of forever, but no one had ever mentioned the Rapids, where for half a mile the river comes foaming down over the rocks. Turning away regretfully from this magnificent view, the party all walked on to Fort Schlosser, where we were well accommodated by Mr. Foster, of the 60th Regiment; one of the most elegant young men I ever saw. The next day we went in a batteau to Fort Erie. On arriving there we found the Commanding Officer, Mr. Boyd, had gone with Lord Edward FitzGerald and Mr. Brisbane to the other side of the river, where the Indians were holding a Council. The gentlemen were so pleased that the next day the ladies accompanied them.

It was at this Council that "Captain David," before described, was seen.

They only remained to hear two speeches. "The Indians spoke with great gravity and no action, frequently making long pauses for a hum of applause." (This is most interesting, as the Journal corroborates the description of the Indians as given by the novelist, Fenimore Cooper, now rather doubted and smiled at. We must also bear in mind that this Council was of the famous Six Nations Indians who afterwards proved such brave and trusted allies of the British. The seed of loyal friendship sown by Lord Edward Fitzgerald at that time proved veritable "Dragon's teeth" during the War of 1812-13, when the Indians stood so firmly by the British.)

To return to our Journal:

"We were detained at Fort Erie for several days by a contrary wind; on the fourth of June as we were drinking the King's health like good loyal subjects the wind changed and we were hurried on board; we were better accommodated than when we crossed Lake Ontario. The weather was so fine the gentlemen slept on deck; we were five days on the passage. The head of Lake Erie and the entrance to the river are uncommonly beautiful, the Fort lying about half-way up the river, which is eighteen miles in length; in drawing the line between British and American possessions this Fort was left within their line. A new town is now to be built on the other side of the river, where the Courts are held, and where, of course, my brother must reside."

(While their house was being put in order they remained for several weeks at the Fort making many new friends. Miss Powell goes on to say: "The 65th Regiment is a corps that would improve any society." She gives a description of a picnic given for them by the Regiment; the many boats, and the music, and the great heat after a severe thunderstorm, during which they were all drenched, and then urged "To dance to prevent taking cold, with the thermometer at 98 deg. in the shade—like the 'Black Hole' in Calcutta.")

On the return trip she gave up the boat and went in a carriage, which broke down; she was much bruised and broke a tooth. After making many friends in Detroit, this interesting young lady returned to Montreal and married Mr. Clarke, who had travelled with them from Montreal to Niagara, and no doubt helped to "make cheerful" the way. There was more "couleur de rose" than that seen at sun-

set from the Thousand Islands, or reflected in the calm waters of Lake Ontario and Erie during that happy journey.

Mr. Clarke afterwards became Commissary-General.

Copied for my dear friend, Miss Anne Gwynne, a great-granddaughter of the Chief Justice Powell, whose first journey as a Judge is here recorded. M. J.

May 12th, 1904.

W.H.S., November, 1910.

Further extracts from the Rev. Dr. Scadding's Diary, 1838 to 1844.

1838.

September 5th. Received letter from the Archdeacon as President of the College, announcing formally my election. Gloria Deo in excelsis! Rode in and saw him and received his warm congratulations and kind directions and advice. Wrote him an acknowledgment of the receipt of the notification and expressing my thanks. Visited and examined the house and premises, which are very superior. Made some calls and received hosts of congratulations. Spent the evening at Mr. Maynard's, meeting a musical party.

September 8th. Rode to the Humber and from there to Weston, to Dr. Phillips'. Found Mr. W. Bolton there.

September 9th. Went to the Mimico Church with Dr. Phillips* and preached. Saw Dr. Dade, Miss Brenchley and Mrs. W. Gamble, both of whom I saw so lately at Quebec.

September 18th. The Grand Annular Eclipse took place this day. The sky was covered with flying clouds which barred and greatly improved the effect, enabling the naked eye to look without pain. The ring was very perfect and the whole spectacle was very grand. The darkness at the time of the greatest obscuration was not nearly so great as I had expected. The day was chilly and rain was threatened but did not fall.

September 21st. Visited Mr. and Mrs. Osler in Tecumseh. Found them both at home in their new cottage on a hill overhanging

* (1) Rev. T. Phillips, D.D., Queen's College, Cambridge, Vice-Principal of Upper Canada College in 1829. His personal appearance was very clerical in the old fashioned sense. He was one of the last wearers of hair powder in this country. He died in 1849, aged 68, at Weston-on-the-Humber, where he had organized the Parish of St. Phillip. He was borne to his last resting place by old pupils.

a mill pond. Road rough, foliage of the woods very beautifully variegated, crops all in except buckwheat and potatoes. Saw fall wheat coming up. Passed Lount's* house. Returned at 8 p.m. The fires on the different clearings around had a fine effect.

September 25th. Made some purchases for my house. Received letter from Mrs. H. Simcoe; one from Lady Colborne, full of warm congratulations; one from L. Robinson and C. FitzGibbon.

September 28th. Another anniversary in my life. Took my seat in the long room as one of the clerical masters of Upper Canada College; got through the day well, very thankful for such a cheery beginning. Was congratulated by my former masters.

October 2nd. Actually moved into my house and commenced residence. The loneliness and stillness of my rooms remind me especially of the Cambridge life which I used to enjoy so much.

October 4th. Attended at Grasett's between 12 and 2 and again between 4 and 6 to be examined for Priest's Orders.

October 7th. Had class in College for religious instruction, then met at Kennedy's rooms at the North American, the candidates for Deacon's and Priest's Orders, where we had prayer and reading. Returned to my rooms and then went down again to St. James, where I was ordained priest, with Green, Athill and Kennedy being at the same time made deacons. On entering the vestry room after receiving the right hand of fellowship from the Bishop,† the Archdeacon‡ approached me and shook my hand, adding in a low tone, in such a feeling fatherly way, that tears rushed involuntarily to my eyes: "May God bless you, my boy." Between the morning and afternoon services I read prayers and preached at the Jail. Mr. Bethune § preached the ordination sermon. At the afternoon service the Bishop preached. Confirmation was then held and presented a most interesting spectacle. About 100 of the flower of the congregation presented themselves. The Bishop then addressed them extemporarily very clearly and beautifully. This has been to me a most interesting and important and awful day.

October 11th. The Bishop visited the College. Saw Dalton's remarks on my appointment in "The Patriot." It was also announced in "The Church." Spent evening at Mr. Maynard's. Met

* (1) Lount. One of the leaders of the Rebellion of 1837.

† (2) Archdeacon Strachan. Afterwards Bishop of Toronto.

‡ (2) Charles James Stewart. Second Bishop of Quebec. He paid periodical visits to Toronto; a man of saintly character and presence.

§ Alexander Nell Bethune, Dr. Strachan's pupil. He was second Bishop of Toronto.

there Mr. Jameson,* the Vice-Chancellor, a very superior man and very cheerful. Walked out this afternoon to Colonel Givin's† house to return the Colonel's call. Obtained my Priest's letter.

November 2nd. Waited with the Archdeacon, etc. on the Lieutenant Governor with the address of the Clergy, resolved upon at the late function. A very plain, straight-forward, gentlemanly person His Excellency is. Spent the evening at Mr. Hepburn's,‡ meeting the Vice-Chancellor; some pleasant conversation. Clear, lovely moonlight.

November 4th. Sunday. Walked with Mr. Matthews§ to the Six Mile Church|| on Yonge St. Preached for him. A soft, mild, Indian Summer day.

November 5th. Spent the evening at Barron's, meeting the Solicitor General, Mr. Draper, Colonel Thomas, etc.

November 9th. The town full of reports of a general rising in the Lower Province, particularly at Beauharnois. Many killed. Mr. Ellis kept a prisoner, the Seventh Hussars having been engaged near St. John's. Time will show how true all these things are.

November 20th. Gazettes posted everywhere in the streets stating the result of the affair at Prescott,¶ which was lamentably bloody. The rebels are also routed in the Lower Province.

December 21st. The day of the distribution of the prizes. A goodly concourse of the respectability of Toronto; all went off very spiritedly and interestingly. McKenzie certainly obtained the greatest eclat of any. The attendance of quondam pupils was very large. In them lies the strength of Upper Canada College.

* (2) Mr. Jameson. Was successively Attorney-General and Vice-Chancellor. Possessed great conversational powers. Had been the familiar associate in his younger days of Southey, Wordsworth, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

† (2) Colonel Givins. One of the companions of Governor Simcoe in the first exploration of Upper Canada. Was Superintendent of Indian Affairs down to the year 1842.

‡ Wm. Hepburn was one of the Commissioners appointed to administer the oath to members on the opening of the first Parliament at Kingston in 1841.

§ (3) Rev. Charles Matthews, M.A., of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and Principal of Upper Canada College at that time.

¶ Six Mile Church. Probably the Church at York Mills, mentioned in Toronto of old, of which Mr. Sanson was in charge.

Affair at Prescott was Battle of the Windmill on 16th November, 1838. (Dent, Rebellion of 1837, vol. 2, p. 257.)

1839.

January 1st. A bright and most cheerful day; everyone apparently in good humor. Went my rounds with Mr. Maynard and called on all the world and was greatly interested. Lunched at Government House. Dined at Maynard's, meeting McKenzie.

January 2nd. The bright weather continuing. At five, waited on His Excellency * to receive his commands respecting his son, who is to be my private pupil for a while to prepare him for the College. He is to attend at my house on Monday next. Spent the evening at Mr. Maynard's, meeting Mr. Tucker and Mr. Jameson, etc.

January 6th. The most calamitous event that has occurred for many a year to this town fell on this day. At an early hour St. James church was found to be on fire. When the doors were thrown open and the air admitted, the whole room burst into flames, and nothing now but the bare walls of the building remain. It was a heart-rending sight, and all seemed to feel it. Everyone feels as though he had lost some near and dear friend. The new organ was entirely consumed. The congregation met at three at the City Hall for service, when the Archdeacon preached, and here at the College long room they are to continue to meet. The Kirk and the Wesleyans both offered their places of worship for our use.

January 8th. Sir George Arthur's son first came to be tutored by me.

January 10th. Mr. and Mrs. Osler in town; dined with them at Mr. Champion's.

January 14th. Received two letters from England; one from Mrs. Simcoe, Sr., and the other from H. Simcoe. Mrs. Simcoe warmly congratulated me on my appointment to the College. This sets her quite at rest, and I am thankful. Henry's full of Penkeale news. He had not heard of my appointment. News in town that Sir John Collborne is made Governor-General.

January 23rd. Received invitation from Mrs. Sheriff Jarvis for Feb. 11th, when I am to dine. Dined at Mr. Matthews', meeting Mr. Crookshank, Judge Macaulay, Capt. Strong, etc. First heard of the arrival of Dr. McCaul, the new Principal of Upper Canada College.

January 26th. The new Principal arrived last night. Called on him to-day at Mr. Matthews'. Find him to be the brother of the Dr.

* (3) Lieutenant-Governor: Sir George Arthur.

McCaul whom I met formerly. A very gentlemanly and clerical-looking person.

January 28th. The Principal took his seat and Mr. Matthews resigned. A holiday given. A bright, sharp, cold day. Received a parcel of letters, etc., from Dr. Harris, by Dr. McCaul.

February 27th. A whole holiday. Attended at the opening of the House; a large concourse. Mild, delightful day. Evening, at 9 went to Government House, when a grand rout was given. The music exquisite.

March 10th. In the morning the whole surface of the ground appeared glowing and flaming with heat; no misty appearance, but a quivering like that visible in a vertical South, or on a hot day in summer. The morning was very cold; the sun very bright, and the earth very dry. Great evaporation has been going on for many days, so that the surface must be chilled, dry and arid.

March 12th. A strange phenomenon of a variety of halos above the Heavens to-day, some having the sun for their centre, others touching these, all bearing the distinct prismatic colors of the rainbow. They were visible for nearly the whole of the day. The atmosphere is filled with vapor from the earth, the whole resembling the appearance described by Helvetius in one of the volumes on Natural Philosophy of the U. K. Society.

May 11th. The session ended; the receivers re-invested in the Crown and Upper Canada College made in effect the University pro tem., both measures on which we may congratulate ourselves.

August 7th. The College this day broke up for the long vacation, to meet again September 27th. All separated very quietly. Evening, visited the boarding house and heard them sing "Dulce Domum" again, and saw them enjoying their parting supper, which Mr. Cosens gave them.

August 27th. Set off for the Lower Landing through beautiful pine woods, and embarked in the steamer "Simcoe"—Captain Laughton—to take a trip around Lake Simcoe. Wound seven miles down the Holland River, and then entered the Lake at Keswick. The banks of the lake fine and bold and covered with picturesque wood. Went down Kempenfeldt Bay to Barrie, passing three churches partly finished. Reached the Narrows in the evening, walked about the Indian village there and slept on board the "Simcoe."

November 4th. A holiday on account of the Principal's return from his marriage tour. I received letter from Lady Colborne, written on board ship, "The Pique," six miles below Quebec, wishing me farewell.

November 9th. Walked with Foster over Castle Frank property. Heard that the Bishop arrived this morning in the St. George.

November 10th. Preached at the College and City Hall. At the latter place the Bishop present, and Dr. McCaul at the College service this morning. A large congregation. Fine, bright day. Dined at Grasett's, meeting Athill.

November 13th. Paid my wedding visit to Mrs. McCaul, then called again on the Bishop. He will still require my services. He made me a present of a most beautiful set of communion plate for the sick, bought for me in London, with which I am greatly delighted.

November 21st. The Governor-General arrived and took up his abode in the Chief Justice's house.

November 22nd. The Governor-General sworn in; salute. A bright, cheerful day, but very sharp.

November 25th. Attended the levee of the Governor-General, a tallish, thin, sickly-looking young man in a splendidly blue uniform. His bow to each individual was so excessively low as to amount almost to a quiz, and seemed to express "Your most obedient, humble servant" rather ridiculously. The presentation was over in a moment. *Sic transit Gloria Mundi* The Bishop, Dr. McCaul, Mr. Matthews, Grasett, Maynard and myself went in procession from the College. His Lordship presented us. There appeared to be a very great rush of people thronging Government House. My communication on the Cross of St. James in "The Church" very nicely printed, but one misprint—peace for grace.

December 3rd. A whole holiday at the request of the Governor-General. Attended the opening of the House—a very large assemblage. The speech vague enough, as Throne speeches generally are. His Excellency certainly at this rate will not satisfy the rebel party. He is an interesting, thoughtful, melancholy man with a sleepy eye, great self-possession and dignity. Evening, a great rout at Government House; did not attend.

December 15th. Preached at the City Hall twice. At the College, notice was given out that Sunday next the congregation would assemble in the Cathedral. Sir Geo. Arthur ill.

December 19th. The session drawing to a close. I have heard that the Union has this day passed both Houses. What will become of us in these days of experiments?

December 20th. A large concourse of people assembled at the College to witness the distribution of the prizes, and everything went off with spirit. The Governor-General was present, but not Sir George, who was ill. The address of the Principal presenting each

prize was very appropriate, and no doubt the impression on the public will be beneficial to the College. Some of the recitations were not perhaps very judicious. The selection from Burke was too political, and the laughing French piece not in good taste. Rattan spoke particularly well, as also did Hagerman. The prizes were splendid. Patton and Cosens obtained the scholarship prizes and Vidal and Read the conduct prizes. The Bishop was present.

December 22nd. Heavy snow falling. The Bishop installed in the Cathedral. A very large congregation. Dr. McCaul, Dr. Phillips, Messrs. Magrath, Matthews, Maynard and myself waited in surplices and hoods at the door. The Bishop came in his carriage, attended by Grasett. The clergy then proceeded towards the altar before the Bishop, immediately before whom the Verger walked, bearing his silver wand. On arriving on the platform of the altar, Dr. McCaul read the Royal Commission appointing A. Strachan, M.A., D.D., Bishop of Toronto. Dr. Phillips and Mr. Magrath held the Seal. An oath only to defend the rights, etc., of the Cathedral church was administered, and his Lordship was then conducted to the Throne, where he remained during the remainder of the service. Mr. Matthews read prayers and the Bishop preached on: "Ye are my epistles, known and read of all men." The whole ceremony and service passed off with good effect, and the people were very still and attentive. When the Bishop entered, all stood and remained standing until he took his seat. The singing was very fine. Afternoon, I preached. His Lordship looked remarkably well in his robes. The church was very dirty and the pews unlined, consequently our canonicals became grievously soiled. In the evening the clergy dined with the Bishop. Mr. and Mrs. Hagerman and some others were also present.

December 30th. Attended with the Bishop at the House of the Governor-General to present a congratulatory address. He (Mr. Thomson) received the Bishop sitting and with his hat on. "*Credete posteri.*" To be a Minister of the Most High God is nothing respectable in the eyes of a Whig. Evening, had my little party. J. Robinson, J. Cameron, Foster, FitzGerald, FitzGibbon, Alex. Strachan, W. Powell, H. Bolton, Read, L. Robinson, Geo. Wells, etc., attended. Everything went off pretty well, considering that I felt indisposed.

1840.

February 4th. Eighteen years ago this day I went to the old Royal Grammar School—an important era in my life.

February 5th. Waited with young Mr. Allen * on the Governor-General to solicit for the new Tract Society a donation, and obtained £5.

February 17th. Walked across the bay on the ice to the Inn and enjoyed the booming lake, which was dashing up upon the shore finely. Toronto looked very city-like from the bay.

March 14th. Fine, bright day. Walked with Maynard to the Humber. Visited Mr. Howard's cottage.† News of the Queen's marriage about town.

March 17th. Beautiful, mild day—St. Patrick's—whole holiday. Maynard and myself took a jaunt in a gig along the lake road to Captain Harris' beyond the Credit. Passing through the Indian villages. Saw Peter Jones and his house. The house, generally, looking uncomfortable. Had a long and interesting conversation with an old woman at Ogden's Inn. Fine view of the lake and the entrance to Toronto Harbor. The steeple a good object. Dined at Captain Harris' and walked about his pretty property. Returned in the afternoon by the macadamized Dundas road through Springfield. Enjoyed it exceedingly. Reached Toronto at dusk. Fell in with Mr. and Mrs. J. Dunn and Mrs. Maynard on horseback, together with little Alexander § on his Shetland. Took tea at Mr. Dunn's and walked home by delicious moonlight—a pleasant and eventful day.

March 24. Heavy snow. A royal salute to celebrate the Queen's marriage.

April 2nd. Thursday—a whole holiday in honor of the Queen's marriage. The town very gay. An ox roasted at the foot of Yonge Street and eaten by multitudes in the market square. The streets lined with carpeting, plaid, etc., and gay with flags. Last night a large party at Government House in honor of Her Majesty's marriage, at which I was present and enjoyed the evening much. Conversed with many and particularly *one*. The sky and air to-day have been most spring-like. A pleasant and perfect holiday. Evening, walked through the town. Every house brilliantly illuminated; streets crowded and a variety of fireworks in all directions. Judge Sherwood's carriage horses plunged into an open drain, and with great difficulty were extricated.

April 8th. Had conversation with Shaw, B.A., a Cambridge

* (9) Allan. W. Allan, Junior, son of the Honourable W. Allan.

† (9) Howard. Mr. J. G. Howard, who gave High Park to the city.

§ (9) Little Alexander. Son of the Honourable J. H. Dunn, afterwards Major Dunn, so distinguished during the Crimean War.

man and catechist of the Propagation Society, on the subject of taking my duties in the College during my absence, which, with the Bishop's approval, he promised to do. I now feel more confident than ever of seeing England this summer. The weather very brilliant and delightful.

April 12th. Sunday before Easter. The Bishop of Toronto's first ordination—four deacons, four priests. A very solemn day, the large congregation intensely still and attentive during the whole of the long service. Grasset, Mr. Matthews and myself assisted in the Imposition of hands. The Bishop preached. Evening, dined at the Bishop's, meeting all the parties concerned to-day.

May 17th. Officiated in Scarborough at Colonel McLean's, and administered the Lord's Supper. Returning, officiated at the Golden Lion, Rogers Four Mile Tree. A warm, delightful day. The foliage beautifully out. Norris officiated in town. Flood ordained deacon.

May 22nd. Had my final interview with the Bishop, previous to my going to England, when his Lordship gave me his blessing and presented me with my commission as one of his domestic Chaplains, also letters of introduction to numerous individuals in various parts of London, Oxford, New York and Halifax. His Lordship sets off to-morrow for Niagara on his first visitation. Had Mr. Shaw, my substitute, in with me to show him my method of teaching, etc.

May 25th. Rose early and completed my packing. Set off at nine in the St. George, for Oswego, on my way to England. Many friends came down to see me off. Mrs. and Miss Parsons also on their way to England, Mrs. Thorne and family accompanying them to Cobourg, and Mr. Parsons to New York. Arthur Wells on his way to Avignon, France, placed under my care to New York. Sailed gallantly out of the Bay, the town looking beautifully. Touched at Port Hope and Cobourg. A whole congregation of ladies walked into the boat from Cobourg to see Mrs. Parsons. Had a pleasant conversation with Mrs. W. Bolton, Miss Bowen, Henry Covert, etc. The Queen's birthday, flags and bunting making every place look gay.

May 26. Found ourselves about 5 at Oswego. The lake very calm. Proceeded soon after 7 in the "Medusa," canal boat, to Syracuse. Arrived at Syracuse at 4 o'clock. Took the railway instantly to Utica and Schenectady. Travelled at a rattling speed all night at the rate of twenty miles per hour.

May 27th. Arrived at Albany early. Took passage by the Albany steamer, full of passengers, for New York. Discovered on board Mrs. Bogart, late Miss Ford, whom I once met at Mrs. H. J. Bolton's.

Reached New York after a pleasant sail about half past five. The city very imposing. Broadway thronged and full of omnibuses. One might easily fancy himself in the heart of London. Walked to the Post Office. Put up at Howard's Hotel, Broadway—a clean, new, elegant house.

May 29th. Dined with Dr. Wainwright; visited with him Columbia College, and had the great gratification of a conversation with Professor Anthon, a quick, lively, gentlemanly person; would be in his element in Oxford or Cambridge, neither of which glorious places has he ever visited. The expression of his eyes reminds me of Mr. Simcoe.

June 1st. Wound up my affairs at New York. Set off at half past eleven from Howard's Hotel with my luggage for the "British Queen." Found the wharf crowded with people, and also the steamer itself. The gongs, bells, etc., sounded, the signal for passengers to move off, and the "Queen" moved in majesty away clear of the quay. The surrounding quays were filled with spectators. After a brief delay we found ourselves fairly under way, and found the different points which we passed crowded in a similar way. Two small steamers, the "Osceola" and "Lansard," bearing friends of the passengers on the "Queen," accompanied us with music and flags to the Narrows, passing around our bows many times, and on parting with us gave three cheers, which we returned. Found Captain Domville, Mr. and Mrs. Bogert, Mr. Napier, Mr. Harcourt. Had a pleasant dinner; made my way to my berth, which I found airy and comfortable and the bed clothes of linen and very clean.

June 8th. We are about half way over to-day; several sails in sight. Saw many nautiluses and Mother Carey's chicken.

June 15th. Morning bright, wind fair, land seen from the mast-head this morning at six. At nine it became very visible, numerous ships and fishing boats in sight. One from Falmouth came up and asked if any passengers were wishing to be landed at Falmouth. Rather regretted afterwards that I had not landed. Saw the land stretching out to Land's End and Mounts Bay, passed close by the Lizard Light onwards in the afternoon to the mouth of Plymouth Harbor, entered close to the Eddystone Lighthouse, the deck crowded with passengers, gave three loud cheers to the man of the Eddystone, which he duly returned, waving his hat. Saw the breakwater and ships at anchor. Once more beheld England, the dear fields still existing in all their beauty, villages, cottages, farm houses and Seats. Forgot the early vows of my voyage, and felt I must cross the Atlantic

occasionally, notwithstanding the misery. The sight of the beautiful island enraptured me and I could have wept.

June 16th. Rose at four a.m. Had an exceedingly fine view of the Needles, passing through them. We then coasted along the Isle of Wight and enjoyed the exquisite shore, the truly English fields and hills, the antique houses and ivy mantled castles. Lay too in quarantine near Ryde. Enjoyed the sweet views on both sides, then anchored at Spithead, while many passengers landed at Portsmouth. Passed on outside the buoys, by Arrondel, Shoreham, a fine view, Selsea, Bell, Beachy Head, Hastings. The ship had much thinned.

June 17th. Wednesday, off Margate, entered the Thames; bright, lovely day, scene on both sides most sweet. At length reached Blackwall, landed in boat, took omnibus through beautiful streets, noticed the Blackwall Railroad. Reached No. 2 Trettan Terrace, Goodman's Field, and found Munjeam at home and married. Felt exquisitely and indescribably happy. After dinner rambled through the thronged streets and gazed upon the richly stored windows. Must sign the total abstinence pledge to assist me, I see so many things I want. Oh, the books!

June 18th. At three started for Canterbury, on the tally-ho, a most excellent drive, the fields sweet, hay out, beans, rosy sweet briar, lovely little fruit gardens teeming with flowers. Felt intensely happy at every sight and sound. Reached the venerable City at ten, the sweet, clustering honeysuckles, the genial, jovial Englishmen on the coach.

June 20th. The Queen's accession, flags flying from the gate tower. Went to the glorious old Cathedral; anthem was—Zodak the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, crowned Solomon King and all the people rejoiced and cried, God Save the King, etc.; exquisite beyond description. The Bishop of Oxford present as Dean. Walked up and down, loitered on the closely shaven grass, happy, longing for some method to express how I felt—longed for someone, but I should have talked twaddle to a person destitute of the same feeling. The music, the triumphant, joyous music of the anthem (Handel's) helped my feelings. The people rejoiced. The idea of walking on soft grass under shady trees in a balmy, aromatic atmosphere, no care on the mind, caused the holiest associations—and happy! How seldom do these things concur! A slight tinge of unhappiness from the reflection that I should see it all but for a short time.

June 21st. Attended service in the Cathedral, Dr. Wood preached; did not use the Bidding Prayer, and he pronounced the blessing.

He wore lavender gloves and used much gestures. The Bishop of Oxford and nearly all the clergy wore lavender gloves, the Bishop also used a *brown* pocket handkerchief, he wore no wig, wore the cross of some Order suspended around his neck by a blue ribbon. The thanksgiving for the Queen's escape was read. Dr. Wood preached in surplice; felt myself deeply and solemnly interested.

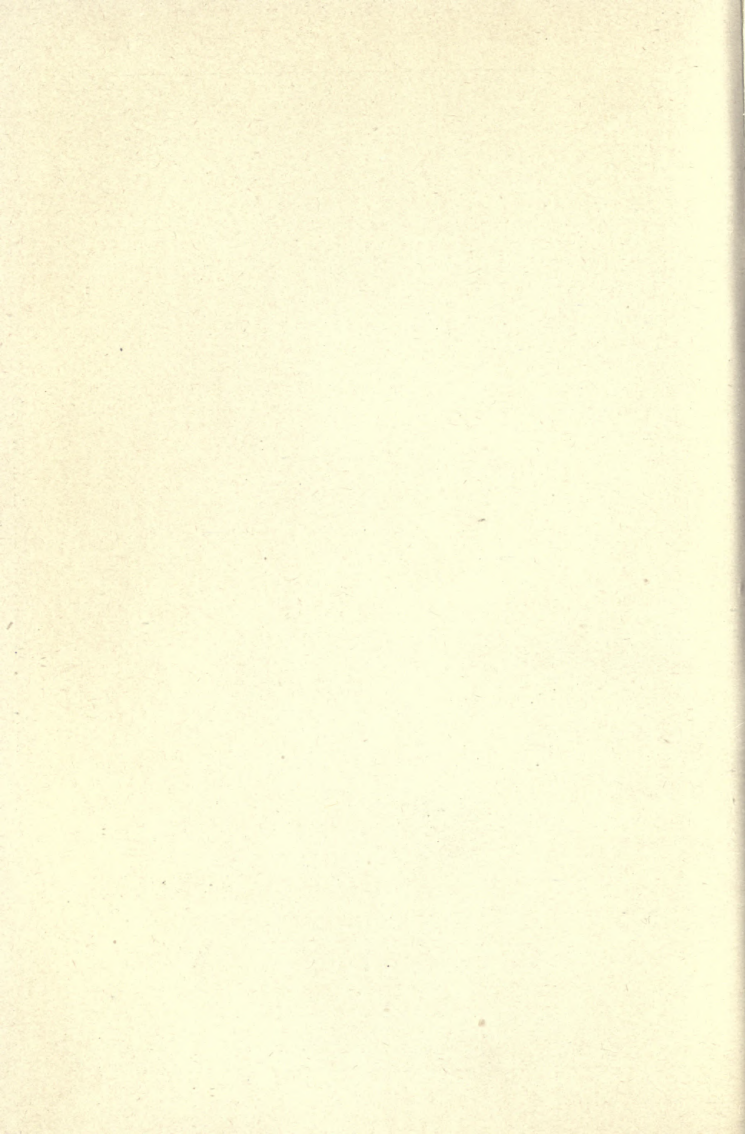
June 24th. Waited on the Bishop of Exeter, had an hour's conversation with him, which I found very interesting. His Lordship complained strongly of the want of information which the Canadian Church allowed to exist here in England; there was no church in the world that ever allowed itself to remain unrepresented at such a critical time when its existence as an establishment was not only at stake, but known to be so. There has been plenty of time for full information. There ought to have been an accredited agent in London to whom one could have applied for facts. Facts are what we want. Lord Seaton in town. The Bishop gave me an admission into the House of Lords. At one, went to Thatched House Tavern to attend the procession of the Cambridge men conveying the address of congratulation to the Queen. Got into the Palace, whose interior quite comes up to my ideas of a palace. Saw the Governor of the Guards, marble staircase, magnificent halls, etc. Saw the Duke of Wellington in his Chancellor's costume; seemed to come down the stairs in an infirm manner. Had a fine and magnificent view of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, disappointed with the latter. A large crowd of great people. The Cambridge people seem altered very little, recognized many of them. The people in the parks seemed to stare at the gowns. Her Majesty's voice most distinct and melodious; looked unwell and very young and was in mourning. We entered backwards to the door, returning went into the National Gallery and over it.

June 25th. In the evening, an Italian opera, with Mr. Hastings, whom I accidentally met with Hagarty and Mr. Leach. Witnessed the *Barbiere De Séville*. Saw Grisi, Tajlione, Persiani, Cerito, Rubini, Lablache, etc. Such a crush at entering; music exquisite beyond description, and the singing.

June 26th. Sat in a good part of the day writing. Wrote several sheets to lay before the Bishop of Exeter, whom I am to meet by appointment at Athenæum. Saw the Bishop and had conversation. Went to the House of Lords; nothing of importance going on, something about land drainage. Saw the Duke again, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, Duke of Richmond, Lord Normandy, Lord North, Lord Holland, etc., etc.



REV. DR. SCADDING AND S. G. WOOD



June 27th. Breakfasted with Lord Seaton * and saw the family; all delighted to see me. Had my private conversation with Lord Seaton. Saw Colonel Greenwood and Major Head. Had a walk with James and lunched with him at the Army and Navy Club.

July 2nd. Started from Bell and Crown in Beehive for Cambridge, some sprinkling occasionally, but luxuriated in the ride and excessively happy. My heart blessed every honeysuckle, every dog-rose, in every hedge, every goldfinch, every lark, even the pleasant sound of the hollow hoofs of the horses along the beautiful and solid roads. My soul yearned with affection over every object I saw. Passed through Edmonton, Ware Boiston and Melbourne. My emotions become more and more intense as I approach the sacred spot and begin to recognize the mills, the turnpike gates, the trees, the walks, the cottages. Dear Trumpington! Every object looked inexpressibly beautiful, the trees so heavy, so deeply green; an air of solemn beauty about everything. The sun was not strong, but my heart was most happy. How deeply thankful ought I to be; here are my desires being accomplished. The approach to Cambridge is beautiful and unchanged—the trees look grown. How familiar looked the walk by the water and the lamp posts, and the houses as you enter; then the colleges as you passed them: Fitzwilliam, new and fine, up past St. Mary's, The Senate House, the narrow, winding street, Trinity Gate, the Blue Boar; luggage down, into St. John's, everything looking a welcome, and most sweetly familiar, yet a solemnity about all. I can scarcely believe it is all a reality. The porter and various people recognize me. Walked rapidly around Market Hall, entered Trinity Church and saw Mr. Carus once more. Saw Mr. Kingdon and spoke to him and to Mr. Carus; back to Mr. Hymer's. Gave me rooms No. 2 Second Court; took tea with Mr. Hymers, then to my rooms, and here I actually am writing within the walls of St. John's in silence and solitude, hearing at intervals the well-known sounds of the quarters of the Trinity clock, and also of St. Mary's. My God, I praise and bless Thee for Thine unspeakable mercy vouchsafed to me. Thou hast filled my soul with gladness and given me my heart's desire. Oh! how these sounds, the quarter hours, bring back feelings and associations in my mind, square quarter sheets of scribbling paper, terrors and fears of examinations, low spirits. Oh! Alma almissma Mater, how thou welcomest back thine unworthy sons and art no longer stern and severe, but wearest benign and pleasing smiles.

July 3rd. Woke very early, enjoyed every sound that occurred

* (15) Lord Seaton. Formerly Sir John Colborne.

in the quiet of these blessed rooms, the quarters both of St. Mary's and Trinity, then the chapel bell, then the whetting of the scythe and its sighing sweep over the daisied grass plots. At length heard steps in the sitting-room, looked out and welcomed Griffin, a friend not changed, some hearty shakes and cordial talk. Oh! blessed is the day that I am able again to visit these sacred spots. How I enjoyed the shape of the millioned partitions of the window this morning. At half-past eight, breakfasted with a number at Mr. Carus' rooms, the same as ever, the same yearning feelings of happiness and gratefulness at seeing everything again. Went to Mr. Kingdom's rooms—Fellow of Sidney—to Mr. Harris'—not at home. Lounged at *Deighton's and Johnson's. At three, walked with Griffin through Downing. Dined in hall at Bachelor's Table, silver cups, enjoyed the old spot, gazed round with intense gratification. Went to Lane's rooms, kept chapel which is renovated, a new organ, painting gone, candlesticks on table.

July 4th. At 11, went to the Senate House, the magnificent building very full, paid certain fees and signed certain declarations, recognized many faces, but etiquette denied an address, however much my inclination desired one. Went to the library and claimed my privilege and got out some books. Bought some scribbling paper. At two went again to the Senate House where, after certain Doctors of Divinity, etc., had assembled, we were led up in our Bachelor's gowns, hoods and bands, took the oath, and after being presented by our respective college Fathers, knelt before the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Totham, a splendid looking man, Master of St. John's, and were admitted "Artium Magistros"—how solemnly grateful I felt at that moment. God was answering my prayers.

July 6th. Sunday. Went to St. Mary's, where Dr. Jones preached, organ fine as usual, everything most familiar. St. Mary's lit with gas. Waived my right to sit in the pit as an M.A., sat in the old place, recognized many faces. At three went to Christ's Church, Banwell, and preached for Lane; pretty church, inscription around the gallery, back to chapel, sat amongst the Fellows in the highest place, enjoyed the new organ; anthem was "Oh, Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness." Dined at Lane's rooms with Hickman and Ellis, then rambled through the fields. Was overtaken by Griffin and enjoyed a most pleasant discourse, strolled along recalling a thousand reminiscences.

July 7th. The long-looked for day. Went at half-past seven to

* Deightons & Johnsons, booksellers, Cambridge.

the Senate House in Master's hood, bands and cap; took the oath and was seated by the Senior Proctor. Was asked *the question*. A large number present, all in good spirits. At half-past ten breakfasted with Lane, meeting Mason, Dack, Hickman and many others, afterwards went again to the Senate House, where there was a large assemblage to hear the Recitations and see the distribution of Medals. I am now a full and complete Master of Arts. My object is accomplished. Visited the library and secured some books. Went into the new library. At a quarter-past eight dined at the Fellow's Table in Hall, a grand entertainment, drank from the venerable silver cups, everyone seemed happy. Goulbourn and many strangers were present. After dessert walked with Griffin through the walks and through the Fellows' Gardens—beauteous spots—and around by Queen's to his father's, where I met Brunel. Spent a pleasant evening. I believe I shall have been duly remembered to-day by friends in Toronto. It has been a day much to be commemorated by me.

July 8th. Visited Johnson's, read the debate on the Clergy Reserves in the Lower House, very enlightened and conciliatory though not in accordance with my own views. Visited the Library of St. John's. "O Antiqua et Religiosa Bibliothecæ"—dark with age; obtained hints from the librarian as to method. Saw Dr. Wood's bequest of books—then examined the gallery of portraits, etc., in the Master's Lodge. Saw and sat in King Charles' chair. Next with Hickman down the Trumpington Road, called on Mr. Hind, on Mrs. H. Harris and on Mr. Geo. Harris at Leighs, a sweet place. Went to rooms and wrote for a while, then to Hall, dined at the Fellows' Table. Took wine and tea at Mr. Bushby's, meeting Griffin, etc., a pleasant party.

July 10th. At nine bade adieu with very solemn feeling to St. John's and to Cambridge. By Beehive through Royston, Ware, Edmonton, etc., London at half-past three. Found letters at Dick's from the Bishop of London, Mr. and Mrs. Packington, enclosing the Archbishop of Canterbury's note.

July 12th. Afternoon, went to St. Paul's, was just in time—it was very full. The sermon took place immediately after the Anthem and was preached by the famous Dr. Sydney Smith on "Honor they father and they mother," an exceedingly striking, searching, pathetic and useful discourse. I felt its point very deeply, and the people were very attentive. A fine looking gray-headed old man preached in surplice and Oxford Hood. Said "Father" broad and "ye" for "you." Again not the bidding prayer after the sermon.

July 13th. Fine morning, went on omnibus to High Park Corner, and then walked down to Chester Square and called on Lord and Lady Seaton, found both at home and all the family, including my old friends, Edmund and Graham. Walked with Edmund, afterwards dined with them all. Lord Seaton just going to the House and intended to speak. The Union Bill expected to pass to-night. Walked with Edmund to the House of Commons, sent note to Mr. Colborne, who gave us an order for admission to the gallery, some business relative to Cracow and Poland going on; Sir Stratford Canning speaking, saw Lord John Russel, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Dudley Somerset, Hume, etc.

July 14th. While at breakfast in walked, to my great delight, Edmund and Graham Colborne, who had walked from the West End to see me. After breakfast walked up with them, met Lukin Robinson, Robert Crooks. The Union Bill passed the House of Lords last night.

July 15th. At half past three set off in the Vivid for Honiton, was driven across the Vauxhall Bridge to Nine Elms Railway Station for Southampton, passed through Hampton, had fine view of Winchester Flats, evidently marshes drained by immeasurable cuts, wheat being out in some places, several tunnels—most terrific rate, seventy-six miles in little more than three hours, had good glimpse of Southampton and Southampton Water. Then off on the Coach bound for Exeter, through the new forest to Ringwood.

July 16th. At a quarter past eight in Honiton, through Dorchester and Axminster enjoyed intensely the sweet vale, the foxgloves, the heath, the dog-roses and pretty gardens, the dialect flying from the lips by the wayside, admired the new church. At Golden Inn, everything in statu quo—the same waiter, the same pictures on the walls. Sweet pinks and carnations in the windows. After breakfast took fly and set off for Wolford, a most beautiful morning, every portion of the road teeming with old recollections and associations. I blessed every object I saw. Oh! the sweet, rich straw-colored honeysuckles hanging out from every hedge—the foxgloves towering over the luxuriant ferns, upon the high sheltering hills, the broad sweet vale to the right, the nestling roofs, at length the dark fir plantations—and then the furze bordered road, and then the wide gates, and at last the circular ends of Wolford opening through the trees looking unaltered and most familiar, men making hay in the field. Only Miss Caroline Simcoe at home—the house being painted. All things in the interior looking so quiet and unaltered. Again in the room I

used to occupy, feeling the old associations coming over me as I used to feel when here before, a degree of solemnity mingled with happiness. Evening, Miss Katharine returned in post chaise from Pines. Visited the Chapel which has been much beautified and improved.

July 17th. Feeling most happy and thankful and looking with emotion upon every object. Rode through Dunkeswell with Henry over to Clayghdon on to Pitminster over the hills, through Bladon. Evening, returned by Taunton Road to Wolford.

July 18th. Gloomy without and looking like rain, enjoyed myself within, but very cold and chilly. After dinner rode to Clayghdon again, Mr. Clark at home and his brother, also a clergyman, made arrangements for to-morrow and returned. Arrived at nine o'clock at Wolford, Miss Katharine carving oak. Had letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury yesterday.

July 19th. Sunday, rode to church, preached in the church of my childhood in the pulpit which I used to reverence, a large congregation, all very still and fixedly attentive, a moment that will be remembered long. After service went to the school until the afternoon service, when I read. Rode to Wolford in the wet.

July 21st. Went to Mr. Coplestone's, where I had lunch and had long conversation and was introduced to the Bishop of Llandaff, who was staying with his brother, much gratified with my interview. Immediately after dinner Mrs. Simcoe and Miss Simcoe arrived from Penheale, bringing with them Henry expressly to see me and to return with me, a pleasure this which was indescribably great, so unexpected. I was most gratified, he has grown quite a young man, walked with him up and down the garden walks.

July 27th. Walked with Miss Simcoe and Henry, examined old maps of Canada, "Toronto, formerly an Indian village, now abandoned." After dinner left with Henry in pony carriage, then by "Coronet" to Exeter, sweet ride to old London Inn, found Miss Hake, Mrs. Hake, Mr. Hake and Mr. H., etc., etc.

July 28th. At half past six off for Launceston, reached at 12, very joyous ride. Took fly for Penheale, but half way up St. Stephen's hill met van coming for us with James. Exquisite sensation on approaching the familiar spot, met Mr. Simcoe, looking much as usual. At length the dear children behind the laurels and then at last Mrs. Simcoe herself. The children wonderfully grown and looking mysteriously strange, and yet familiar to my eyes. Visited very nearly all parts rambling, great changes, new gates, new walks, new islands in the fish pond, the Lime trees in blossom and swarming

with bees, the same routine, the same bells. Associations of joy and sadness rushing over me, the dear boys twining around me.

July 29th. The 29th of July again, and at Penheale too. This is sufficient commemoration of my twenty-seventh birthday, which I doubt not is remembered at home, a bright, warm summer day. Rambled with Mrs. Simcoe and several of the family to various woods and walks on the Penheale property. Dined in Bay Park, returned at three, wrote numerous letters to-day. Yesterday had letter from Mr. Cartwright, of Kingston, read Archdeacon Howard's letter on Cathedral Reformation.

July 30th. Fine and warm, amused myself at Penheale reading and working in the garden, examining the flowers. Evening, I preached in Egloskerry church.

July 31st. Very fine and warm. Went with Mrs. Simcoe to Trejean, Mr. Lethbridge not at home, read in the lecture room with Mrs. Simcoe and the children. After dinner to Badharlich to a new farm house, fine dining room.

August 2nd. Warm still and bright, an exquisite Sunday. Preached at Egloskerry. Church improved by the new East window, the Penheale pew newly varnished and a table put in it; a new vestry. Evening I read and Mr. Simcoe preached.

August 20th. Sky rather overcast, but still pleasant. At 12 o'clock left Penheale; a most painful separation from all. Was driven by James in the gig. While waiting for the Coach went into Launceston Church. The Communion table a white marble slab, the floor within the rail white and black marble, a chair on each side; high pulpit, of a wine-glass character, moved from side to centre, a most exquisite piece of art, carved with empty niches, the reading desk the old pulpit of N. Pethuwin. On the side door is painted: "Please to take off your patens." Before reaching Exeter, a dense wet fog; horn blowing; slept at New London, No. 25.

August 21st. At 7 went to Cathedral, after breakfast went over to Miss Hake's, at half past eleven set off for Torquay by mail coach, Passed Powerham Castle, saw Exmouth, passed through Dawlish, Tamworth, saw Babicomb Bay; an endless variety of the sweetest scenery that can be conceived, rich red earth, deep green foliage and fields, quiet, bright towns, villages, cottages, and farms embosomed in shady vales, grape vines, hydrangeas. At Torquay found Dr. Harris, walked round and over the town and neighborhood, conversed much about Canada.

August 22nd. Walked about again with Dr. Harris, saw Mrs.

Harris in her room (some difficulty in permitting me to get here). At 12 set off in the "Vivid" for Exeter, a delicious ride, towards end a slight rain. Just as I reached Exeter the coach started for London, went on it to Honiton, then took fly to Wolford, reached about 8, found myself expected, but Mrs. Simcoe not at home, but she arrived about an hour afterwards with Miss Simcoe and Miss Anne; fires lighted in great parlor. I slept in blue room.

August 24th. A brilliant, lovely, warm morning, rose early, looking out upon the clustering woods flooded with sunlight, the broad lawn and park sweeping down to the right, glistening with dew, distant rooks cawing, sweet pigeons uttering their plaintive cooing, everything looking the picture of peace and happiness. Had morning prayers in the Chapel, where a good congregation of worshipers assembled. At 12 set off with Mrs. and Miss Simcoe in carriage for Ottery, to call on the Bishop of Barbadoes. Found his Lordship and Mrs. Coleridge at home; felt very thankful and gratified; many preconceived notions swept away; a very pleasing person and very condescending; furnished me with some valuable information relative to Colonial Orders; room full of fine portraits, a bust. Went to the church and examined the beautiful structure, formerly a collegiate church; fine old carving; a sweet summer day. Clematis on the cottages and vines, red earth with white lime heaps, rich yellow grain of the sloping fields brightened up by the bright sun, the deep, heavy, dark foliaged trees painted upon the beautiful surface, the dark shadows, the red cattle. Met Mr. Smythe of Deer Park. Went around through Buckerell to call on Lady Pattison, not at home; curious inscription over the doorway. Met Judge P. and son and Mr. Porter and Mrs. Porter, of Humber Fort; saw Feniton, where Lord Seaton is likely to be. Returned home from Humber; a most delightful excursion.

August 26th. At half-past six called by Bailey, luggage all carried down, no one up in the house, said my adieus last night, gazed my last at the great hall, the pictures, the busts and into the long room, the door of which was open, then up the long stone passage to the store room, where breakfast was waiting for me. This despatched, proceeded to the coach-house yard, where was the pony carriage; bade Bailey and Mr. Barrows, etc., goodbye and started, driven by Edward; a mist on the beautiful hills, but rolling off, everything appearing sad but lovely. Various fields tented over with shocks of corn. On reaching Honiton, the Forester drove up, on which I immediately, after writing a note to Mrs. H. A. Simcoe, mounted. The

sun shone out, went through Credroch, Charmouth, Budport, Dorchester; through beautiful and often very grand scenery, chalk hills with various Roman Forts and various ancient mounds, saw Winbourne, Minster and many fine churches, and the sea from the tops of the hills. At length we found ourselves in Ringwood and the New Forest; very pretty, a quantity of deer, the Isle of Wight in the distance. Southampton, on to the railway station; great bustle and hurry, and off at the sound of a bell. Trains full, the rate most amazing. Passed Winchester, Budover, etc., driven up by the "Vivid" and at last put down at Dick's Coffee House, where I verified almost the proverb that "you find the warmest welcome at an Inn," I mean I was instantly recognized and welcomed and found myself in a few moments perfectly at home.

August 27th. Walked about the hustling city, winding up my affairs. Accidentally met one of the Rowsell's of Toronto.

August 28th. Purchased Font, etc., sent books to Rowsell's. Saw Prince Albert going to Guild Hall to have Freedom of the City presented, and then to Mansion House; immense crowds and crush, splendid liveries and carved Mayor's Coach (then at Munjeam's); a fine day.

August 29th. Called on Mr. Shaw and found him, door opening of itself when bell rang. Went to Mrs. Shaw's, who is lodging close by. Saw Lieut. Shaw from India; looked at map of Canada, &c.

September 2nd. At 8 o'clock bade adieu to "Dick's Coffee House" In chariot cab for Euston Square, took place had luggage put up; entered car 43, place 22 and rushed to Liverpool. Most astounding journey, but we travelled along. Proceeded to the Hotel Adelphi, where I found Lukin Robinson in the Coffee room—an agreeable surprise.

September 4th. At 12 left the pier in high spirits; bade adieu. Lord and Lady Falkland and family and suite &c., are on board. Found Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, of the firm of Torrance & Co., Toronto.

September 16th. Rose early, found ourselves entering the harbour of Halifax. After breakfast a Guard of Honour of the 37th Regiment came down to escort Lord Falkland, &c.; a Royal salute fired. Lord Falkland's arrival unexpected, but the wharf was quickly thronged.

September 18th. Arrived at Boston, thus completing our journey in a little more than thirteen days. Took train in the afternoon for Stonyton, where we arrived at 9 p.m., and immediately embarked on

the "Rhode Island" for New York. Reached New York about three, and at five left in the "De Witt Clinton" for Albany.

September 20th. Reached Albany at 7 in the evening.

September 21st. Rose early and proceeded by "Fast Transit" to Schenectady, and from there by train on to Syracuse, where we arrived at 7 p.m. Took the Packet Boat and proceeded to Oswego, where I arrived at 6 a.m. the morning of the 22nd. At 7 we reached Cobourg, and shortly after, Port Hope. I now trust to be in Toronto to-morrow morning when I wake.

September 24th. Awoke and found all still, leapt down from my berth and looked out at the stern windows and saw the silvery surface of the Bay and the distant Island lying along upon its bosom, and soon I heard the familiar sound of the City bell ringing for six o'clock. Quickly put my luggage in a cart, set off to the College, where I walked in high spirits, the grounds looking a beautiful welcome, my flower garden in perfect order and gay with autumnal colours. Everything in my house most neat and clean. Sank into my old arm chair, and luxuriated in indescribable feelings of delight and thankfulness. During the day was welcomed home by many friends.

October 1st. College opened.

October 14th. Dined at Mr. H. J. Boulton's. Met the Principal, Sir Allan MacNab, Judge Jones, &c., &c.

October 16th. Dined with the Chief Justice, meeting the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Allan MacNab, Dr. Rolph, Mr. Joseph, &c.

October 24th. Called at Mr. J. S. Baldwin's and saw Dr. O'Brien. Old Mrs. Ridout buried to-day.

November 2nd. Smoky Indian summer weather.

1841.

January 21st. Had my evening party of old College Alumni—George Wells, A. Strachan, J. and W. Jarvis, two Hewards, Fitzgibbon, G. Powell, Breakenridge, C. Foster, J. Cameron, G. Philpotts; everything went merrily off.

January 22nd. Dined at Mr. Justice Macaulay's; met Judge and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Proudfoot, Mr. and Mrs. Braham, Mr. Younghusband, and several officers.

February 1st. Received most distressing intelligence of the death of Mrs. H. A. Simcoe.

February 10th. The "deed is done"; the two Canadas are re-

united. A royal salute has just been firing announcing the fact, striking dismay into thousands of hearts. I fear this will prove a woeful day in our history, but God grant it may not.

March 15th. Elections commenced; Messrs. Dunn, Buchanan, Sherwood and Munroe the candidates.

March 18th. Went into prayers, when another holiday was announced in consequence of Sir George Arthur's departure. Sir George passed down through the town without much notice being taken of him. The town in great commotion in consequence of the elections.

March 22nd. Collision between the election parties; one man killed, several wounded.

April 13th. Spent pleasant evening at Mr. Baldwin's; Grasett and several others there. Had letters from Wolford.

April 23rd. St. George's Day, holiday; preached to the Societies. In the evening dined at City Hotel, sat between I. Buchanan, M.P., and Mr. Sprague, and near Loring and the Vice-Chancellor, which was pleasant.

April 24th. A sweet summer day. "*Declaratione facta*" accepted.

May 1st. Married at 8 a.m., Mr. Wilson * and Miss Dalton. A fine, bright day; grass green.

May 16th. Bright, glorious summer day. Morning I preached, evening, Grasett. Between the services I stood Godfather to Arthur Henry, † son of Mr. John Spread Baldwin. Bishop arrived to-day, consecrating the church at Weston.

The 34th band played for the last time.

May 22nd. The 34th took their departure, the steamer resounding with cheers and martial music.

July 23rd. Dined at Mr. Justice Jones'. Had long conversation with Mr. Kent, Editor of "The Church."

August 11th. College closed to-day for seven weeks. Rain poured down most unpropitiously. However, all were happy.

August 13th. Mental ups and downs. Everything arranged most happily, when it was discovered that no licenses were to be had in the town. Rode 18 miles to Richmond Hill and back to procure one. Mr. Parsons kindly accompanying me from Thornhill.

August 14th. Was married by the Bishop. The day glorious and brightly propitious. The church was crowded. Dr. McCaul escorted

* (28) Mr. Wilson. Afterwards Sir Adam Wilson.

† (28) Arthur Henry Baldwin. The late Rev. Arthur Baldwin, Rector of All Saints' Church, Toronto.

me down, Mr. Matthews acting as best man. *Dejeuner* at Mr. Baldwin's—Bishop and the rest present. At 2 o'clock left Toronto in the "Britannica" for Hamilton. Lake smooth as far as Oakville, then rough. Burlington Bay again smooth. Went to Burley's, found the house in bad condition, having just exchanged possessors. Left it much improved by our directions and advice.

August 17th. Set off early from Hamilton in the "Queen Victoria," on board of which was the band of Colonel Kingsmill's Regiment, giving additional zest to the pleasures of the sail by their music. River particularly beautiful. Landed at Queenston, saw the Riven Monument; proceeded to the "Clifton" at the Falls in a stage. Here we remained, enjoying ourselves by investigating the extraordinary beauties of the spot for a week. Walked once through the woods to the whirlpool. We went by stage to Chippewa, thence by steamer to Buffalo, passing Navy Island and Schlosser's &c., and amused by our fellow passengers. At Buffalo we stayed a week at the "American," thronged with strangers. Dr. Shelton very kind and attentive; Captain Trescott, also. Returned to the Falls, stayed a short time at the "Cataract," visited Goat Island, &c., &c. Saw General Scott. Was introduced at Buffalo to a good many strangers of note. Proceeded to Lewiston, and from there to Toronto.

Since this date many happy months have passed. After our appearance at church our house was thronged for many days as though a levee were being held in it.

The Christmas examinations have passed. New Year's Day was energetically observed as usual, but such a succession of happy moments have been mine that I find I have neglected my journal, and I re-commence it with the auspicious visit of Sir Charles Bagot to Toronto on April 21st, 1842.

1842.

April 22nd. Levee at Government House, which has been temporarily furnished by contributions of furniture, &c., from several persons. Went with the College. In the evening a grand ball.

April 23rd. St. George's Day. Having preached to the Societies, afterwards went with the procession to King's College grounds and witnessed the laying of the foundation stone of King's College, conducted with all possible solemnity. *Dejeuner* given by Principal and masters afterwards—old pupils joined the table. In the evening 'St.

George's Society Dinner. This whole day one of the most completely and supremely happy of one's life.

April 28th. Diocesan Church Society formed; met in the City Hall, numerous speakers; evening, soiree at the Bishop's.

May 4th. Attended meeting of the central branch of the Diocesan Society. Received five letters from England—one from Mrs. Simcoe, Sr. Dear Johnny going out as a midshipman in the "Agin-court," to China.

May 5th. Bright, beautiful day, leaves appearing rapidly. Called on Mr. Dickens (Boz) and his lady at the North American, and had long conversation—neither very distingue in appearance, and quite unaffected. They are on their way to Montreal and Quebec, then to New York, and so home by sailing vessel.

June 1st. The honourable name of father became mine.

August 7th. The christening after the evening service of our little daughter. She was christened Henrietta Melicent—Mrs. Cosens and Louisa Baldwin God-mothers, and W. A. Baldwin, God-father. Robert Baldwin, Mr. John Spread Baldwin, &c., present. Mr. Bartlett officiated—six others baptised.

August 14th. Anniversary of our marriage.

August 15th. Set off by the "Transit" for the Falls. Some of the Chief Justice's family on board, Elliott Grasett, also. Beautiful sail across the lake and up the river. From Queenston to the "Clifton" by the railroad over beautiful valley. Found many visitors at the "Clifton."

September 3rd. Letter announcing the death of Miss Charlotte Simcoe.

September 22nd. College re-opened; cold, fires necessary.

September 30th. Spent pleasant evening at Dr. McCaul's. Mr. Braham* and his son sang several songs.

October 12th. Evening, went to concert. Mr. Braham and his son sang selections from celebrated Oratorios; in aid of the House of Industry. Very large attendance; 83rd Band there.

October 13th. Whole holiday in consequence of the birth of a son to the Principal. Lovely day, leaves changing their colours.

October 25th. Grasett arrived from England in the "Princess Royal" at 6 o'clock in the evening. Negro wedding.

October 27th. My two parcels arrived from England, containing books, &c.—great treat.

* (31) Mr. Braham. John Braham, of England, tenor singer and musical composer. Born 1774; died 1856.

November 20th. Stood God-father to Robert Russell Baldwin son of Mr. W. A. Baldwin. Mr. R. Baldwin and Mrs. Hayden the other sponsors.

December 11th. College broke up yesterday week on account of scarlatina, until January 4th.

1843.

March 2nd. Shrove Tuesday. Half holiday. Dr. Beaven, Professor of Divinity, spent the evening with us.

March 10th. Rain at 4. Scarcely intended to go out, when suddenly determined to do so. Called at Mr. Baldwin's * to inquire after him—found him worse. Doctors Widmer, King, Primrose and Shortt present, and a few moments after my arrival announced the case hopeless. Stood by until he calmly breathed his last.

March 20th. Dr. McCaul left the College as Principal.

March 22nd. Presented our farewell address to Dr. McCaul.

March 26th. Morning Dr. Beaven preached for the church next the toll gate; collection £60.

April 17th. Baptised Mr. Beaumont's child Charlotte.

June 28th. Received a communication from Kingston, appointing me one of the school examiners of the City of Toronto.

June 29th. Attended the Board for the first time, and was put upon a committee to determine upon plans and systems.

July 5th. Had letter from Penheale, brought by Great Western; cost me 5/7½.

July 20th. Witnessed the laying of the corner stone of Trinity Church by the Bishop; exquisite day.

July 29th. Lukin Robinson called on his return from England.

August 10th. Set off with Harriet and Louisa Baldwin for the Falls. Had delightful sail across and enjoyed the journey, but the next day Harriet taken ill and there we had to remain for two weeks all but one day, when we were able to carry her down stairs and got her into a carriage; returned home in the "Transit" on the 24th.

September 12th. Governor-General Sir Charles Metcalfe arrived in Toronto from Kingston by land about 6 o'clock; great crowds, carriages, dragoons, &c., &c. Lodges at Mrs. Ellis' Coffee House—a very plain old gentleman. Saw Hagarty's marriage in "The Patriot" to-day.

September 24th. Sunday. The Bishop kindly preached for me. I

* (32) John Spread Baldwin, his wife's father.

did not go to church all day from Harriet being in such a precarious state. The prayers of the Church were requested for her; stayed up with her.

September 26th. On this sad day the episode of my life, which on the 14th of August of 1841 had opened so auspiciously, and continued for two years so happily, was brought to a painful close—my dearest Harriet, my earthly all in all, was taken away from this earth. On the 28th of September she was laid by the father whom she so dearly loved, at St. Martin's Road, Spadina.

November 5th. In administering the cup to-day the recollection of the sweet face of my dear departed Harriet suddenly recurred to me and quite unmanned me. Oh with what a holy feeling of love had I from time to time presented to her the sacred emblems of Christ's Body and Blood. With what a pure and yearning sincerity used I to pray—"The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." Yea, truly, "I know in whom I have believed and that Thou art able to keep that which I have committed unto Thee, even unto that day"—Then wilt Thou restore again that treasure to me, when Thy saved ones shall be as the angels in heaven, Amen, Amen.

November 20th. A holiday. We assembled in the great room. Dr. McCaul took the chair, made a speech slightly laudatory of Mr. Barron and then vacated the seat, which Mr. Barron took and made a short speech. The Bishop, Chief Justice, &c., &c., were present.

1844.

January 1st. A beautifully bright, cheerful day—roads dry and good. Paid no visits; remained at Mrs. J. S. Baldwin's.

February 14th. Trinity Church opened; congregation large, 500. Bishop preached a noble sermon. The days becoming long, the sun strong, and everything quite spring-like.

My father was made the first rector of Holy Trinity Church in Toronto, on October the 27th, 1847. He was quite early appointed Chaplain to Bishop Strachan, and accompanied him on his far-off tours of visitation. I remember hearing him speak of journeying on Lake Superior in a canoe, and of the Indians making a fire on shore, and cooking fish for them very deliciously. In 1852 he re-visited England, taking his degree of D.D. Cantab.

In 1862 he retired from the College and took up his abode in the

quaint home which he built for himself in Trinity Square. There he wrote his "Toronto of Old" and many historical papers of interest. He was made a Canon of St. James Cathedral in the year 1867. From 1870-1876 he was President of the Canadian Institute, and was the first President of the York Pioneers.

In 1875 he resigned as incumbent of Holy Trinity, though frequently assisting in the services, and to the end of his days was a constant worshipper in the old church. The partial loss of his sight for some years before his death was a sore trial, but was borne by him with great patience and gentleness—always so grateful to those who assisted him.

He passed away in his home, which he bequeathed to the Parish of Holy Trinity, on the 6th of May, 1901, in his 88th year beloved by all who knew him.

H. M. SULLIVAN.

March 16th, 1911.

Letter from Dr. Locke, Chief Librarian, Public Library, Toronto, in response to Mrs. Sullivan's enquiries.

MRS. R. SULLIVAN,
20 Prince Arthur Ave.,
Toronto.

Dear Madam,—I give below the information asked for by you.

Bishop Strachan was Archdeacon of York in 1827. (Mockridge. The Bishops of Canada, page 84.)

Alexander Neil Bethune, Dr. Strachan's pupil. Appointed Chaplain to Dr. Strachan in 1839, when Diocese of Toronto was formed. He was second Bishop of Toronto. (Mockridge, Bishops of Canada, p. 232.) Affair at Prescott, 1838, was Battle of the Windmill, on the 16th November. (Dent, Rebellin of 1837, Vol. 2, page 257.)

Wm. Hepburn was one of the Commissioners appointed to administer the oath to members on the opening of the 1st Parliament at Kingston in 1841. (Only mention found.)

Hon. Wm. H. Draper was Solicitor-General for Upper Canada in 1838.

Mr. Barron was Principal of Upper Canada College from 1843-1856. Was not Principal in 1838.

We can find no mention of the Six Mile Church, but think it

must be the church at York Mills, mentioned in "Toronto of Old," of which Mr. Sanson was in charge.

The only Mr. Mackenzie whom we can find likely to be in Toronto in 1839 was Kenneth Mackenzie, afterwards Judge. A short sketch of him is to be found in Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography, Vol. 4, page 133.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE H. LOCKE.

2011.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

1911-1912

Organized November, 1895; Incorporated February 14th, 1896

OFFICERS

Honorary Presidents	{ LADY MORTIMER CLARK. LADY GIBSON.
Past Presidents	{ *MRS. S. A. CURZON. LADY EDGAR.
President	MRS. FORSYTH GRANT.
Vice-Presidents	{ MISS FITZGIBBON. MISS S. MICKLE.
Recording Secretary	MISS NESTA MACKENZIE, 31 Walmer Rd.
Corresponding Secretary	MRS. SEYMOUR CORLEY, 46 Dunvegan Rd.
Treasurer	MISS CHAUNCEY TOCQUE, 350 Brunswick Ave.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MRS. J. B. TYRRELL.	MRS. GORDON MCKENZIE.
MRS. R. MCMASTER.	MRS. GALBRAITH.
MRS. CORY.	MRS. ELLIS.

HONORARY MEMBERS

*REV. DR. SCADDING.	REV. PROF. BRUCE.
*REV. DR. WITHROW, F.R.S.C.	THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.
*O. A. HOWLAND, C.M.G.	*D. B. READ, K.C.
G. R. PARKIN, C.M.G., LL.D.	J. A. MACDONELL.
*DAVID BOYLE.	*ALEXANDER MUIR.
COL. G. T. DENISON.	W. D. LIGHTHALL, F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L.
*REV. CANON BULL.	*DR. CANNIFF. (Gt. Britain).
*WM. KIRBY, F.R.S.C.	*E. G. NELSON.
MISS CARNOCHAN.	BENJAMIN SULTE, F.R.S.C.
SIR SANDFORD FLEMING, K.C.M.G.	*HIS HONOR JUDGE WOODS.
F.R.S.C.	REV. JOHN MCDUGALL.
*DR. WM. KINGSFORD, F.R.S.C.	REV. JOHN MACLEAN, PH.D.
*L'ABBE CASGRAIN.	EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON.
*SIR J. M. LE MOINE, Kt., F.R.S.C.	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.
W. MACFARLANE.	*DR. JOHN CAMPBELL, F.R.S.C.
JAMES HANNAY.	JOHN READE, F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L. (Gt. Britain)
SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.	MRS. J. W. F. HARRISON ("Seranus").
*J. G. HODGINS, LL.D.	BLISS CARMAN.
*HIS HONOR JUDGE PROWSE.	*DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.
CHARLES MAIR, F.R.S.C.	*DR. JAMES BAIN.
MISS LIZARS.	JOHN D. KELLY.
MISS MACHAR.	

CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

MISS JEAN BARR, Windsor, Ont.	MISS McLAREN, Perth, Ont.
MRS. HENRY McLEOD, O.awa, Ont.	MRS. CHRISTIE (Annie Rothwell), North Gower, Ont.
MISS C. A. MERRITT, St. Catharines, Ont.	MRS. (DR.) BACKUS, Aylmer, Ont.

* Deceased.

W

Secretary's Report, 1911-12

Our year was begun with the holding of an open meeting, at which the Society had the pleasure of hearing a patriotic lecture on Canadian history by Lieut.-Col. McQueen, on December 11th, the intervals being most acceptably filled by songs from Miss Chauncey Tocque and Miss Eldridge.

In January an able lecture was given by the late Mr. Errol Bouchette, of the Parliamentary Library, Ottawa, who, in response to the invitation of the Society, came from Ottawa to give his lecture, entitled, "Map Makers of Canada." This was illustrated very fully by a fine collection of old maps. In response to the expressed wish that the Society might have the privilege of printing his lecture, Mr. Bouchette replied that he hoped to publish it as part of a book he was writing on the subject. It is with very deep regret that the Society has since learned of the death of this brilliant scholar and able speaker, he having been one of the first victims of the late typhoid epidemic in Ottawa.

On February 8th, a well-given paper by Miss Harvey, of the University of Toronto, on "Responsible Government, 1840-1860," was much enjoyed, and Mrs. Robert Sullivan read an interesting note from Sir Joseph Bankes, written in 1813, and given to her father, the late Dr. Scadding, by one of the Simcoe family, and, by request, a humorous poem, entitled, "Penetanguishene," and printed in one of the early Transactions of the Society, was read by the Secretary.

On March 14th, Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie gave an interesting paper on the home-life of Dickens, including two original letters not hitherto published.

On April 11th, a paper by Miss Hart, on the origin of Public Schools in Canada, was read by Mrs. Forsyth Grant, and a short paper on Sir John Colborne, by Mr. Stark.

The programme of the October meeting was filled by reports from the delegates to the annual meeting of the Ontario Historical Society held at Napanee. This meeting was largely attended, and excellent papers were read by prominent men from Canada and the United States, and the members were so well entertained by their hosts, that the reports of your delegates were long and interesting. On hearing of the request of an Historical Society in the States for the return of the Bunker Hill guns now at Quebec, the Committee of your Society wrote to His Royal Highness the Governor-General and to the Minister of Militia, and received a most courteous and satisfactory reply from both; the Minister of Militia, Col. Hughes, assuring us that such property was in safe hands.

Exchanges have been received from the Niagara, the Elgin, the Ontario and Wentworth Historical Societies, from the local Council of Women, from the Library of Congress, Washington, and from the University of Toronto.

Transaction No. 10 has been printed and distributed, the contents being curtailed to some extent owing to the increased expense of printing. These were:

(1) Extracts from the journal of Miss Anne Powell, written for her cousin, Miss Eliza S. Quincey, in 1785, obtained by the President from the late Mrs. John Ridout.

(2) The third part of Dr. Scadding's diary.

Donations received: A water color sketch of the bluff and wharf at Oakville, by Mr. Stark; a set of the first picture Christmas post-cards printed in Canada from the Secretary.

Twenty-one new members have been elected. Their names and addresses will be found in the list. During the year the Society has had to mourn the loss by death of two valuable members in Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton and Sir James M. Lemoine; the one a most interested and regular attendant at the meetings; the other a veteran author of the Dominion, whose wide sympathy and kindly expressed appreciation of the work done and publications issued by the Society was always a great encouragement and help.

Your Society was invited to send delegates to the meeting of the American Historical Association, held this year in Dakota, and to the Ontario Historical Society at Napanee.

Also to a meeting to organize a fitting celebration of the 100th anniversary of the fall of Major-General Brock at Queenston Heights. This was arranged and your Society sent in a handsome wreath of scarlet carnations and gladioli and maiden-hair ferns, with the motto, "Deeds Speak," and the initials of your Society in gilt on scarlet and green ribbon, the colors of the Society. There was a very large and representative gathering, the Government, regiments, societies, historical and patriotic, being represented.

During the past year nothing has been done towards the restoration or the betterment of the conditions of the old fort in Toronto, and I would like to draw the members' attention to this particularly as one of the recognized platforms of the Society, nor has any enterprise been undertaken by which an addition can be made to the Memorial Hall Fund, the interest accruing being the only increase. An effort should be made this year to ensure a more lively interest and energetic effort to more substantially increase this long standing fund.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

M. AGNES FITZGIBBON.

Hon. Corresponding Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Season 1911-12

GENERAL ACCOUNT

CREDITS.

By Cash in Bank, Nov. 15th, 1911	\$191 52
" Grant from Ontario Government	100 00
" Bank Interest	1 73
" Fees (Current and Advance)	78 50
	<hr/>
	\$371 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

To Sectional Book-cases	\$22 95
" Expenses of Lecturer for January Meeting	20 60
" Fee to Local Council for 1912	2 00
" Rent of Hall in "Women's Welcome Hostel"	30 00
" Briggs Printing Co., for Cards <i>re</i> Monthly Meetings	22 25
" Preparing and Printing Annual Report	37 75
" Printing "Transaction" No. 10	77 80
" Preparing Petition and Official Letters <i>re</i> Bunker Hill Gun ..	3 50
" Refreshments and Attendance	7 74
" Postage and Expressage	8 60
" Balance in Bank, Oct. 15th, 1912	133 81
	<hr/>
	\$371 75

QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL FUND

1911-1912.

Cash in Bank, Nov. 15th, 1911	\$20 70
Interest on Debentures of Canada Permanent Mortgage Corpora- tion	170 00
Proceeds of sale of Postal Cards and back numbers of "Transac- tions"	4 46
Bank Interest	3 24
	<hr/>
Total amount in Bank, Nov. 15th, 1912	\$198 40
Debentures on Deposit of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Cor- poration	4,500 00
	<hr/>
Total amount of Fund	\$4,698 40.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

CHAUNCEY TOCQUE,
Hon. Treasurer.

The above statement certified correct.

(Signed) E. B. DARLEY.

LIST OF MEMBERS

- Mrs. G. A. Arthurs, Admiral Road.
 Mrs. Armstrong, "The Priory," Esther St.
 Miss Ardagh, "The Hill," Barrie.
- Miss Bostwick, 24 Willcocks St.
 Mrs. James Bain, 393 Brunswick Ave.
 Miss Louise Barker, 31 Park Road.
 Mrs. Clayton Bell, 657 Huron St.
 Mrs. Bascom, 1339 King St. West.
 Mrs. Beemer, 37 Sussex Ave.
 Mrs. Broughall, 49 St. Albans St.
 Mrs. Bryson, 216 Robert St.
 Mrs. Behan, Mimico.
 Miss Behan, Mimico.
 Mrs. Bescoby, Eglinton Ave., Eglinton.
 Mrs. Graham Bryson, 118 Brunswick Ave.
 Miss Bessie Baldwin, "Bradgate Apartments," Avenue Road.
- Mrs. Cotton, 20 Bloor St. East.
 Miss Cotton, 20 Bloor St. East.
 Mrs. Bruce-Carey, 585 Markham St.
 Miss Carty, 263 Jarvis St.
 Miss M. Carty, 263 Jarvis St.
 Miss Florence M. Cole, 131 Avenue Road.
 Miss L. Clark, 144 Robert St.
 Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, 13 Spadina Road.
 Mrs. J. W. Collins, 157 Macpherson Ave.
 Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, 99 Howland Ave.
 Mrs. Agnes Chamberlain, 52 St. Albans St.
 Mrs. J. W. Seymour Corley, 46 Dunvegan Road.
 Mrs. C. D. Cory, 5 Deer Park Cres.
 Miss Cox, 18 Selby St.
 Miss Evelyn Cox, 7 Wellesley Pl.
 Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, 44 Dewson St.
 Miss Cumberland, Imperial Bank Chambers, Bloor and Lans-
 downe Ave.
 Miss Cowan, 105 St. George St.
- Mrs. DesBrisay, 350 Brunswick Ave.
 Miss DesBrisay, 350 Brunswick Ave.
 Miss Dalton, 417 Brunswick Ave.

Mrs. Douglas, 19 Roxborough St. East.
 Mrs. Davidson, 22 Madison Ave.
 Mrs. W. Dixon, 29 Rowanwood Ave.

Mrs. Pelham Edgar, 50 St. George St.
 Mrs. W. H. Ellis, 74 St. Albans St.
 Mrs. Horace Eaton, 631 Sherbourne St.
 Miss Mary Evans, 69 Grange Ave.
 Mrs. Donald Edwards, 107 St. Clair Ave.
 Miss Elliott, 29 Dunvegan Road.

Miss Featherstonhaugh, 21 Grove Ave.
 Miss FitzGibbon, 52 St. Albans St.
 Mrs. Fotheringham, 20 Wellesley St.
 Miss Fisher, "La Plaza," Charles St. East.
 Mrs. French, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.
 Mrs. Fitzsimmons, 72 Montrose Ave.

Mrs. Galbraith, 59 Prince Arthur Ave.
 Mrs. E. Jeffers Graham, 341 Sherbourne St.
 Miss Marcella Gibson, 17 Rusholme Road.
 Mrs. Forsyth Grant, 30 Nanton Cres.
 Mrs. Gardiner, 64 Rathnally Ave.
 Miss S. Gamble, Eglinton, Ont.
 Miss M. Gamble, 19 Charles St. East.
 Miss Green, 74 St. George St.
 Mrs. Albert Grant, 89 Forest Hill Road.

Miss Holland, 59 Albany Ave.
 Miss Hart, 40 Shannon St.
 Mrs. S. Heward, 38 Peter St.
 Mrs. R. Sterns Hicks, "The Alexandra."
 Miss H. M. Hill, 20 Bernard Ave.
 Miss Hillyard, 9 Sultan St.
 Mrs. Holmsted, 50 St. Alban St.
 Mrs. W. Holmsted, Moose Jaw, Sask.
 Miss B. McLean Howard, 104 Jamieson Ave.
 Miss A. Hastings, 100 Charles St. West.
 Mrs. H. Hooper, 548 Huron St.
 Miss Horsey, 69 Bernard Ave.
 Miss L. Himsworth, 66 Yorkville Ave.
 Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, 438 Avenue Road.

Mrs. George Jarvis, 8 Major St.

Mrs. Caroline Jarvis, 258 Jarvis St.
 Mrs. Edmund Jarvis, 258 Jarvis St.
 Mrs. Æmilius Jarvis, 34 Prince Arthur Ave.
 Mrs. W. H. P. Jarvis, 31 Oriole Road.
 Mrs. F. G. Jemmett, 42 Warren Road.

Miss Kendrick, 16 Orde St.
 Mrs. George Kerr, 14 Madison Ave.
 Miss Kingsmill, 35 Major St.
 Mrs. Kerr, "Rathnelly."
 Mrs. Kingston, 72 Admiral Road.
 Mrs. Keefer, 236 St. George St.
 Mrs. Kelleher, 91 St. Joseph St.

Miss Lash, 18 Grenville.
 Mrs. Edward Leigh, 63 Albany Ave.
 Mrs. Leach, 4 South Drive.
 Mrs. Locke, 38 Delisle Ave.

Miss I. Mackenzie, 410 Dovercourt Road.
 Mrs. McAll, 411 Dovercourt Road.
 Mrs. A. B. Macallum, 59 St. George St.
 Miss Josephine MacCallum, 13 Bloor St. West.
 Miss McCartney, 43 Dunvegan Road.
 Miss Merrill, 4 Prince Arthur Ave.
 Mrs. W. R. Morson, 417 Brunswick Ave.
 Miss Louise Mason, 27 Admiral Road.
 The Misses MacKellar, 169 Madison Ave.
 Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, 31 Walmer Road.
 Miss Gordon Mackenzie, 31 Walmer Road.
 Mrs. W. J. MacMurtry, 93 Jamieson Ave.
 Mrs. Alex. Macnab, 120 Wells St.
 Mrs. Robert McMaster, 63 Madison Ave.
 Miss C. N. Merritt, 40 St. George St.
 Mrs. Archie Meredith, 13 Beau St.
 Mrs. Mockridge, 133 Howland Ave.
 Miss Mockridge, 133 Howland Ave.
 Mrs. J. A. Macdonald, 87 Spadina Road.
 Mrs. A. Meredith, "Craigleigh," Rosedale.
 Miss S. Mickle, 48 Heath St. East.
 Mrs. Julius Miles, 160 Cottingham St.
 Mrs. Balfour Musson, 22 Park Road.
 Mrs. Campbell Meyers, 72 Heath St. West.
 Miss Maud McCutcheon, 589 Church St.
 Mrs. Morphy (Mrs. G. S.), 316 Avenue Road.

Mrs. H. G. Macklem, 112 Bedford Road.
 Mrs. Macfarlane, 592 Jarvis St.
 Miss Ainslie McMichael, 93 Bernard Ave.

Mrs. Nixon, 43 Dunvegan Road.

Mrs. Gordon Osler, 6 Rosedale Road.

Mrs. Pangman, 33 Elgin Ave.
 Mrs. Parker, Florence Apartments, Bloor St. E.
 Miss Parsons, 40 St. Vincent St.
 Mrs. Penman, Paris, Ont.
 Mrs. Pearce, 14 Prince Arthur Ave.
 The Misses Pearce, 14 Prince Arthur Ave.
 Miss Porteous, 74 St. George St.
 Miss Clara Port, 19 Lowther Ave.
 Miss Price, 88 Oriole Road.
 Mrs. Paul, 101 Castle Frank Road.
 Mrs. Primrose, 100 College St.
 Mrs. Parker, 210 Bloor St. West.

Mrs. Ramsay, Queenston, Ont.
 Miss M. Riddell, 86 Spadina Road.
 Miss Richardson, 210 Bloor St. West.
 Miss Ridout, Inveraurie Apartments, Oriole Road.
 Mrs. Jas. Roaf, The St. George Mansions.
 Miss Roberts, 103 St. Vincent St.
 Mrs. H. H. Robertson, 102 Highlands Ave.
 Mrs. N. W. Rowell, 134 Crescent Road.

Miss B. Sanford, 72 Admiral Road.
 Miss Sanderson, Wellesley School.
 The Misses Scott, Port Hope.
 Mrs. Scott, 29 Dunvegan Road.
 The Misses Scott, 89 Bloor St. East.
 Mrs. Saunders, 30 Prince Arthur Ave.
 Miss Shaw, Bishop Strachan School.
 Miss Stark, 108 Park Road.
 Mr. John Stark, 50 Maitland St.
 Miss E. J. Sibbald, "The Briars," Sutton West P.O.
 Mrs. Skae, Imperial Bank Chambers, Bloor and Lansdowne Ave.
 Miss Simpson, 65 St. Albans St.
 Miss Mary J. Scott, 173 Jameson Ave.
 The Misses Scott, 93 Madison Apartments.

Mrs. Stratford, "The Alexandra."
 Mrs. Lizars Smith, "The Alexandra."
 Mrs. Streete, 592 Jarvis St.
 Mrs. R. C. Steele, 99 Crescent Road.
 Miss Strathy, 17 Walmer Road.
 Mrs. Strathy, 71 Queen's Park.
 Mrs. R. Sullivan, 20 Prince Arthur Ave.
 Mrs. Stupart, 15 Admiral Road.
 Miss Snively, 50 Maitland St.

Mrs. E. J. Thompson, "The Alexandra."
 Miss Chauncey Tocque, 350 Brunswick Ave.
 The Misses Tippet, 435 Ossington Ave.
 Mrs. Horsey Turner, 69 Bernard Ave.
 Miss B. Torrance, 173 Madison Ave.
 Mrs. Trent, 511 Huron St.
 Miss Tremayne, Mimico.
 Mrs. Tyrrell, 14 Walmer Road.
 Miss Mary Tyrrell, 14 Walmer Road.
 Dr. Julia Thomas, 83 Isabella St.

Mrs. Holt Wilson, 637 Huron St.
 Mrs. Watson, 295 Jarvis St.
 Lady Willison, 10 Elmsley Place.
 Miss O. V. Widner, 322 St. George St.
 Miss Wilkes, 23 DeLisle Ave.
 Mrs. S. G. Wood, "La Plaza," Charles St. East.
 Miss Wood, 518 Euclid Ave.
 Mrs. White, 94 Jameson Ave.
 Mrs. Wadsworth, 124 Tyndall Ave.
 Miss Wadsworth, 124 Tyndall Ave.

Mrs. Usher, Queenston, Ont.



"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 11

CONTENTS.

1. Recollections of Mary Warren Breckenridge, written by her daughter, Maria Murney, from her mother's own words, in 1859.
2. Reminiscences of Hanna Ingraham, related by her to Mrs. Tippet, wife of Rev. H. W. Tippet, with preface by Miss M. V. Tippet, and portraits by W. H. Tippet.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MARY WARREN BRECKENRIDGE.

Recollections of Mary Warren Breckenridge. Written by her daughter, Maria Murney, from her mother's own words in 1859.

My Grandfather, Robert Baldwin, of Summer Hill, emigrated to America in 1798. He left Ireland with 6 children, 2 sons and 4 daughters, in 1797. They sailed from the Cove of Cork first,—but after being 3 weeks out the vessel sustained very severe weather, and they were driven into Passage. The family remained during that time at Mr. Baldwin's elder brother's—Mr. John Baldwin's. The family set sail the second time, but bad weather still pursued them, and a furious gale set in. After some days the Captain let fall that he was a Bonaparte man—and fearing that when he landed in England the passengers would complain of him, he wished to take the ship into Lisbon. This was stoutly resisted by my grandfather, and the sailors rose en masse, and declared if he did not carry them into Falmouth they would put him under hatches. So for Falmouth they steered, the weather being so frightful that my aunts were lashed on deck, while every man on board was ordered by turn to the pumps. After a narrow escape from the Scilly Rocks, they reached Falmouth, and had scarcely reached the docks ere she sank. The Custom House officers seized everything seizable, such as wine, porter, &c., which added to the losses already sustained of provisions and stores for settlers which were thrown overboard during the gale.

I must now go back a little to say that my grandfather had been living on his estate very comfortably—but having lost his wife on the birth of her 16th child (my mother), and finding his expenses becoming rather heavy with so large a family—and being promised a Township if he would go out to Canada, he determined to do so—and consequently set sail in the ill-fated “Lavinia.”

Captain Fanner induced my grandfather to emigrate. The Wilcocks family came out by his advice before the Baldwins, their ship which they had chartered and laden with everything for settlers was taken prisoner into Bourdeaux.

A midshipman on board the *Medusa*.

The Admiral being a friend of the family made

My mother being only 7 years old when she left Ireland can only remember a few anecdotes of the family history. She has a vivid recollection of her nurse (Nurse Crowley), whose cabin she often visited, and who told her innumerable tales. She remembers hearing of a brother Tom who died of yellow fever in Jamaica, and of her brothers Henry and Augustus—one of whom went into the Merchant Service—and was engaged in the Slave Trade for many years—and the latter, now Admiral Baldwin, of Russell Hill, Toronto, who was taken by the Press gang and made a midshipman of. The next day upon declaring who he was (he happened to be taken on board the flag ship) the Admiral said to him, “Well, Sir, and what objection have

my uncle enter as a common sailor, and gave him the bounty £6, and then next day his commission.

you to serve His Majesty?" "I have none, Sir, but my father does not wish it." "Your father is a fool, Sir." So he sent him home to get permission and the next day, as I said before, got his commission. Mrs. Sullivan, mother of the late Judge Sullivan, had been married some time before the family came out.

It is amusing to hear my Mother's account of the terror Bonaparte inspired in those days. She remembers well when the French were expected to land in Bantry Bay, and how my grandfather used to barricade the house at night and arm the servants.

My grandfather and his family remained 7 months in Cornwall and by that means lost the promised Township—an Order in Council having been meantime issued prohibiting so much land being given to one person, being determined on no account to undertake the horrors of a winter voyage a second time.

My mother remembers but little of England—chiefly the kindness of a family called Trisidor of Great Wood, near Truro (she thinks)—a friend of her own called Harriet Penlawrick and the fish pies and other queer pies which seem to have been her horror.

The passage money of the whole family had been paid to America in the "Lavinia"—all that was of course lost. Now about June, '98, my grandfather heard of a *King's ship*, the "Grantham" Packet, Captain _____, about to sail from Falmouth, so he sent all his luggage on board and paid his money, 50 guineas for himself; 50 for Uncle William (the late Dr. Baldwin, of Toronto), and 50 for Uncle John, late of Toronto, and how much for my 3 aunts and my mother I cannot say. But he was not aware of the suddenness with which these Government ships got their sailing orders. The "Grantham" was a 20 Gun Ship and sailed with a convoy of many others, but as her guns were only for protection, and she carried the mails and money, she was ordered to run from everything.

Well, the "Grantham" sailed at such short notice that she carried off my grandfather's luggage before he and his family could get on board—much to their consternation and to the regret of the Captain, who lingered as long as he could, and actually lay to under the Cliffs, where he was out of sight of the authorities. When the passengers, becoming impatient, they determined to put it to the vote whether they should wait any longer. The vote was carried in their favor, and soon they came on board, my mother remembering well the mode of being got on board, which was being seated in a chair and hoisted up to the yard arm first and then let down on deck. I must here insert an incident which goes to prove that marriages are made in heaven. Among the persons who voted for waiting for the Baldwins was a young American gentleman—he had come to Falmouth from Lisbon, where he had been for the recovery of his health

after yellow fever. He had waited in vain at Lisbon for a ship going to New York, and at length found it best to come to Falmouth and embark in the "Grantham." He had been waiting like all the other passengers for the ship's orders, and they came to him so suddenly at 4 o'clock one morning that he was perfectly unprepared, and had no money out of the bank. He was in great distress and knew not what to do, when the landlord said to him, "Well, here are so many guineas"—the housekeeper lent him 5 guineas and among the household they made up his 50 guineas in time for him to go on board, and took his note which of course was cashed for them at 10 o'clock when the bank opened. This was an act of generosity to a perfect stranger, never forgotten by him, to the honor of the English people. Well, this young American passenger voted to wait for the Baldwin party when he heard there were ladies among them, and little did he think then that one of those ladies was to be his wife; but so it was, he became attached to my Aunt Eliza on board ship, and she afterwards became Mrs. Morgan.

This voyage in the "Grantham" appears to have been a calm and pleasant one, only diversified by incidents peculiar to war time, such as the following: One day a cry came that the French fleet was to be seen on the horizon. Great was the consternation on board. The deck was soon covered with guns, swords and ammunition. The ladies retreated below, and the gentlemen brought to them their watches, money, &c., for concealment. When, lo! on a nearer approach—what looked like sails proved to be a shoal of whales spouting in the sun. My mother and her brother John, who were the children of the party, used to amuse themselves by making little ships and boats of paper. They made quantities, and pretended to fight with them. Both of course abhorred the French, but the boy, tyrant-like, would always make his sister's ships represent the French fleet, while his were the conquering British. When these ships got shabby they threw them overboard, and the grown-up people amused themselves in watching the fate of the tiny craft.

As the "Grantham" neared "Halifax," she was pursued for 3 days by the "Boston," a British frigate—on board which Augustus Baldwin was lieutenant—supposing her to be French; but of course when she came near enough to discern her colors the chase was ended. The vessel landed at Halifax and remained several days in harbor, and there my mother saw for the first time Indians and squaws paddling about in their canoes.

The Captain here took on board a quantity of money in bags—chiefly in Rix dollars—for what, or whom, my mother does not know; but she remembers seeing it in heaps on the table, and the

bags marked each with the number of dollars it contained. This money after being counted was put into a locker in a little cabin.

A Frenchwoman at Halifax came on board. She complained of being very delicate, and said she must have a cabin. There was none to give her, the ladies of the Baldwin family having taken the only one. After much entreaty on her part she was allowed to sleep in this cabin. When the ship arrived in New York my grandfather kept his family on board, while he looked about for means of transporting them into Canada. The evening after they got into port my grandfather and Mr. Morgan took two of the young ladies to the play, while an invalid sister was left to take care of the little ones. The Captain and most of the sailors went ashore, and the mate was left in charge. Strange to say the Frenchwoman remained on board, too, and my aunt observed with consternation that she frequently went into the inner cabin where the money was. On watching closely she observed that the Captain had left the locker, where the money was, unlocked, and she felt sure from the stealthy movements of the woman that she had stolen one of the bags and was trying to secure it. When the woman saw she was observed she tried to get to the side of the ship to throw the money overboard, but my aunt contrived to prevent her, and to call to the mate, and tell him her suspicions. He sent for the Captain and the gentlemen; they seized the wretched woman, who stoutly resisted, and declared her innocence, but upon proceeding to search her they almost immediately found a 1,000-dollar bag with a great deal in it. My grandfather feeling furious with the woman for having placed his daughter in such an unpleasant position, took the woman by the shoulders and gave her a good shake—whereupon the dollars fell from her in a shower and rolled all over the floor. Upon being collected they were found to be the correct sum, except \$20. She still denied even that, when my uncle took off her cap and down fell the money, and the \$1,000 were all complete. Instead of putting the woman in prison as she should have been, the Captain merely put her in a boat and sent her ashore, saying if ever he saw her again he would have her hung. But I do not doubt his clemency was partly owing to a feeling of consciousness that he deserved great blame for leaving money to such an amount in so unguarded a state.

My grandfather and his family reached New York in June, 1798; about a fortnight was taken up in going up the Hudson in a sloop; the weather was very hot and they frequently stopped to buy milk, bread, etc., suffering very much from the heat. They took fully another fortnight coming up the Mohawk, where they found the mosquitoes a terrible infliction. From Oswego they crossed Lake Ontario to the (Island), then the Peninsula, opposite Toronto, which was

then a "Carrying place of the Indians," and at night they crossed the Bay of (Toronto), then York, arriving at that *celebrated* town and finding it composed of about a dozen or so of houses—a dreary, dismal place, not even possessing the characteristics of a village. There was no *church*, school-house, or in fact any of the ordinary signs of civilization, but being in fact a mere settlement. There was not even a Methodist chapel—nor does my mother remember more than one shop. There was no inn, and those travellers who had no friend to go to, pitched a tent and lived in that so long as they remained. My grandfather and his family had done so during their journey. The Government House and the Garrison lay about a mile from York, with a thick wood between. Genl. Simcoe had gone home at this time. After remaining a few days in York the family proceeded to take possession of a farm my grandfather purchased in the Township of Clarke, about fifty miles below York. They travelled in open bateaux; when night came on pitching their tent on the shore of Lake Ontario. The journey generally occupied two days, sometimes much longer. They found on the land a small log hut with a bark roof and a chimney made of sticks and clay. The chinks between the logs stuffed with moss, and only a ladder to go to the loft above, and only ten acres cleared. To this home my grandfather brought his four daughters and three sons. The oldest son, Dr. Baldwin, was at this time about twenty-four, and the youngest, "John," about twelve years. My mother, the youngest of the family, was only seven, and my three aunts young women. There was an aunt, Mrs. Sullivan, married in Ireland, and two uncles—one, "Augustus," in the R. Navy—and the other, Henry, in the Merchant Service.

From perfect want of experience and ignorance of the country, my grandfather had brought his family into the wilderness without properly arranging for their comfort, consequently the winter found them very miserable with an unfinished log hut, no stove, only a great open fireplace with a blazing log heap on it, and one corner of the room boarded off for the four sisters, where they had to sleep in beds laid on the floor. After being eighteen months at Clarke, Mr. Morgan wrote to beg my uncle would bring my Aunt Eliza down to New York that they might be married, as his health would not admit of his taking so long a journey. He also asked him to bring my mother down, too, who could have the advantages of education not to be had in Canada.

About October, '99, the trio set out, they crossed the Lake Ontario to Niagara—which took a day and a half, they had been detained three weeks at York before they found a schooner crossing the Lake—and they were detained three weeks more at Niagara

before they found a party going on, for people had to wait then for a party to go through the forest, as a caravan does over a desert. While detained at Niagara a dark day occurred which was very extraordinary, and during which strange noises like cannon were heard which alarmed them very much. They visited the Falls, which one came upon then through the dense forest, and which was infinitely grander then in its primeval state than it is now when laid bare by Yankee civilization. They proceeded after returning to Canandaigua, where they found they had not sufficient money to get on and they had to wait a whole month until a remittance came to them, meanwhile suffering great privations and even hardships.

Another party being formed and money having come they set out once more. They crossed Cayuga Lake over a long bridge two miles long, and after that by some means they lost their way. Their sleigh first being overset, and their money being nearly lost in the snow. It was, of course, in those days gold and silver, and carried in a bag. After wandering about and quite losing their path they at length, by the moonlight, saw a smoke, and, proceeding towards it, dogs began to bark, and presently an Indian came towards them, to whom they explained their distress. He proved to be a chief and very politely invited them into his wigwam. They gladly accepted the invitation, and my mother often speaks of that, to her delightful night in the bark wigwam with the blazing logs on one side and the hole at the top where, as she lay on her bed of hemlock boughs and bearskins, she saw the stars twinkling down upon them. The Indians were very hospitable, giving up with great politeness the half their wigwam to the strangers. My mother does not remember any of the incidents of their sleigh journey for the rest of the way, down the Hudson, etc., except my aunt getting a dress made at Albany; where, to her amazement, the dressmaker told her that the open gown with the long train that was in vogue when she left Ireland was done away with, and *Round gowns* were now the fashion. They arrived safely at Mr. Delancy's in Cherry Street—Mr. Morgan's mother had married a Mr. Delancy—and Mr. Morgan and Aunt Eliza were married on the 12th of February, *1800, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore. (Eclipse total of sun in 1806.)

In 1807 Uncle and Aunt Morgan brought by mother back to Canada. The country had, of course, improved somewhat during the seven years since they went down, still where cities now stand there was then only woods, woods, woods, with here and there a few scattered houses. For instance, at Buffalo, where they passed a night, was a solitary roadside inn with a swinging sign—no other house, and the beautiful Lake Erie spread out before it.

Uncle Morgan drove his own carriage all the way from Albany—

ten miles he and my mother had to walk through the woods where the road was very bad. My mother found York vastly changed in those seven years—there was a church, a jail, a lighthouse building, and many nice houses, and the woods between the garrison and town fast disappearing. Governor Gore was there, and Uncle William married to Miss Wilcocks and had two sons.

Aunt and Uncle Morgan went down in open boats to Clarke, taking with them Aunt Anne. They paid a month's visit and then all three went to New York again. Uncle John had been laid up with rheumatism, from rushing into the water when overheated to get the letters which were brought down always in a boat, and as the boat could not get in he waded out to meet it. The consequence was he had to go on crutches for a long time and was not strong enough to go back to the farm, so my mother found him a clerk in Mr. St. George's shop in York. This Mr. St. George was really a Mr. Lawrence, who, having lost all with Louis XVI., had emigrated during Napoleon's reign, and began by expending his last \$10 in buying a pedlar's pack. This in time enabled him to set up a shop, and after taking my uncle into partnership they made a large fortune between them which their descendants are now enjoying.

My mother went down to the farm after her sisters had returned to New York, and then her experience of "Roughing it in the Bush" began. The hardships were bearable until the winter came on, which proved to be one of the most severe ever known in Canada.

In the end of the summer and the fall the field mice were a perfect plague. They were found in myriads and destroyed everything they could find; every stump that was turned up proved to be a homestead destroyed, and the cat loathed mice as the Israelites did quails.

The winter made an end of the mice, which lay dead by hundreds of thousands on the ground. But a new trouble arose very trying to the women and those unable to work. White oak staves were found to be marketable and to bring a large price. therefore a mania arose for cutting and preparing these staves. Consequently, every man in the country set to work at this new employment, leaving the women and old people to get on as they could on their wild lands. My grandfather's man followed the universal example, and they could get no other man for the highest wages that could be offered. My mother, a young and delicate girl of sixteen, was obliged to drag hay up a hill to feed all the cattle and a flock of sheep—though terrified of the animals—as my grandfather was too infirm to do it himself. There was also a pack of nine hounds to feed and water to draw and logs to draw into the outhouse, and three worked at that, that is, Aunt Alice, my grandfather and mother, and my grandfather

chopped the logs in the house to supply the great fireplace, which held what we would call a *load* of wood almost now. For a time, nearly half the winter, my aunt went on a visit to York, leaving my mother *alone* to do all the work with her father and a little French Canadian servant girl. My grandfather was obliged to go to Newcastle to attend the Court. A mad woman came one day just as he was leaving and my mother was left in this shocking manner, being at the same time suffering from whooping-cough, when as night drew on her alarm become so dreadful at hearing the poor creature talking about the "Prince of Darkness" in her prayers that she and the French girl determined to run to Ebenezer Heartwell's, who lived about three-quarters of a mile across the frozen creek, and beg some one to come and stay with them. So old Mrs. Lovekin came and Mr. Heartwell too, and on their return they saw the woman running to the barn with a lighted candle in her hand searching for my mother. She was in a great fury and rated my mother soundly for her desertion, but was by degrees calmed down. Mr. Heartwell was obliged to return to his little family, but his mother-in-law, Mrs. L—, staid until my grandfather returned. He was terribly shocked to find that the person he had left at home was a madwoman, as he only thought her an oddity for the few minutes he saw her before leaving.

It was a whole week before they could find any one going down in a sleigh who could take this poor creature on, and thus rid the family of this awful visitor. My mother says this is one of her most terrible recollections. Aunt Alice returned home when the Members were returning from Parliament at York. Col. Breckenridge, the member for Leeds (uncle to my father), was the person who drove her down. He was a pleasant, jovial man, known by the soubriquet of the "Duke of Leeds." It was through the first Mrs. Stuart and Mr. Stuart, the Rector of York, that my aunt was introduced to Col. Breckenridge, who was an intimate friend of theirs. At the end of the sad winter they lost six fine cows and nearly all the pigs and sheep, also all the geese were smothered in the snow or ice hills on the lake.

During the following summer the flights of pigeons were remarkable. My mother says they used actually to darken the air. Still the stave mania going on and no farming to be done, things consequently going to the bad. During the summer Uncle William, Dr. Baldwin, and his wife and two sons came down to visit the family in an open boat and staid about a month. During this visit my uncle made my grandfather promise to go up and live at York the following winter, as he was too old to work a farm and the hardships were too great for him and his daughters. In prospect of this leaving the farm my

grandfather wished to buy a quantity of furs. An Indian encampment was near, and he had bought some very fine ones. One Sunday he had gone to see his neighbour Mr. Cozens, when, soon after he had gone, several Indians came bringing furs and asking for whiskey. My mother and aunt refused them—they became so urgent and insolent, and so constantly increasing in number, that they became terrified and sent the French girl to get my grandfather to return. She came back in a few minutes more frightened than ever, saying that as she passed the camp she saw the squaws hiding away all the knives as they always do when the Indians are drunk, and that they had chased her back. Some of the Indians were intoxicated before they came to the house and their threats were awful. They had collected to the number of forty, and these poor girls still held out stoutly in refusing the whiskey, which was kept beneath a trap-door in the kitchen in a little sort of cellar. At length my aunt thought of the large handsome family Bible in two vols. which they had been reading in, and opened them and pointed out the pictures to try and attract their attention, while my mother knelt down at the other end of the table and prayed to God loudly and earnestly. In this position my grandfather found them and fearful was the shock to him. He brought Mr. Cozens with him. No sooner did the Indians see him than one man drew his knife and showed it to my mother, saying, "Cozens kill my brother, I kill Cozens." Then my grandfather, to divert that idea, was obliged to get them the whiskey—nothing else probably saved their lives. Cozens slipped away and called the Lovekins and some other neighbours and my aunt and mother went into a little room inside my grandfather's while he and his friends kept watch and those horrid creatures set to for a regular orgie. There was a great kettle of food for the hounds on the fire made of bran and potato peelings and all sorts of refuse, this they ate up clean and clever, then they drank, danced and sang all night long, and in the morning off they went—to the relief and joy of the family.

A. I ought to have mentioned before that in the spring, or rather on the 4th of June, my grandfather took it into his head to give a dinner to all his men, he being Colonel of the Militia and Lieutenant of the County. This was a fearful business, 200 or 300 men to be fed, and all to be done by three young girls. They had great sugar kettles full of venison soup, roast meat and pies, and all sorts of things, and these boors drank terribly and stayed all night and about twenty of them stayed to breakfast.

B. One great misery of life at Clarke was the unpleasantness of being obliged to sit at table with one's servants—a black one sometimes being among them—my grandfather used to sit at the upper

end of the table with his family on each side of him, while lower down sat the servants and laborers, something in the old feudal style—the *nearness* of the view decidedly divesting the arrangement of all “enchantment.” Another was the being obliged to receive every passer up and down who wishes to stay—sometimes, of course, there would be an agreeable guest or party of guests—but as there was no sort of inn it was not quite so agreeable to have fifteen or twenty boatmen come and take possession of your kitchen, and perhaps be storm-bound and have to remain several days. Then, too, there were parties constantly coming to Squire Baldwin to be married; in fact, as the lake was then the highway, Dundas Street being only in course of construction, the locality was rather too public, though most beautiful and healthy in summer.

The mode of travelling was wonderful to hear of. There was a great stopping place called Pikes, somewhere about Whitby. Here men, women, and children had to occupy one room, all lying on the floor with their feet towards the fire and some bundle under their heads. On one occasion Uncle William, his wife, sister, children and my mother crossed the Bay of York on their way to Clarke. On arriving at a house called *Aspinwall's*, on the carrying place, a storm came up and they had to wait three days there before they could get on.

In December, 1810, the family all moved up in sleighs to Dr. Baldwin's, at York, here they all lived together; also old Mr. Willcocks and Aunt Willcocks—Aunt Baldwin's father and sister—on the spot where Ellah's Hotel now stands. Mr. (The Honble. Peter Russell) and Miss Russell lived in the house known as Russell Abbey. They were most intimate friends, and my mother spent the most of her time there. They seemed to have had some very pleasant and happy times, until at length the dreadful War which had been smouldering for several years broke out in 1812. My mother says the reluctance was so great among the people to go to war that the Americans were obliged to withdraw the troops who had been a good while at Fort Niagara (because they were so friendly with our people) and put strangers there who were not averse to striking the first blow. Uncle John, who had a shop at this time at Niagara, was taken prisoner and carried down to New York. Here his sister and Mr. Morgan were very kind, got leave for him to visit them, until his liberty caused people to say he was a spy and the Government sent him back to Greenbush.

On 27th of April, 1813, the American fleet came sailing in to York Harbour. The Baldwins and Miss Russell, Mr. St. George, Mr. Large, and a number of friends assembled together to take measures

for the flight of the ladies—all the gentlemen went off to the fight. My mother says nothing could equal the beauty of the fleet coming in—it preserved the form of a crescent, while the sails were as white as snow.

They settled to go out to Baron de Haines' farm. He was a great friend of the family—a German whose real name was Von Hoen—and he had come out about the same time as Mr. St. George and had been in the British Army. He at this time had a farm about four miles up Yonge Street and on a lot called No. 1. This *Street* was then a cordoroy road immediately after leaving King Street, and passing through thick forest. Miss Russell loaded her phaeton with all sorts of necessaries, so that the whole party had to walk. My poor old grandfather, by hard persuasion, at last consented to give up fighting and accompany the ladies. Aunt Baldwin and her four sons, Major Fuller (who was an invalid under Dr. Baldwin's care), Miss Russell, Miss Wilcocks, etc., sallied forth, the youngest boy, St. George, a mere baby, my mother carried on her back nearly all the way. When they reached about half way out they heard a frightful concussion, and all sat down on logs and stumps frightened out of their wits. They learned afterwards this was the blowing up of the Magazine, when 500 Americans were killed, and at which time my uncle, Dr. Baldwin, was dressing a wounded soldier. He was conscious of a sensation—it was too great to be called a *sound*—and found a shower of stones falling all round him and he was quite unhurt. The family at length reached Baron de Haines' log house, consisting of two rooms, one above and one below. The gentlemen lodged above, the ladies below; poor Major Fuller, who was very odd, playing some remarkable pranks upon them all. After three days Miss Russell and mamma walked into town, just in time to save the house from being ransacked by the soldiers. All now returned to their homes and occupations except Uncle William, who, I believe, continued dressing wounds and acting as surgeon until the arrival of Dr. Hackett, the surgeon of the 8th Regiment. Uncle said it was a most touching sight to see the joy of the poor wounded fellows when told that their own doctor was coming back to them. My mother saw the poor 8th Grenadiers come into town on the Saturday—in church on Sunday with the handsome Captain O'Neil at their head and the next day they were cut to pieces to a man!!! My father, Mr. Breckenridge, was a student at law with Uncle William (who had been practising law) and had been with him about three months when he went off like all the rest to the battle of York. The family all lived with Miss Russell after this, she not liking to be left alone, until the

*Second attack occurred 31st July.

second attack of the Americans, about a month later,* when the gentlemen all ran away into concealment fearing to be taken prisoners like those at Niagara. The ladies received the American officers and they were entertained hospitably. Two of them were at Miss Russell's; one of them was Mrs. Archdeacon's Stuart's brother, Mr. Brookes. General Sheaf had gone off long before taking every surgeon with him, by which means my uncle was forced out of humanity to take up his old profession and take care of them. General Brock* was now Governor and was very popular. I have heard my mother speak of pleasant balls given by him. Before the war broke out the ladies all met to make a flag for the 3rd Regiment of York Militia. My mother drew the design, a wreath of laurel with the Royal colours in the corner and a motto given by Mr. Strachan (now Bishop) "Deeds speak." My mother showed the ladies how to do the flag and worked a good deal at it herself. Mr. Robinson (now Chief Justice) used to read the "Battle of Talavera" and other poems to the ladies while they worked. Judge McLean, S. Jarvis, the Boultons, and others used to come and inspect the work! and General Brock himself came once or twice and approved of the work.** There was much distress from scarcity of provisions at various times. Embargo was laid upon salt and various articles, salt being at one time \$18 a bushel, tea and coffee not to be had. An officer came to dine at Miss Russell's, a cousin of the Baldwin's, Edward Warren, son of Sir Robert Warren, of Warren Court, near Cork. There was literally *nothing* for dinner, and poor Miss Russell began to cry. Mamma tried to cheer her, saying, "Providence will provide." Presently a knock came to the door and a boy brought a string of small fish to sell, which dinner was called "Mary's Providence."

I forgot to mention the great comet of 1811, which was more beautiful, my mother says, than any that has appeared during her lifetime.

(Sd) MARIA MURNEY,
Belleville, C.W.

Written from her mother's own words, somewhere about the year 1859.

*Gen. Brock was Administrator in 1811; was killed in 1812.

**See first Transaction of Women's Canadian Historical Society.

STORY OF U. E. LOYALIST.

Reminiscences of Hannah Ingraham, who was born about 1772 and died in 1868, in her 97th year.

PREFATORY NOTE

Early in the year 1784 a movement was started to have what is now the Province of New Brunswick set apart from Nova Scotia as a separate province, which movement was successful and the change was made that year. The inhabitants of St. Andrews, through Robert Pagan, Colin Campbell, William Gallop, and Jeremiah Pote, sent a representation favouring and urging the bringing about of such change to the agents for the Loyalists on the St. John River, who at that time were Frederick Hanser, George Leonard, William Tyng, Thomas Horsefield, Bartholomew Cromwell, James Peters, and William Hazan.

Colonel Thomas Carleton, brother of Lord Dorchester, became first Governor. He had commanded a regiment during the revolutionary war, and was deservedly popular with the Loyalists. He arrived at Parrtown (now St. John) on Sunday, November 21st, and the new province was proclaimed the following day.

The first Council was composed chiefly of United Empire Loyalists. Prominent among these were Chief Justice Ludlow, who had been a judge of the Supreme Court of New York; Judge Upham, a graduate of Harvard, and Loyalist Colonel of Dragoons; Judge Allen and Judge Winslow, both Colonels in the Loyalist Army; James Putnam, one of the ablest lawyers in America, and others who had abandoned large estates in the old colonies.

I have chosen to-day for my especial subject, the story of an old woman, daughter of a loyalist farmer, as she related it to my mother, who wrote it down as nearly as possible in the language of the narrator.

M. V. TIPPET.

1776 to 1783. My father lived at New Concord, twenty miles from Albany. We had a comfortable farm, plenty of cows and sheep. But when the war began and he joined the regulars they (the Rebels) took it all away, sold the things, ploughs and all, and my mother was forced to pay rent for her own farm. What father had sown they

took away, but what mother raised after she paid rent they let her keep. They took away all our cows and sheep, only let her have one heifer and four sheep.

Uncle had given me a sheep, and when he found we were like to lose all he took it away and kept it for me.

Little John, my brother, had a pet lamb and he went to the Committee men and spoke up and said, "Won't you let me have my lamb?" He was a little fellow, four years old, so they let him have it.

My father was in the army seven years. They took grandfather prisoner and sent him on board a prison ship.

Mother rode fifty miles on horseback in one day when she heard it to go to see him and take him some money to buy some comforts. He had a paralytic stroke when he was there, and he never recovered, poor grandfather.

My father was taken prisoner once but he escaped. The girl who was sent to take him his supper one night told him she would leave the door unbuttoned, and he got off to the woods, but was wandering most two months before he found the army again. Mother was four years without hearing of or from father, whether he was alive or dead: any one would be hanged right up if they were caught bringing letters.

Oh, they were terrible times!

At last there was talk of peace and a neighbour got a letter from her husband, and one inside for mother to tell her father was coming home.

1783. He came home on Sept. 13th, it was Friday, and said we were to go to Nova Scotia (New Brunswick was then part of Nova Scotia), that a ship was ready to take us there, so we made all haste to get ready.

Killed the cow, sold the beef, and a neighbour took home the tallow and made us a good parcel of candles and put plenty of bees-wax in to make them hard and good.

Uncle came down and thrashed our wheat, 20 bushels, and grandmother came and made bags for the wheat, and we packed up a tub of butter, tub of pickles, and a good store of potatoes.

And then one Tuesday, suddenly, the house was surrounded by the rebels and father took prisoner and carried away. Uncle went forward and promised them who took him that if he might come home then he would answer for his being forthcoming next morning. But *No*, and I *cried*, and I *cried*, and I *cried* enough to kill myself that night. When morning came they sent to say that he was free to go.

We had five wagon loads carried down the Hudson in a sloop, and

then we went aboard the transport that was to bring us to St. John.

I was just eleven years old when we left our farm to come here. It was the last transport for the season, and had in it all those who could not leave sooner.

The first transport had come in May, and so had all the summer before them to get settled.

This was the last part of September, we had a bad storm in the Bay, but some Frenchmen came off in a canoe and helped us (piloted I suppose).

There were no deaths on board, but several babies were born. It was a sad, sick time after we landed; in St. John we had to live in tents, the Government gave them to us and rations too. It was just at the first snow then, and the melting snow and rain would soak up into our beds as we lay. Mother got so chilled with rheumatism that she was never very well afterwards.

We came up the river at last in a schooner and were nine days getting to St. Ann's, near what is called Salamanca* (now Fredericton). (They called it Salamanca after the fight of that name because they had such a hard battle with the trees when they were clearing the land.)

It was two months from the day we left our home at Concord till we reached St. Ann's.

We were brought as far as Maugerville in a schooner, but we had to get the rest of the way, twelve miles, walking, or any way we could, because the schooner could not get past the Oromocto shoals.

How did we get to our lots? This way.

Capt. Clements hired a row boat of a man at Oromocto for 3s. a day for three days, and he sent up his folks and their goods the first day. We did not know how long they would be, but they got there and back the same night, so he us told us all to get in. We were ready, goods and all, by sunrise, so we started. There were plenty of single men ready to row us for their passage up, but the man who had let the boat hollared after us (he was riding along the shore on horseback). Bring back that boat, he could get 9s. a day for her, but the men rowed on and did not mind his words, so he went away; you see Capt. Clements had hired the boat for *three* days and *paid* for it, so we had a *right* to it, for this was only the second day.

(Capt. Clements was our next neighbour when we got to St. Ann's.)

At last we got to our land, pitched our tent and the boat went back for more.

* Battle of Salamanca, 1812.

When the boat got back to Oromocto the schooner was gone and had landed the last of the passengers.

There was a poor widow with four children waiting to come, but none of the men there had the courage to put her aboard the boat, or even go aboard themselves, though we had a right to the use of it for another day, for it was paid for, and that poor woman had to sleep in a barn till the ice covered the river, and then some of the neighbours took a handsled and hauled her up to St. Ann's, twelve miles. There were no roads then you see, and the river was the only way of travelling.

We lived in a tent at St. Ann's till father got a log house raised. He went up through our lot till he found a nice fresh spring of water, he stooped down and pulled away the fallen leaves that were thick over it, and tasted it; it was very good, so there he built his house. We all had rations given us by the Government, flour and butter and pork; and tools were given to the men, too.

One morning when we waked we found the snow lying deep on the ground all round us, and then father came wading through it and told us the house was ready and not to stop to light a fire then, and not mind the weather, but follow his tracks through the trees, for the trees were so many we soon lost sight of him going up the hill; it was snowing fast, and oh, so cold. Father carried a chest and we all took something and followed him up the hill through the trees.

It was not long before we heard him pounding, and, oh, what joy to see our gable end.

There was no floor laid, no window, no chimney, no door, but we had a roof at last.

A good fire was blazing on the hearth, and mother had a big loaf of bread with us, and she boiled a kettle of water and put a good piece of butter in a pewter bowl, and we toasted the bread and all sat round the bowl to eat our breakfast that morning, and mother said, "Thank God, we are no longer in dread of having shots fired through our house. This is the sweetest meal I have tasted for many a day."

It was not long before father got a good floor down of split cedar, and a floor overhead to make a bedroom, and a chimney built.

Who built the chimney?

There were no mills then, nor bricks, nothing but wood.

Our chimney was made of stones for the back and a kind of mud for mortar, and the front and sides were just sticks and mud. They took care to plaster mud all up the inside of the chimney, and when Captain Clements came in one day to see father, he said, "Why, Ingraham, you've got a chimney before me."

There was a neighbour, a single man, had asked us to let him live

with us that winter, and he made the chimney and helped father in all his work, and he made shingles in the woods and would bring them home a bunch at a time.

1784-5. Another man came and wanted to live with us, and he knew how to thatch, and he made a barrack for the old Chief Justice Ludlow and he was so pleased.

You see we had raised some rye, so we had good straw. I'll tell you what they mean by a barrack. It was in place of a barn, for they had no way of making barns then, no mills, no boards; this is how they made it, put up four long poles for the corners and made a roof of thatch that would slide up and down like a lid on the poles, so they put the hay in, and then let the roof down close and that kept the hay tight and dry.

They made a floor out of doors to thrash wheat on.

We soon got things planted the first spring, for they would grow so easy, one bushel of wheat yielded 30, the ground was all new you see. We had brought wheat and beans and seeds with us, and we could sell anything we had for money down.

Many people wanted the things we had, and father was always getting jobs of work from the gentry that soon followed the Loyalists.

1785-6. There were the Chief Justice and the Governor and Parson Cooke and his family, and other ladies too, and we sold them cream and butter; they were glad to get the things and we were glad to sell, for it kept us in money to buy groceries.

I went to school the first winter up to St. Ann's on snow shoes. The next winter I hauled my brother on a handsled. This is why. My brother John had chopped his toe off when cutting wood with father; he was a big boy then. Our house was not much more than a hut, only one room, and little Ira then was just waddling alone, and was always meddling (as children will) and used to touch his brother's lame bandaged toe, and so father said if I could haul John to school he could give me another quarter's schooling, and I did. But, oh, it was hard work through the deep snow, and once it was so heavy that the poor boy got his toe froze before we reached the school, and that put back the healing, for mother had to poultice it, etc., and it was a bad piece of work for him. Capt. Clement's father lived the next lot to us, and when his boys overtook me they always helped me haul, and so did Irad Hagerman's grandmother's eldest boy, but that was not very often. There was no church or clergyman at St. Ann's when we first came (1783) and only two houses, one where Government House was and one where what is now the Church Green. All the space between, which is now the town, was covered with raspberry bushes, and my brother John and I used to run down

there as hard as we could, when we had time, to pick berries, and we were proud when we got a pint to take to mother, for she had been used to plenty of fruit afore she came here. All the trees at the Point, as it was called, that is the flat piece of ground where Fredericton stands, had been cut down and the place settled by Scotch people long before, but the Indians had killed them all and burnt up their houses, and when we came it was all grown up with raspberries and such like. Father had the first cow that was in the place. He bought it for 10 guineas of the old inhabitants down at Manguerville (they mostly moved away when the loyalists came, but not all). The cow was so poor and starved looking when he bought her that she could hardly walk home. You see Manguerville is mostly under water at the freshet season, and they have to stage up their cattle on scaffolds in the barns, and they do so still. Well, the poor creature was so tired when father got her home that she lay down and he would not make her get up to tie her that night; so next morning she was lost, and father looked and wandered all day searching for her; he had put her on a cow bell, and once he thought he heard a tinkle, but at that same moment a man near started to sharpen a whip-saw and that noise killed all other sounds. Five days father was seeking that cow, and at last he found her with the cattle at Government House; there were no other cows but theirs and the Government folks wondered where the cow had come from, knowing no one had any round there; they had milked her, so she had not gone dry, but she had such a cut on her jaw, like an axe had hit her, but the other cows had licked it and it got better.

The next one who bought a cow was Capt. Clements. He lived close by us at first, but after a little he moved to the other side of the river. We all went to help him move, helping to carry a chair or basket to the boat, but when they went to drive the cow they found she had a large gash in her haunch bleeding fast, and they saw they must kill her for she would soon bleed to death; it was a clean cut with smooth edges, such as a dagger or dirk would make, not like a hurt from trees or accident.

There was an ill-tempered, jealous man among us who owned just such a dirk, and no one else had, and folks thought that he must have done it for envy. He went away soon after and no one was sorry for him to go. As father knew how to cut up meat Capt. Clements got him to make the cow into nice joints of beef; that was the first beef I ever roasted, for they gave father a good haunch for pay. I had a hard piece of work cooking it in a dutch oven; there was no stoves then (1786). Parson Cooke was coming over to baptize my little brother Ira that day and to dine with us; he lived over the river at St. Mary's; there were many people settled there. Loyalist soldiers

had grants of land up the Nashwauk, and Madam Keswick and Douglas.

Parson Cooke held service in the King's Provision Warehouse, close by the Church Green, till the church was ready. They began building it pretty soon, in two years I think, and my brother John and I saw the first burying there ever was in the graveyard. It was a soldier, an officer, and we heard the drums beating while we were picking berries there and we ran to see it. In front of the King's Provision Warehouse there was always a sentry on guard walking up and down with his bayonet fixed. There was plenty of Indians coming to sell furs in those days. I've counted forty canoes going up the river all at one time. They used to come ashore to sell their furs to Peter Fraser, and folks say he used to cheat them; he would put his fist on the scale and say it weighed a pound and turn the scale in his favour.

One day when I was all alone in the house, except the baby, I saw a big Indian coming up the hill to the door; I was terribly afraid at first, for I knew he would perhaps stop all day and eat up everything in the house, so I ran to the cradle and caught up the baby and wrapped him in a quilt and went to the door just as the Indian got there, so I said, "Have you had the smallpox?" hushing the baby all the while, and he darted away as if he had been shot, and we had no Indians around all that summer; they all went away directly. They are afraid of smallpox, for Indians mostly die if they get it.

May 23, 1795. One day Parson Cooke came over to a funeral, it was in May, at freshet time, and the water was high and the wind began to blow and we wanted him to stop till next day, but he said they would be waiting for him, so he and his son, a big boy, started to paddle over home.

But next day someone saw a straw hat floating, his son's hat, and then the canoe bottom up, so we knew they were drowned, and it was more than a week before they found the bodies floating down the river. Oh, it was a terrible grief, we all loved him so. There's many a one named Cooke after him.

Note 1.—Ingraham, U. E. Loyalist farmer. Subsequently moved up the St. John River, 25 miles above Fredericton, where his descendants are still.

Note 2.—What makes this simple narrative more interesting at the present day is that Bishop Inglis was always her father's guest when he visited Fredericton, and was on most friendly and intimate terms, staying at their house. He used to say to her: "Hannah,

you will live to be an old woman, your days will be long in the land for you are so dutiful to your parents." She lived to be 97, and wept for joy when Bishop Medley, our first Bishop, went to see her (1845) soon after he came, and related over again her old acquaintance with Bishop Inglis.

INGRAHAM, U. E. L.

Benjamin Ingraham, Farmer, was born 20th April, 1743, in the town of Derby, County of New Haven, Province of Connecticut, New England; moved to King's District, Albany Co., Prov. of New York, and married, 8th April, 1771, Jerusha Barritt (or Barrett), of that district, by Rev. Mr. Bolswith.

At the outbreak of the Revolution he remained true in his allegiance to his Sovereign, and in December, 1776, he enlisted in the King's American Regiment at New York, having first tried to get through to the Northern Division under General Burgoyne. He served all through the war, first as a private and later as a sergeant. Was severely wounded and lay in hospital in North Carolina for six months; the ball was never extracted from his hip, and he took it to his grave with him.

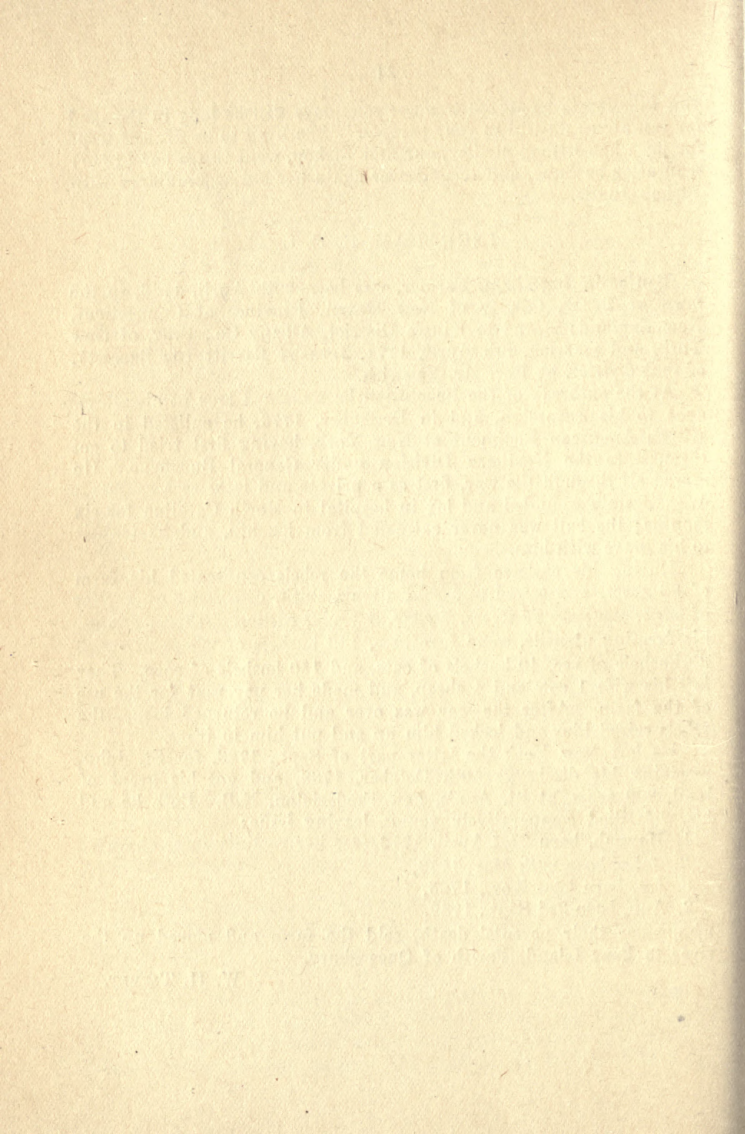
During his absence from home the rebels confiscated his farm of 93 acres, and seized and sold all his stock, consisting of 1 yoke of oxen, one yoke of steers, 7 cows, 4 young cattle, 35 sheep, 6 hogs, his farming utensils, some furniture, 140 bushels of wheat in stack, 30 bushels of rye, 40 bushels of oats, and 150 bushels of corn. They left his wife 1 cow and 4 sheep, and made her pay rent for the use of the farm. After the war was over and he returned home, the rebels seized him and locked him up and put him in irons.

He left New York the latter part of Sept., 1783, for St. John, receiving his discharge 10th October, 1783, and got his grant of land, 200 acres, at St. Ann's, now Fredericton, N.B. Both he and his wife died comparatively young, leaving issue:

1. Hannah, born 21st April, 1772 (see her reminiscences above),
2. John, born 20th May, 1773,
3. Ira, born 21st Nov., 1785,
2. Ann, born 3rd Sept., 1789,

who, after their parents' death, sold the farm and moved up the river to Bear Island, Parish of Queensbury.

W. H. TIPPET.



ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

1912-1913

Organized November, 1895; Incorporated February 14th, 1896.

OFFICERS

Honorary President - - - - -	LADY GIBSON.
Past Presidents - - - - -	{ *MRS. S. A. CURZON.
President - - - - -	{ *LADY EDGAR.
Vice-Presidents - - - - -	MRS. FORSYTH GRANT.
	{ MISS FITZGIBBON.
	{ MRS. CAMPBELL MEYERS.
Recording Secretary - - - - -	MISS PORT, 19 Lowther Avenue.
Corresponding Secretary - - - - -	MRS. SEYMOUR CORLEY, 46 Dunvegan Rd.
Treasurer - - - - -	MISS CHAUNCEY TOOQUE, 850 Bruns wick Ave.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MRS. JAS. BAIN.	MRS. GALBRAITH.
MISS COX.	MISS RIDOUT.
MRS. STUPART.	MISS MACCALLUM.
MISS MICKLE.	MISS LEA.

HONORARY MEMBERS

G. R. PARKIN, C.M.G., LL.D.	THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.
COL. G. T. DENISON.	J. A. MACDONELL.
MISS CARNOCHAN.	W. D. LIGHTHALL, F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L., (Great Britain)
SIR SANDFORD FLEMING, K.C.M.G., F.R.S.C.	BENJAMIN SULTE, F.R.S.O.
W. MACFARLANE.	REV. JOHN MCDUGALL.
JAMES HANNAY.	REV. JOHN MACLEAN, Ph.D.
SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.	EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON.
CHARLES MAIR, F.R.S.C.	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.
MISS LIZARS.	JOHN READE, F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L., (Great Britain)
MISS MACHAE.	MRS. J. W. F. HARRISON (Seranus).
BLISS CARMAN.	
JOHN D. KELLY.	
REV. PROF. BRYCE.	

PAST HONORARY MEMBERS

REV. DR. SCADDING.	J. G. HODGINS, LL.D.
REV. DR. WITBROW, F.R.S.C.	HIS HONOR JUDGE PROWSE.
O. A. HOWLAND, C.M.G.	D. B. READ, K.C.
DAVID BOYLE.	ALEXANDER MUIR.
REV. CANON BULL.	DR. CANNIFF.
DR. WILLIAM KINGSFORD, F.R.S.C.	E. G. NELSON.
WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.	HIS HONOR JUDGE WOODS.
DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.	DR. JOHN CAMPBELL, F.R.S.O.
L'ABBE CASGRAIN.	DR. JAS. BAIN.
SIE J. M. LE MOINE, Kt., F.R.S.C.	

CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

MISS JEAN BARR, WINDSOR.	MRS. CHRISTIE (Annie Rothwell, North Gower, Ont.)
MRS. HENRY MACLEOD, OTTAWA.	MRS. BACKUS, M.D., Aylmer, Ont.
MISS C. A. MERRITT, St. Catharines.	
MISS McLAREN.	

* Deceased.

Secretary's Report, 1912-1913

In submitting the Annual Report of your Society for 1912-13, we have no unusual undertakings to chronicle, but are glad to announce that we have been able to obtain papers of more than ordinary value historically, such as the paper concerning the Baldwin family, the Tramp of a Botanist, and Miss Lizars' paper on roads; for the rest your members have rather aided the other Historical Societies to celebrate and hold functions either to unveil commemorative monuments erected by their influence and effort than done any work toward the completion of the memorial so long desired by this Society and for which a considerable sum has been collected.

In all, seven regular and eight executive meetings have been held, the year's programme being as follows:—

December, 1912. "The Early Schools in Canada," by Dean Pakenham.

January, 1913. The Recollections of Mary Warren Breckenridge. Original paper concerning the Baldwin family, read by Miss C. Tocque.

Also—The Aborigines of British Columbia, by Miss Josephine MacCallum.

February. "Incidents in the Life of Major Merritt, U.E.L.," read by Miss Catherine Merritt.

"Early Discoverers of British Columbia," by Miss Helen Merrill.

March. "A Botanist's Tramp from Kingston to Niagara," read by Mrs. Campbell Meyers.

"An Early Expedition to Hudson Bay," by Mrs. J. B. Tyrrell.

April. "Early Roads in York," by Miss K. M. Lizars, author of "The Valley of the Humber."

Prize Poem, "Madelaine de Verchères," by Alan Sullivan, read by Mrs. Forsyth Grant.

Extract from records about the Anchor at Holland Landing were also read by Mrs. Forsyth Grant.

October. "The Diary of Captain Vidal," read by his descendant, Mrs. Gardiner.

November. A charming report of the Tecumseh Centenary, given by Miss Josephine MacCallum.

A List of Early Taxpayers of York, read by Miss FitzGibbon.

Account of Annual Expenditure for the Lighthouse on Gibraltar Point, 1817. From the McCutcheon papers. Read by S. Mickle.

In the first paper Dean Pakenham dwelt on the educational work of Dr. Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, and of Dr. Stewart, referring to the great difficulty in those days of obtaining school teachers who were loyal to the Crown, illustrating his lecture by old-fashioned text-books.

The "Recollections of Mary Warren Breckenridge," compiled from original papers, was published as our last Transaction, No. 11.

The extracts from the Merritt papers brought up many interesting items, such as prices paid for articles of food years ago, an account of an execution for high treason shortly after the close of the war of 1812, and incidentally they gave a vivid picture of the courage and high principle of Major Merritt. Miss Catherine Merritt closed with an Ode to the Heroes of 1812, composed, set to music, and sung by herself.

Mrs. J. B. Tyrrell's paper gave an account of an early expedition of discovery to Hudson Bay, exhibiting the handle of a cutlass and a three-pound cannon ball picked up on the shore of Hudson Bay by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, which was recognized by a member as similar to a cannon ball found on the shore of Hudson River and exhibited at the Historical Exhibition in Toronto in 1898.

Mrs. Meyers read an unusually interesting paper, "The Tramp of a Botanist from Kingston to Niagara in 1819." which we publish in Transaction No. 12; also the paper on roads, so profusely illustrated by rare maps showing where the earliest roads near Toronto were made.

Eleven new members have been added to our list, and though the attendance has not been so large as we would wish, we think there is no decrease in the value nor the interest of the papers prepared and read. We hope we may look forward to some practical work towards the accomplishment of the scheme for the Memorial Hall.

Representatives of this Society attended the unveiling of the Stoney Creek Monument, built to commemorate the victory obtained there June 5th, 1813. The Wentworth Historical Society had the honor of Her Majesty the Queen pressing a button in Buckingham Palace, an electric bell rang, the veiling sheets fell. It was an impressive

scene; the bands on the hill and on the plains below played the National Anthem. Among the volunteers below, the most noteworthy was a band of Indians from the Reserve near Brantford, representing the descendants of the faithful allies of the British of one hundred years ago, who did so much to turn the tide of war in our favor at Detroit, Queenston Heights, and elsewhere. Delegates also attended a picnic of the Queenston Women's Institute, who are endeavoring to build a Hall in memory of Laura Secord within the Park grounds; the site has been given them by the Park Commissioners, on condition that they erect a suitable building.

The publications received during the year have been: Report of the Ontario Historical Society; Report of the Ottawa Historical Society; Report of the London and Middlesex Historical Society; Report of the Niagara Historical Society; Report of the Lennox and Addington Historical Society; Report of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society of Hamilton; Report of the Local Council of Women; Review of Historical Publications; List of Publications of the Library of Congress; Copy of Women's Year Book; Report of National Council of Women; Proceedings of Rhode Island Historical Society.

We regret to record the loss of Mrs. Nordheimer, President and founder of the I.O.D.E., and one of our first members; Mrs. Agnes Dunbar Chamberlin, who contributed to our programme the Battle of Hastings and Black Citizens of Toronto, and whose work on the Wild Flowers of Canada was the first published, and her collection of water color drawings a national asset; Lady Mortimer Clark, for many years Honorary President; Mr. Edmund Morris, whose interest in our Society was shown by gifts of drawings; Mr. Barlow Cumberland, whose services with regard to the preserving of the Old Fort were invaluable.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

C. L. CORLEY,

Honorary Corresponding Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Season 1912-1913

GENERAL ACCOUNT

CREDITS.

Cash on hand Nov. 15th, 1912	\$133 81
By Fees	52 00
Ontario Government Grant	100 00
Bank Interest	2 18
	<hr/>
	\$287 99

DISBURSEMENTS.

Refreshments for Monthly Meetings	\$15 24
Floral Wreaths (re Monument at Lundy's Lane and for late Mrs. Chamberlin)	10 50
Rent	30 00
*Contribution to Laura Secord Memorial Hall at Queenston (cheque outstanding)	10 00
Atwell Fleming Ptg. Co., Cards re Meetings, etc.	27 75
Fee to Local Council	2 00
Townsend's Livery	1 50
Briggs Ptg. Co. for "Transactions" No. 11 and Annual Report (1911-1912)	62 75
Stamps and Stationery	6 25
Balance in Bank, Oct. 31st, 1913	122 00
	<hr/>
	\$287 99

QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL FUND

1912-1913.

Cash in Bank, Nov. 15th, 1912	\$198 40
Bank Interest	5 19
Interest on Debentures	184 33
Proceeds of Sale of Postal Card of Old Fort	2 40
Proceeds of Sale of "Transactions"	50
	<hr/>
	\$390 82
Debentures on deposit of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation	4,500 00
	<hr/>
Total at credit of Fund, Nov. 13th, 1913	\$4,890 82

*Certified that Balance in Bank is correct after allowing for payment of outstanding cheque of \$10 to Laura Secord Memorial.

(Signed) R. W. CALDER.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

CHAUNCEY TOCQUE,
Hon. Treasurer.

LIST OF MEMBERS

- Mrs. G. A. Arthurs, 78 Admiral Road.
Mrs. Armstrong, "The Priory," Augusta Ave.
Miss Ardagh, "The Hill," Barrie.
- Miss Bostwick, 2 Bloor St. East.
Mrs. James Bain, 393 Brunswick Ave.
Miss Louise Barker, 31 Park Road.
Mrs. Clayton Bell, 56 Poplar Plains Road.
Mrs. Bascom, 1339 King St. West.
Mrs. Beemer, 37 Sussex Ave.
Mrs. Broughall, 49 St. Albans St.
Mrs. Bryson, 216 Robert St.
Mrs. Behan, Mimico.
Miss Behan, Mimico.
Mrs. Bescoby, Eglinton Ave., Eglinton.
Mrs. Graham Bryson, 118 Brunswick Ave.
Miss Bessie Baldwin, Dunvegan Road.
Miss A. M. Bell, 538 Ontario Street.
Mrs. Cotton, 20 Bloor St. East.
Miss Cotton, 20 Bloor St. East.
Miss Carty, 112 Lowther Ave.
Miss M. Carty, 112 Lowther Ave.
Miss Florence M. Cole, 131 Avenue Road.
Miss L. Clark, 22 Russell St.
Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, 13 Spadina Road.
Mrs. J. W. Collins, 94 Spencer Ave.
Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, 99 Howland Ave.
Mrs. J. W. Seymour Corley, 46 Dunvegan Road.
Mrs. C. D. Cory, 5 Deer Park Cres.
Miss Cox, 18 Selby St.
Miss Evelyn Cox, 7 Wellesley Pl.
Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, 44 Dewson St.
Miss Cumberland, Imperial Bank Chambers, Bloor and Lansdowne Ave.
Miss Cowan, 105 St. George St.
- Mrs. DesBrisay, 350 Brunswick Ave.
Miss DesBrisay, 350 Brunswick Ave.

Miss Dalton, 417 Brunswick Ave.
Mrs. Duckworth, Trinity House.
Mrs. Douglas, 19 Roxborough Street East.
Mrs. Davidson, 22 Madison Ave.
Mrs. W. Dixon, 28 Rowanwood Ave.

Mrs. Pelham Edgar, 50 St. George St.
Mrs. W. H. Ellis, 74 St. Albans St.
Mrs. Horace Eaton, 631 Sherbourne St.
Miss Mary Evans, 69 Grange Ave.
Mrs. Donald Edwards, 107 St. Clair Ave.
Miss Elliott, 29 Dunvegan Road.

Mrs. FitzGibbon, 291 St. George St.
Miss Featherstonhaugh, 21 Grove Ave.
Miss FitzGibbon, 52 St. Albans St.
Mrs. Fotheringham, 20 Wellesley St.
Miss Fisher, "La Plaza," Charles St. East.
Mrs. French, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.
Mrs. Fitzsimmons, 72 Montrose Ave.

Mrs. Graham, 510 Ontario St.
Mrs. Galbraith, 59 Prince Arthur Ave.
Mrs. E. Jeffers Graham, 341 Sherbourne St.
Miss Marcella Gibson, 17 Rusholme Road.
Mrs. Forsyth Grant, 30 Nanton Cres.
Mrs. Gardiner, 64 Rathnally Ave.
Miss S. Gamble, Eglinton, Ont.
Miss M. Gamble, 19 Charles St. East.
Miss Green, 50 St. George St.
Mrs. Albert Grant, Port Hope.
Miss Gibson, "Araby," Oakville, Ont.

Miss Holland, 307 St. George St.
Miss Hart, 402 Dovercourt Road.
Mrs. S. Heward, 485 Huron St.
Mrs. R. Sterns Hicks, "The Alexandra."
Miss H. M. Hill, 20 Bernard Ave.
Miss Hillyard, 9 Sultan St.
Mrs. Holmsted, 58 St. Alban's St.
Mrs. W. Holmsted, Moose Jaw, Sask.
Miss B. McLean Howard, 49 Brunswick Ave.
Miss A. Hastings, 100 Charles St. West.

Mrs. H. Hooper, 548 Huron St.
Miss Horsey, 69 Bernard Ave.
Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, 438 Avenue Road.

Mrs. George Jarvis, 8 Major St.
Mrs. Caroline Jarvis, 258 Jarvis St.
Mrs. Edmund Jarvis, 258 Jarvis St.
Mrs. Æmilius Jarvis, 34 Prince Arthur Ave.
Mrs. W. H. P. Jarvis, 31 Oriole Road.
Mrs. F. G. Jemmett, 42 Warren Road.

Miss Kendrick, 16 Orde St.
Mrs. George Kerr, 14 Madison Ave.
Miss Kingsmill, 35 Major St.
Mrs. Kerr, "Rathnelly."
Mrs. Kingston, 72 Admiral Road.
Mrs. Keefer, 236 St. George St.
Mrs. Kelleher, 91 St. Joseph St.

Miss Alice Lea, 5 Bedford Road.
Miss Lash, 59 Admiral Road.
Mrs. Edward Leigh, 63 Albany Ave.
Mrs. Leach, 4 South Drive.
Mrs. Locke, 38 Delisle Ave.

Mrs. L. Clark Macklem, 120 St. George St.
Miss I. Mackenzie, 410 Dovercourt Road.
Mrs. McAll, 411 Dovercourt Road.
Mrs. A. B. Macallum.
Miss Josephine MacCallum, 13 Bloor St. West.
Miss McCartney, 43 Dunvegan Road.
Miss Merrill, 4 Prince Arthur Ave.
Mrs. W. R. Morson, 417 Brunswick Ave.
Miss Louise Mason, 27 Admiral Road.
The Misses MacKellar, 169 Madison Ave.
Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, 31 Walmer Road.
Miss Gordon Mackenzie, 31 Walmer Road.
Mrs. W. J. MacMurtry, 93 Jamieson Ave.
Mrs. Alex. Macnab, 120 Wells St.
Mrs. Robert McMaster, 63 Madison Ave.
Miss C. N. Merritt, 40 St. George St.
Mrs. Mockridge, 133 Howland Ave.
Miss Mockridge, 133 Howland Ave.

Mrs. J. A. Macdonald, 87 Spadina Road.
Mrs. A. Meredith, "Craigleigh," Rosedale.
Miss S. Mickle, 48 Heath St. East.
Mrs. Julius Miles, 160 Cottingham St.
Mrs. Balfour Musson, 22 Park Road.
Mrs. Campbell Meyers, 72 Heath St. West.
Mrs. Morphy (Mrs. G. S.), 316 Avenue Road.
Miss Mallory, Eglinton, Ont.
Mrs. H. G. Macklem, 112 Bedford Road.
Mrs. Macfarlane, 592 Jarvis St.
Miss Ainslie McMichael, 93 Bernard Ave.

Mrs. Nixon, 43 Dunvegan Road.

Mrs. Gordon Osler, 16 Rosedale Road.

Mrs. Pearce, 140 Bedford Road.
Miss Helen Pearce, 140 Bedford Road.
Mrs. Pangman, 33 Elgin Ave.
Mrs. Parker, Florence Apartments, Bloor St. East.
Miss Parsons, 40 St. Vincent St.
Mrs. Penman, Paris, Ont.
Mrs. Pearce, 14 Prince Arthur Ave.
The Misses Pearce, 14 Prince Arthur Ave.
Miss Porteous, 74 St. George St.
Miss Clara Port, 19 Lowther Ave.
Miss Price, 88 Oriole Road.
Mrs. Primrose, 100 College St.
Mrs. Parker, 210 Bloor St. West.

Mrs. Ramsay, Niagara-on-the-Lake.
Miss Riddell, 20 Vermont Ave.
Miss Richardson, 210 Bloor St. West.
Miss Ridout, 286 Major St.
Mrs. Jas. Roaf, The St. George Mansions.
Miss Roberts, 52 St. Albans St.
Mrs. H. H. Robertson, 102 Highlands Ave.
Mrs. N. W. Rowell, 134 Crescent Road.

Miss Sanderson, 518 Brunswick Ave.
The Misses Scott, Port Hope.
Mrs. Scott, 29 Dunvegan Road.
Mrs. Saunders, 65 Chestnut Park Road.

Miss Shaw, Bishop Strachan School.
Miss Stark, 108 Park Road.
Mr. Robt. Stark, 50 Maitland St.
Miss E. J. Sibbald, "The Briars," Sutton West P.O.
Mrs. Skae, Imperial Bank Chambers, Bloor and Lansdowne Ave.
Miss Simpson, 35 St. Vincent St.
Miss Mary J. Scott, 173 Jameson Ave.
The Misses Scott, 93 Madison Apartments.
Miss Sutherland, cor. Davenport Road and Christie St.
Mrs. Stratford, "The Alexandra."
Mrs. Lizars Smith, "The Alexandra."
Mrs. Streete, 592 Jarvis St.
Mrs. R. C. Steele, 99 Crescent Road.
Miss Strathy, 17 Walmer Road.
Mrs. Strathy, 71 Queen's Park.
Mrs. R. Sullivan, 20 Prince Arthur Ave.
Mrs. Stupart, 15 Admiral Road.

Mrs. E. J. Thompson, "The Alexandra."
Miss Chauncey Tocque, 350 Brunswick Ave.
The Misses Tippet, 435 Ossington Ave.
Miss B. Torrance, 173 Madison Ave.
Mrs. Trent, 511 Huron St.
Miss Tremayne, Mimico.
Mrs. Tyrrell, 14 Walmer Road.
Miss Mary Tyrrell, 14 Walmer Road.
Dr. Julia Thomas, 83 Isabella St.

Mrs. Webber, 10 Meredith Crescent.
Mrs. Holt Wilson, 637 Huron St.
Mrs. Watson, 295 Jarvis St.
Lady Willison, 10 Elmsley Place.
Miss O. V. Widner, 322 St. George St.
Miss Wilkes, 23 DeLisle Ave.
Mrs. S. G. Wood, "La Plaza," Charles St. East.
Miss Wood, 518 Euclid Ave.
Mrs. White, 94 Jameson Ave.
Mrs. Wadsworth, 124 Tyndall Ave.
Miss Wadsworth, 124 Tyndall Ave.
Mrs. Warren, 123 Howland Ave.
Miss Emily Weaver, 26 Bernard Ave.

Mrs. Usher, Queenston, Ont.



AGNES DUNBAR CHAMBERLIN. BORN JUNE 9TH, 1833.
DIED MAY 1ST, 1913.

IN MEMORIAM

Agnes Dunbar Moodie was born in the Township of Hamilton, near what is now the city of Cobourg, Ontario. Her parents were St. John D. Moodie, of Melsetter, Orkney, late Lieutenant in the 21st Scots Fusiliers, and Susanna Strickland, the youngest of the five literary sisters of whom Agnes, the historian, was the most celebrated.

Disabled at Bergen-op-Zoom, Lieutenant Moodie was retired on half-pay. He first joined his brothers in South Africa, where, with a number of the tenantry from the Scotch estates, they had settled a semi-military colony on the then borders of the Transvaal under Sir Henry Durban. Returning to England in 1830 to publish his "Ten Years in South Africa," he met Susanna Strickland at his friend Pringle's, the African traveller, then Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. They were married in 1831 and two years later, as Mrs. Moodie did not favor Africa, they came to Canada. After a voyage, the history of which is given in Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush," they reached their first settlement, where, on June 9th, 1833, their second child, Agnes, was born. From her earliest childhood she was a lover of nature; she sought the flowers in the woods and called them her babies; she had large families "Up Cheerings and Down Chumps" (clearings in the forest). She knew the windflowers (Hepaticas), and nothing hurt her feelings more than when the tiny buds, bursting through the earth, were trodden on by careless feet. She was a slightly built child and suffered a good deal from ague, probably the result of her wanderings in the swamps. The happiest part of her childhood was spent with Mrs. Haig, who lived on the banks of the Otonabee and who carried her away for the change she needed, and it was her childhood memories which made her cling to this locality in her old age.

After the Moodies moved to Belleville in 1841, Agnes and her sister had a governess; this and the old Grammar School were the only means of education available. On her fifteenth birthday she was a tall, grown-up looking girl and first met Charles FitzGibbon, to whom she became engaged. She was married at seventeen and came to Toronto. Her artistic talents were in evidence in the exquisitely fine needlework which she put on her children's clothes. In the early sixties she had the opportunity of living near the woods and country then existing along the Dundas road, and gathering the flowers she first thought of drawing them. Her husband's death

in 1865 left her with six children—the eldest thirteen—and small means. The two youngest boys died within the year, and it was no light task for her to keep up her courage and work for those left her that she might keep them with her and together.

Her mother's sister, Catharine Parr Traill, had written, but not published, many notes on the botany of the country. She agreed with Mrs. FitzGibbon to sell her sufficient of these notes to describe the flowers she might use as illustrations of the Canadian wild flowers. It would take too great a space to give the details of all the difficulties she overcame in accomplishing this; but, possessed of loving perseverance, untiring energy and inventive ability, she was able to keep the promise made to her subscribers, that it should be entirely a Canadian work. Although she had never before seen a lithographic stone, she drew the groups of flowers on it. The first edition was printed on a hand press in Toronto, the second and third in Montreal. These she colored entirely by hand—18,700 plates contained in the three editions.

In 1870 she met and married Lieut.-Col. Brown Chamberlin, M.P., C.M.G., and moved to Ottawa, where she lived until Colonel Chamberlin retired from the office of Queen's Printer, when she returned to the cottage on the Otonabee, near Lakefield. In the meantime Mrs. Chamberlin had added very considerably to her collection of drawings, including also the fungi. These were exhibited by the Dominion Government at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition in 1876, when Mrs. Chamberlin was elected a member of the Art Society of New York. Again, at the Colonial Exhibition at Earl's Court in London in 1886, when they insured them for a large sum. Four plates giving the edible fungi, done by her, were published in the reports of the Geological Survey. She was one of the early members of the Field Naturalist Society of Ottawa, and attended many of their excursions, and later sent them the plant of a curious variety of trillium found in Lakefield. This was engraved and published in their magazine. "Plant Life" was published in 1884 by Mrs. Traill, with illustrations by Mrs. Chamberlin. This is now out of print. In 1906, during a visit from her daughter, Mrs. Moodie, who photographed the larger plates into a smaller size, she arranged to publish a less expensive edition of "Plant Life," putting the illustrations from both books in the one volume. This was a much cheaper edition and is still on sale. The coloring was done by the three-color process.

She wrote several papers of reminiscences for the W.C.H.S. "The Battle of Hastings" and the "Black Citizens of Toronto" being

printed in the Society's Transactions. Among her manuscripts was found a Bible she had written for the use of children, and with it a letter of regret from the publisher she had offered it to, a Bible Society, that their charter precluded them from printing any but the Authorized edition. She spent the winters of the last ten years in Toronto, and on one occasion loaned her drawings to the Historical Society, for exhibition, which by permission was held in the Toronto University. Principal Scott, who gave an address on Botany, said that they should belong to some public library or gallery where students could study botany from the accuracy of the drawings as well as from the plants themselves. She has left this collection, to be sold to some college or library.

Although failing all through the winter of 1912-13, and being confined to one flat in the house, and though suffering from great weakness, she was always cheerful and happy, her brain clear and her memory wonderful. Her strong faith in an All-Wise Providence, which had supported her through many trials and troubles through her long life, never deserted her.

The spring weather had each year brought her renewed strength and vitality, and hope was strong that the May days of 1913 would have the usual effect, therefore when the end came and she passed away after a few hours of extreme weakness it was a great shock to her children.

Always averse to display of any kind, she left special directions for a quiet funeral, and under the bright sunshine of a May day she was laid to rest in St. James' Cemetery beside her children.

Agnes Dunbar Moodie was no ordinary woman, as maid, wife or mother; and the legacy she has left is not only the unique collection of artistic botanical drawings of the flora of Canada, but her influence on the lives of those with whom she lived. She had the courage of her Norse ancestors, beauty of face and fine intellect, with the ability and wish to use it for the benefit of others.



"DEEDS SPEAK"

Women's Canadian Historical Society
OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 12

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1. Early Roads in York. By Miss K. M. Lizars, author of The Valley of the Humber.
2. The Tramp of a Botanist through Upper Canada, 1819.

1913.

ON ROADS

A writer in the *University Magazine*, Vol. 8, makes an expert statement upon the roads of Canada. "When classified according to their modes of construction, the early roads of Canada fall into five different classes—the bridle roads, the winter roads, the corduroy roads, the common or graded roads, and the turnpikes. . . . In the more settled parts of Canada the construction of its artificial road-bed began with the opening of the nineteenth century. . . . In Upper Canada the turnpikes were controlled by joint stock companies in the main, and were kept in miserable condition . . . The second great road of Canada before the war of 1812 followed the route later taken by the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways," and the article then outlines the route from Quebec to York as in our Montreal-York illustrations. By Fort Erie and Detroit it reached Michilimackinac, a total distance of 1,107 miles.

The most readable description of the local roads can of course be found in the pages of Scadding and Robertson; but rather than lift these out bodily I have tried to collect a few collops from some early writings that seem to bear directly on the outcome of to-day. With the maps we can trace a few of the transitions that lead from the shore line as mapped in 1679 and 1688 and the square of Toronto in 1788, down via the mud deposits of York in 1834 and onwards, to the development of the water front now begun. We can put together some of the links that lead to or come from Ontario's great chains, and the sequence of maps does away with any confusion possible in a mere worded description of the intersections of the Lake Shore or its spurs and parallels.

Dr. Scadding says of Rome and elsewhere that the parts most attractive to the archaeologist are those that are the most desolate. For to-day's purpose we must look at the progress of some of those that are the most modernised. One of the thirteen maps—(the Cane of 1842 kindly lent by Mrs. James Bain)—shows the embryonic park system of that day; and the open spaces there and the streams in lively existence would be a welcome addition to the present extensive scheme, the latter fully depicted in the full-size handsome map lent us by the Harbour Engineer.

Gother Mann, in 1788, shows a town plot, four square, of eleven equal-sized blocks each way, a broad space for Ground Reserved in front and another for Common on the north side. From the Humber

to east of the Don he cuts the space up into concessions and lots without consideration of ravine or river or morass; but Chewett's journal shows that General Simcoe considered that design important enough to make him ask if the projected survey had ever been made.

Closely connected with that time is the pear-shaped sheet of water with its broader end toward the Lake, called by the vivacious Bond Head a horrid miry little spot, which came within the uses of the Indian Settlement on the lake shore; and our present Indian Road was a branch of the trail to the wintering grounds beyond the Humber. Indian exclusiveness brought Indian Road into use when one party wished to avoid another travelling by the Humber or Poplar Plains Road. The former trail was indicated as one of the important items in the district depicted in Gother Mann's plan.

It is to be regretted that we cannot hang a copy of Mrs. Simcoe's map. She says that she left her hound Trojan in her room while she dined, and he ate up her best map of Canada and the United States. As she had taken great pains with it, she did her best to patch up the remains.

Our next date belongs to Yonge Street, where in a tracing of a map of 1794 the street is produced from Lake Simcoe west across to the water chain leading to Matchedash. The construction in 1853-1855 of the Northern Railway was the logical outcome of the Governor's thoroughfare to Lake Simcoe.

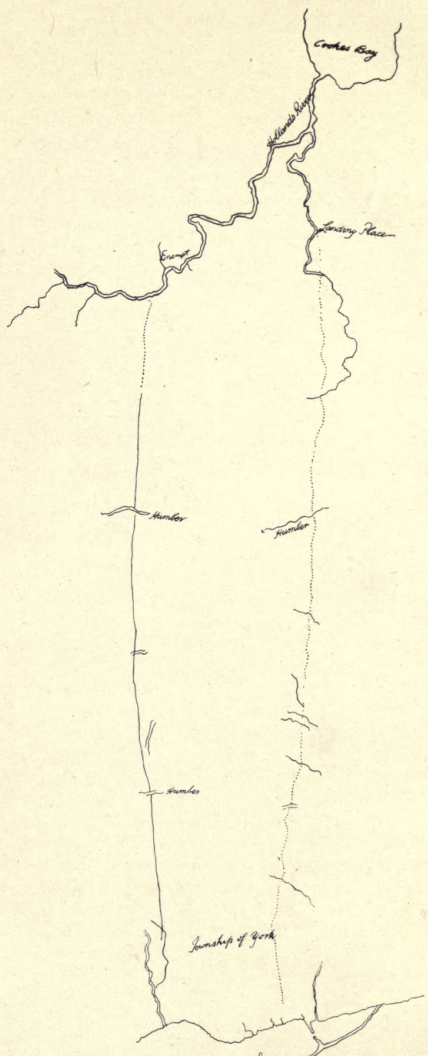
In 1796 Augustus Jones draws the front line of Dublin, a correction in red ink making it read York. Another sketch in the Jones-Simcoe time produces King Street as "a road leading to Quebec." D. W. Smith's map of 1799 shows Front Street continued east to Palace; the latter formerly King; King Street formerly Duke; and Duke formerly Dutchess—with a "t."

Although Yonge Street had been produced so far north and west, the plan of 1800 shows that when the New Town was laid out—the land west of the original Town Plot—the great direct highway was not continued to the water's edge. It stops at Lot Street, and a range of allotments blocks the way south. This Lot Street was sometimes called merely the Street, was mapped as Lot Street for a long time, and eventually settled into Queen Street. By 1807 Heriot is saying that the town, according to the plan, is projected to extend a mile and a half in length, from the bottom of the harbour along its banks; and up to that time Yonge Street was one of the dolorous ways.

John Stegmann reported in 1801 that from the Town of York to the three mile post on the Poplar Plains the road was cut, but that as yet the greater part of the said distance was not passable for any

Sketch of a Route from York Town on Lake Ontario to Onalagooshien on Lake Huron, Upper Canada,
a section from a tracing of

By A. Pilkington in the year 1793.



carriage whatever, on account of the logs lying in the street. In the days when the N.-W. Fur Company used Yonge Street as a short cut to their water way, the boats mounted on wheels were hauled up the little hill beyond Yorkville by windlass. Less pretentious freighters for many years afterwards had to ease their wagons down or up by means of the rope-and-tree windlass. The Poplar Plains on which stood that three mile post gave name to a zig-zag that ran south, used by the Indians who wished to avoid friends or enemies who were taking the water or valley trail by the Humber. It will be deplorable if, in the many changes of street names suggested, there should ever be substituted a commemoration of Mr. Alderman Brown or Black in place of the old Poplar Plains Road.

The main roads were difficult, and the main bypaths held dangers that were sometimes ludicrous in their results. A studious Englishman, book in hand, was one day strolling along a byway from north Yonge Street. As a shadow fell across his book, he looked up and saw a bear in his path, erect, and ready to embrace him. The gentle student said, "Oh, a bear!" and politely turned aside as he walked on. The bear was evidently nonplussed, for he dropped on all fours and shuffled off in the opposite direction.

The town grew almost not at all northwards, and by 1823 it is described as consisting of one street lying parallel to the lake and the beginnings of two or three more at right angles to it. The traveller who thus describes it arrived on a day when the one street was in a state of ferment. A trial was on; some of the North-West Company's employees had committed outrages on Lord Selkirk's people, and their respective agents and representatives had a host of adherents, mostly dressed in the wild costumes of the north and west. A number of Indians were stolid onlookers, and the picturesque lawlessness made the town look like Edinburgh of old when the barons came to beard the monarch; but as there was no bed for him the traveller did not stay to see the conclusion. Ten years later the town was still confined between Lot and King Streets; and apart from the set boundaries of the maps the accounts are variable as to its eastern and western limits. In 1827 the town map took in the land as far as the Humber, and in that year Captain Basil Hall gives a vivid description of his journey to York from the Indian Settlement on the Credit. He followed the river to its mouth, and from there to York across the Humber jolted over the horrible causeways formed of trees laid crosswise without pretence of filling, producing miseries beyond the power of any European imagination to conceive. In those years

it was not infrequently said that "under mercy" one way of travel was as safe as another.

Picken in one of his gathered reports in 1830 says of Yonge Street that "It is one of the parallel roads originally laid out in the township, and it has the appearance of a street, as the houses generally face each other upon a straight road, of even width, and are mostly a quarter of a mile apart. The cross roads are inferior and all at right angles, so that there are no small groups of houses formed by the concurrence of roads which are the natural seeds of villages." Mrs. Jameson said that the only possible road was Yonge Street, macadamised for the first twelve miles.

Other openings were being considered, and a plan of the town and harbour in 1833 shows an extension north of Lot Street, as "This concession line not yet open leads by a bridle path nearly straight to Kempenfeldt Bay on Lake Simcoe." A map of a few years later marks Lot Street west of Bathurst as Egremont; and Bathurst north of Lot is marked a Side Line Road, commonly called Crookshank Lane. Niagara Street at the junction with Egremont is a turnpike. In 1842 Cane helps us to picture the irregularities which sound confusing when merely read of; the Liberties shown are mostly extinct, the chief one quickly recognized being that section marked off for the College.

Asa Danforth, who contracted for the road between Kingston and Ancaster, has left the name with us. Part of that road eastward in 1828, called the Post Road, was no better than its fellows, and its stage sometimes provided characters that were farcical or comic. Once near Kingston, where the track ran by a little ravine just the width of the vehicle, the horses wished to drink, and as the coachman was asleep, the stage was promptly "engulphed." With three passengers to each seat, there was much ado. "One loquacious old maid screamed fearfully, 'I am killed, I am dead, I am really dead; what shall I do?'" The accident was almost a serious one; but by the aid of the ever useful snake fence the stage was pried out and the harness was mended with the halters.

In all these years and on all the roads, corduroy was anathema. And the town itself improved at a not much faster rate, for in 1832 we find that one hopped from loose stone to loose stone in crossing Church Street or Colborne, and as to King Street, it pulled off the boots. There was a rude flagged pavement here and there, but not a solitary planked pavement throughout the town.

Dundas Street in Mrs. Jameson's time was "very rough for a carriage, but a most delightful ride. You are almost immediately in

the pine forest, which extends with little interruption for about fifty miles to Hamilton." The beginnings of this great artery are owed like the others to Simcoe and his wood-ranging, road-making Rangers, and Dundas has often been called the original grand trunk highway. Through the forest from Coteau du Lac to Detroit the old maps give its whole length as Dundas Street. It was in April, 1793, that Governor Simcoe wrote of his hopes to open by the autumn a safe and expeditious communication to La Tranche, thus projecting to connect the arsenal at Toronto with the Thames and Detroit. In the February and March previous he had made, partly on foot and partly by sleigh, his famous tour of exploration through the woods to Detroit and back; and in 1833 the main road of the Province is still being described as a continuation of the road from Montreal along the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to Dundas, running from the latter inland to Chatham. From Toronto it begins with a winding course, for the first three miles northwest, then for about seven miles nearly west, and then southwest; on leaving Queen Street it passes through what was once a cedar swamp. Its entire length appears in all the old descriptions; and in 1814 we read that "what are called the King's Roads are four roads wide . . . built with the revenue of the Province, which is the King's money. . . . The opening of the roads was necessary, and the King knew this could not be effected without his assistance. . . . One leads from Montreal," and the writer describes the shore route and its detours, until, "within about sixty miles of York the road is bad; and about fifty-six miles from York there are two roads; one extends along the lake shore and is the best; the other leads about eight miles to the north; but they meet again at what is called Lion's Creek and tavern. For nearly thirty miles to York there is but one road, and that quite bad until nine miles of the city. . . . From York there is one road which extends forty miles a due north course to Lake Simcoe. This road in most places is tolerably good. The other road extends up the lake shore sixteen miles to the River Credit, where it leaves the shore and extends to the head of the lake; this road is not very good. Two miles from York, on the road which leads to Simcoe, called Younge's Street, another road leads out, extending to the head of the lake, called Dundas Street, which is completely straight for 260 miles to the River Thames near Detroit. Where it is not opened there are other roads near by, which lead the same way." In 1842 the whole length is still Dundas Street; and in that year N. P. Willis gives in his map of Lake Ontario and the Upper St. Lawrence, as one

of his very few tracings, the water side route unbroken from Coteau du Lac to Newark.

Here we may quote Dr. Scadding's analysis of one of D. W. Smith's earliest maps, which shows a route leading obliquely in a northwesterly direction from the track to Castle Frank, and the route is curiously marked "New Road to Niagara." This evidently shows that a track had been opened towards the head of the present Parliament Street to Yonge Street to the latter's junction with our Davenport Road. This Davenport Road was the New Road to Niagara, running along at the foot of the rise to Carlton, where it crosses the road leading to Weston and passes on over the Humber Plains directly to the bridge on Dundas Street. It is called the new road on that map in contradistinction to the old route to and from Niagara by the Lake Shore, the latter "still travelled and popularly known as the Lake Shore Road, crossing the Humber at its mouth."

Coming into Dundas Street by the old south path, one turns north at the fork by the Asylum. Although it appears on all these earliest maps it was not made practicable for traffic until a comparatively late date, and in 1806 it had not been begun through the woods about the Credit. Early in that year tenders for that work are invited; but nearer home, at the cross thoroughfare between park lots, the track was opened by the G. T. Denison of that day and his militiamen. The first method of opening the road, by regulars under an officer of the Royal Engineers, was primitive—a tree was felled, cut as close to the earth as possible, then smoothed off by adze; slow work, and a dislocating road the result. Denison, then a lieutenant, offered to make his men uproot the trees bodily, and in consequence a fine broad track was soon ready for the day of plank or macadam. Picken's report before quoted says, "From Hamilton we returned to York by the Dundas Street Road; here we found a soil clayey and tenacious. We saw gullies that are from fifty to one hundred feet high, that are unsafe to go down in carriages."

Magrath, of the Credit, who published his "Letters" in 1833, made his own road to reach his estate at Erindale, and his facile pen sketches off the making of it. For such a bush road all trees under five inches in diameter were felled and drawn aside from the line of march. A pass was cut through fallen timber of larger dimensions, and thus the great trees were left standing, round which, all others being cleared away, "oxen, sleigh and men, can proceed without difficulty." It is a long step from that track to the Eaton road that now gives the most complete civilized access to the neighborhood west of Lambton Mills on the way to the Credit; but in Mrs.

Jameson's time the road was evidently negotiable in some form for twenty miles.

The Lake Shore Road has an almost independent history in its stages from the Mississaga Trail up to the proposed paved way, the Promenade des Anglais. After passing what was the dugway or steep descent to the sands the road skirted the Humber Bay, and then followed the irregular shore all the way to Hamilton. Some of Mrs. Jameson's unpublished sketches depict a portion of the road as it was in her unconventional drive westward; and the most interesting item in one sketch is a short and ineffectual wooden railing giving protection to the bridge at the mouth of the Humber.

The Rankin map of March, 1841, shows the Lake Shore Road approaching and leaving the river much as it does at present, and continued across the first line behind the bay until it joins the Kingston Road. Historians say that several of the lake roads have disappeared and it is interesting to note here the records given in 1853, portions of which I quote: The old Lake Shore Road from Toronto to Hamilton is in parts quite washed away, and a resident near the mouth of the Humber has stated that as late as 1846 a road existed below the Old Road of 1853. The shore is flat at the place alluded to, and the destruction of the first and second roads may be attributed to the effects of southeasterly winds upon a high level of the waters. A storm from the southeast would place the new plank road in jeopardy.

The "jeopardy" did not cease to exist, and the new plank road and the necessary additions of corduroy have been set down by visitors as among the plagues of Egypt. Some of the corduroy that succeeded Captain Basil Hall's horrible causeways was cut out in the third week of January, 1913, during the laying of pipe. MacTaggart writes that Dante should have included corduroy as a proper highway to Pandemonium, for none could be more infernal; but a counter authority, writing in 1851, says that most of the roads are macadamized or planked. Dirty Little York, Nasty Little York, were among the terms heard during the debate at the third reading of the Bill seeking to change the name back to Toronto; and York newspapers had often made merry over the summer defences of the town—rickety bridges across the Humber and the Don, and the desperate roads, being ample defence against invasion from east or west. One of the Statutes passed in 1816 was an Act to continue and amend a previous Act to prevent Damage to Travellers on Highways, and the Lake Shore corduroy might well have inspired that Act. When General Brock made his visit to Governor Gore he said he had come over the worst roads ever met with.

The mail coach that lumbered along the road in the '30's, the Hamilton Flyer of its day, was a heavy wooden structure a little like a Lord Mayor's coach of preceding eras, on runners about a foot above the snow, or on wheels whose grinding was heard from afar. This "mighty clumsy inconveniency" was painted a bright red, and in winter it was covered with icicles. When it disgorged a winter load, mostly males, the furred animals were taken by a foreigner to be dancing bears. The miseries of a summer journey have been described in unstinted terms by many visitors—the pitch holes, the loose logs, the springless vehicles, and the resulting sea-sickness.

In 1835 William Weller, owner of the Telegraph Line, engages to take passengers through by daylight on the Lake Road to Hamilton during the winter season. From the day of the earliest stage the terrors of the road seemed to multiply, and up to 1852 we find the vehicles being described as being washed only once in their lives. But they were usually drawn by four good horses, driven by a man on a low seat with his knees almost level with his chin; and the cumbersome "inconveniency" poised on its broad bands reared and plunged over and into mud-holes, against stumps or across logs, with an astonishing degree of safety. In a jolt a passenger has occasionally been flung so violently against the roof as to leave some of his blood there. The occurrence was not uncommon, and no haste was made to wash it away, and strangers who in the hot season went bareheaded were warned kindly by older stagers to keep their hats on.

From those days when gullies were unsafe for carriages it is a far cry to the modern suggestion of alterations in the memorials that we have to Bloor and Danforth. In 1913 comes an idea, sketched, that the name of Danforth Avenue be changed to Bloor Street, and the new viaduct will unite that which has been separated for over eighty years. The old concession line had its two names owing to the intersection of the Don Valley. It is suggested in the press that Danforth shall be extended into the township of Scarboro and Bloor Street into the township of Etobicoke, and the united thoroughfare will directly couple up the so-called Kingston Road with Dundas Street. In our copy of the important map of the Humber and the King's Mill of 1799 the proposed road to Burlington produced from the equivalent of Bloor Street shows something of the idea now put forth. But as neither Bloor nor Danforth would wish to give up its name to the other, the further suggestion in a morning paper is that the two be amalgamated in the name of Ontario's great road maker, and be called Simcoe Road.

The boulevard and chain of parks have their first step in the ride

taken by the Governor and his lady when they entered by the peninsula on their way to Gibraltar Point. The gravelled path that succeeded the Indian Trail—that deep track like that of the buffalo—in conjunction with a parallel track along the cliff to the site of the Parliament Buildings, gave rise in 1822 to the restoration of a carriage drive to the peninsula. That meant much rebuilding of the bridges at the Don. In a manuscript map of 1811 the road over the bridge or float of 1806 on the Don is marked “Road from York to Light-house.” It was near that part of the road that Tyler the Hermit had his queer dwelling; and as he loved the spot it is to be hoped he does not revisit the glimpses of the Don, defaced by tracks and manufactories. A straight race-course had been laid out on the sandy neck, and large entries of twelve horses were forerunners of the Woodbine. In the threatenings of 1812 all bridges in the direction of the peninsula were taken down; but after the peace, although the population wanted renewed access to the strip and a subscription for the re-erection of the bridges was begun, enthusiasm waned, and for another ten years the peninsula was cut off. In 1834 work on both outlets of the Don was begun, and in 1835 the bridges were completed. Read with the plan of 1912, it is interesting to note the formalities of the presentation. The civic authorities approach in procession and halt at the barricade at the first bridge; Captain Bonnycastle appears, and the Mayor and Corporation are told that the bridges before them are by command of the Lieutenant-Governor presented to them as a free gift for the inhabitants, “that they may in all time to come enjoy the salubrious air of the peninsula.” The function was long and impressive, the language was grandiloquent, and the one stipulation was that the bridges should be free of toll forever to the troops and ordnance of the Sovereign.

In Chewett's map of 1834, “the proposed work in front of the city of Toronto” shows much made land south of Front Street and its continuation, Palace Street, finishing with “a proposed Esplanade 100 feet wide.” Mrs. Jameson had prevision for 1913 in her opinion of the laying out of inadequate streets, and says of the water front: “A wide space has been reserved very properly as a road or esplanade, but I doubt whether even this be wide enough.” The works in the 1912 map and the fourth Lake Shore Road give the natural contrast to what she says in 1837: “One of the most curious and most inexplicable phenomena connected with these inland seas is the gradual rise of the waters; and even within these few years, I am informed, great part of the bank has been washed away, and a carriage road at the foot of it has been wholly covered. If this process goes on, and at

the same rate, there must be a solid embankment or quay raised as a barrier against the encroaching waters, or the esplanade itself will in time disappear."

J. G. Howard's coloured sketch of 1852 showing the designs for the laying out of the harbour shore in "pleasure walks and shrubbery for the recreation of the citizens," appeared at the same time that the plan was made which showed an item, "Road or Esplanade 100 feet wide, condition in the Grant to the Corporation."

Starting at the knoll at the east side of Garrison Creek and travelling eastwards, we trace the gravelled path spoken of. The ravines cut by the little water courses were spanned by bridges of hewn logs, the whole kept in order by the military authorities. It was a pleasant enough pathway, successor to the Indian trail, to give birth to the idea of having a promenade in front of the town, in perpetuity, where the burghers and their families could take their pleasure daily. The Royal Patent by which this walk is provided for, issued July 14, 1818, designates it by the name of Mall, and nominates John Beverley Robinson and others, their heirs and assigns forever, as trustees to hold it for the use and benefit of the inhabitants. It led from Peter Street to the Government Reserve in the east, in breadth between four and five chains, following the lines of Front Street and the bank. A map of 1834 shows the old Ontario Terrace lying in the bend of the sweep east of the Garrison. The area contained in the Mall was "thirty acres more or less, with allowance for the several cross roads leading from the said town to the water."

Dr. Scadding amongst others shows no distress at the arrival of buildings and railway tracks on the Esplanade, and he considers that what the Embankment did for London the Esplanade has done for Toronto. For some time Front Street above it continued to be a raised terrace, and attempts were made to plant it with trees recalling its original oaks and elms; and of a little farther east, we are told in pioneer records that the beach was used in the '30's by the Baptists for immersion. But Front Street and the Terrace had to give way before the march of industries. By steps of progress one counts from the Mississaga Trail, and the Lake Shore several Old Roads, to the Mall; and from the Mall and its unsightly successors to the immediate prospect of a sea wall and a chain of roads and parks that will have no rival on the continent.

K. M. LIZARS.

THE TRAMP OF A BOTANIST THROUGH UPPER CANADA IN 1819.

[John Goldie, the writer of this sketch, was a Scotchman—a botanist—who came to this country in the summer of 1817 to collect specimens and examine the flora of North America. He landed at Halifax, and spent the first summer exploring and botanizing in Eastern Canada and the New England States. During the winter of 1818 he taught school at a small place near the Mohawk River. In June, 1819, he commenced the journey in question.]

On June 4th, 1819, I commenced my long-talked of journey to examine the natural, but more particularly the botanical, productions of Upper Canada and the States, in the vicinity of the Lakes. This night I stopped at St. Anne's, at the upper end of the Island of Montreal, and in the forenoon of the 5th, reached the Grand River, which is five or six hundred yards wide at this place, and proceeding along the bank of the St. Lawrence, came to a small village called Coteau du Lac. There is a fort here which was occupied during the late American war, and which at present contains a few soldiers.

6th. I left the road which goes alongside the river and took the more inland one which passes through Glengarry. The land along this road is pretty thickly settled, and all by French people until you come within four or five miles of the Upper Province, in which place is a continued swampy wood. In the afternoon I got through the woods and the Lower Province and entered the County of Glengarry, of which the Highlanders boast so much.

7th. I passed through the west of Glengarry and came into Cornwall, which has the same appearance as Glengarry as to the land, but there is a considerable difference in the people. The inhabitants of Glengarry retain all the habits, customs, etc., of the Highlanders of Scotland.

8th. I travelled all day along the St. Lawrence, which has a fine appearance and is thickly interspersed with islands. This day I passed that bloody spot, which will long be known in the annals of history, Chrystler's Farm, where a handful of the British overcame a large army of the Americans and prevented them from making an attack on Montreal.

9th. I arrived early in the afternoon at Prescott, which is a small village, but contains some respectable buildings. A little before one

enters the village there is a small battery, formed by enclosing a considerable extent of grove with the adjacent earth collected into a ridge. In the inside there are contained barracks for the soldiers, etc. Opposite Prescott on the south side of the St. Lawrence lies the town of Ogdensburg, which is a handsome looking village and of considerable extent. After leaving Prescott I travelled alongside of the river to Brockville, twelve miles from Prescott, where I remained for the night. I was informed that within a very few years past Brockville consisted of only two or three houses, but now there are at least a dozen houses, which, either in quality or elegance, may compare with any in Upper Canada, besides a great many others of inferior quality.

10th. I remained at Brockville examining the vegetable productions in the vicinity.

11th. In the morning I set out on my journey for Kingston. The road follows the river for a few miles, and then goes more inland, so that you do not see the St. Lawrence until you arrive at Gananoque, thirty-three miles from Brockville. The face of the country now assumes a more uneven and barren aspect. Six miles from Brockville you cross a creek with very steep banks, and whose course appears as if it had been cut out of the solid rock. For a long way afterwards a house is to be seen only in every three or four miles, the land being so rocky that it is incapable of cultivation. Even in many places where settled I should think that it is scarcely worth the labour that has been bestowed upon it. As I approached Gananoque I found the country very wild, and not a house in four or five miles.

12th. I left the village of Gananoque, which contains only a very few buildings, and again entered the woods, out of which I did not get until my arrival in Kingston, a distance of twenty-four miles, the country all the way being nothing but rock, and very thinly settled. Last night and to-day I have been exceedingly tormented by mosquitoes, and another small black fly, which is still worse.

14th. Having arranged my affairs, I left Kingston about ten o'clock and proceeded by the front road for York (now Toronto). This road is at some distance from the Lake for about seven miles and afterwards lies close alongside the Lake. To-day I have met with a number of interesting plants, some of which are new to me. I lodged at night at Earnest Town, a small village with a few respectable buildings, and an old unshapely church. It is twenty-five miles from Kingston.

15th. Having travelled about seven miles, I was stopped a little while by rain, but it soon cleared up, and I crossed over to the Bay of Quinte and went along the south side of it, until I came to Mr.

Fisher's, where I remained for some time. I did not leave this until the 21st.

21st. After breakfast I commenced my journey for York. After going about five miles alongside the Bay, I crossed it, and went for a number of miles through a pretty thickly settled country. In the afternoon I came again upon the south side of the Bay of Quinte, which lies in a circular form, so that the head of it comes almost in contact with the Lake. I got now completely into the bush. The first house I came to was seven or eight miles distant from the last. Although the sun was yet high, I thought it advisable to stop here for the night, being informed that the next house was six miles distant. I am told that it is the most public of any from Kingston to York. To-day I have met with a number of plants which I have not before seen, some of them very interesting. Crops appear good, but there is a great want of rain in this part of the country.

22nd. The house where I lodged last night being closely surrounded by woods, and full of chinks and crevices, admitted the mosquitoes so plentifully that I could scarcely get any sleep, which circumstance caused me to stir betimes this morning. The weather was fair but a little cold. An hour after sunrise the thermometer was 51. I did not see many houses this morning, until I travelled ten miles, when I again came to the Bay of Quinte, along which I walked, until at last I reached its head, which was eight miles further. Where the Bay terminates it is only about a mile distant from the Lake. A canal could very easily unite the two, if there was as much trade as would pay interest for expenses of cutting it.

24th. I arose with the sun, and, after going two miles, I got into what are called the nine-mile woods. A short time ago there was not a house all this distance, but lately there have been three or four log ones built. After leaving the wood there are a few miles cleared along the road, after which you come to the five-mile woods, which are still unsettled. These places are likely to retain their original appellations, however inappropriate they may be in a short period. I travelled only a few miles further to-night, and lodged exactly thirty miles from York. The land appears better here than further down, and if properly cultivated and manured, would produce luxuriant crops. For three days past I have seen nothing interesting to the botanist, which circumstance is not calculated to elevate the spirits and make one forget the fatigue of travelling.

25th. In the morning I met a number of Indians and squaws. One of the men was very drunk. He told me he was crazy with taking too much bitters this morning. One of them had no clothing on him

except a piece of cloth about a foot in length and breadth, which hung before him. I stopped for the night six miles from York, there being no other inn upon this road nearer to it. As I was only a short distance from the Lake, I went to it, but found the shore at least two hundred feet high and very abrupt, in some places almost perpendicular, so that it was with considerable difficulty that I could approach the water.

26th. I went on for York. As soon as I left the tavern where I lodged, I entered into what in this part of the country the people call a Pine Plain, but what in some of the States would be denominated a "Pine Barren," which is a very appropriate name for such kind of land. I found the vegetable productions here in many places similar to what they are in New Jersey. The woods continue until you come to within less than three miles of York, where the land is generally cleared, although it does not appear to be anything superior in quality. I came into York about ten o'clock and intended to have remained at least one day in it, but I was not long here until I changed my mind, and left for Lake Simcoe.

27th. It was about six o'clock in the morning when I started, and in a short time it became so hot that travelling was very oppressive. At 9 a.m. the thermometer stood 84. The roads were now again become remarkably dry and dusty, so that when any wheeled carriage passed I was involved in a cloud of dust which was extremely disagreeable. This is the best road that I have seen in Upper Canada, and since I left York there have been more waggons travelling this road than all those that I have seen since I left Montreal. Having gone on slowly I arrived in the evening at what is called the Upper Landing Place, which is about nine miles by water from Lake Simcoe. I stopped at the farthest house upon this road and have bespoken a week's lodging here, as I expect that it is a spot very interesting to the botanist.

July 3rd. This evening a Company of the 70th Regiment from Drummond Island in Lake Huron arrived here. They have been up the country for two years, and have been exchanged for two companies of the 68th. Lake Simcoe is between thirty and forty miles long and of considerable breadth, but I could not ascertain accurately how many miles. On the south side there is what is called a river, which although of no great breadth, has yet sufficient depth to allow schooners to come to the Upper Landing Place, which is nine miles from the Lake and thirty-six from York. This river apparently is stagnant and the water has more the appearance of flowing from the Lake than into it. After crossing the Lake there is nine

miles of a portage and then there is water carriage all the way to Lake Huron. It is very probable that at no very distant period this will become the most frequented of all the routes to the north-west. At the present time there are no houses or stores on the north side of Simcoe at the portage, which makes it very inconvenient and renders the goods transported liable to be injured by the weather. Since a steamboat has commenced to sail on Lake Erie the cheapest and most expeditious mode of sending down the furs from the interior is by that route, although it is four hundred miles longer than by Simcoe. There is only one steamer upon the Lake, which is sufficient for all the trade at present.

6th. On the morning of the 6th I came into York, where I remained all this day. York is situated upon a Bay formed by a narrow piece of land which stretches out from the eastern side of the town, and almost encloses a small portion of the Lake, the outlet being to the south-west. The harbour is not at all adapted for shipping. The bulrushes grow some feet above water at nearly one hundred yards distant from the land. There are two piers of wood which project a great way into the water, where the steamboat and the schooners load and unload. Upon the neck of land nearly south of the city is a lighthouse, which is the only building there except a log house at its extremity. York is very inferior in extent to Kingston, and also, in my opinion, in its situation. It can only be said, strictly speaking, to possess one street, for the cross ones scarcely yet deserve that name. Most of the buildings are very good, but are all, with the exception of two or three, of wood. There is only one church in the city, which is Episcopalian. As yet they have not a Presbyterian church, but when Presbyterians have service it must be in some building appropriated to some other purpose. The street is without pavement. When I was here I saw them mending it, which was accomplished by first turning it completely up with a plough as if to sow grain, and afterwards throwing the earth from the sides and heights upon the middle and into the hollows. Although such streets would not do in Britain, yet here they are even better than if they were paved. The ground is very dry and sandy. The summer is generally dry, and the number of carriages that travel the streets is comparatively few. When winter commences it is of no importance of what material streets are made. In that season frost and snow make all roads alike. York is without any fortifications, and the public buildings were burned by the Americans in the late war. About three miles above the town are the barracks for the soldiers and the Governor's house. I saw the 70th

Regiment go on board the *Frontenac* for Kingston. This is the only steamboat that sails between York and Kingston. She makes only three trips a month, leaving Kingston upon the first, eleventh and twenty-first of each month. After touching at York she sails to Niagara and returns by the same route. This boat is a great deal larger than any other I have ever seen. There are also a few schooners that trade between this and Kingston, Niagara, and the American side of the Lake. From York I could have sailed to Niagara in a few hours and for a small sum, but I preferred travelling by land, although the distance is ninety miles, while by water it is only thirty. I was informed that the fog which arises over the Falls can be observed here on a clear and calm morning.

7th. In the morning there was a shower which detained me from setting out as early as I had intended. There being a schooner here which was to sail for Niagara this afternoon, I considered it better to send all my spare articles by her, which would cost me only one shilling and three pence, than to have a load to carry for one hundred miles. Within two miles of York, to the west, there are a few very elegant buildings, superior to most in Canada. Three miles from York you come into a sandy pine barren which continues for five miles and in which there are one or two houses. I had not been long here when I met with ample compensation for the fatigue of travelling by land. This was as good a botanical spot as I had ever been in. I wish that there were more of the pine barrens even than what there are. Having so much employment this day, I was unable to proceed far on my journey. I believe I stopped fifteen miles from York.

8th. I never passed a more disagreeable night in America than the last one. Being sleepy, I went to bed early, but I was not long there, when I would have been extremely glad to have been able to fall asleep. The mosquitoes were the chief cause of the disturbance, although not altogether the only one. This day I crossed three considerable creeks which run very much below the level of the adjacent land; their banks are both high and very steep, so that it must have been with a good deal of difficulty that a road had been made across them. The road is mostly composed of wood, which forms a barrier to the earth that is cut from the bank. After travelling about twenty-eight miles I came alongside the west corner of Lake Ontario, where the first object that I noticed was what appeared to me to be a great body of smoke on the opposite side of the Lake; but you may guess my incredulous surprise and pleased astonishment when I was informed that it was the spray of the Great Falls. It appeared very

distinctly and as if at no great distance; and in the calm mornings and evenings the sound of the Falls is distinctly heard at this place, which is thirty miles distant in a direct line. As you proceed along the West end of Ontario you pass between it and what is properly called Burlington Bay, but its common appellation here is the Little Lake. I went two miles from the Lake, by which time the sun had sunk below the western forests, and I thought it best to halt for the night. Where I remained is called Stoney Creek, and has three taverns within one hundred yards. I was careful to survey them before entering, and pitched upon one which was dignified with the title of hotel.

9th. This day, take it all in all, I consider the hottest I have ever felt. The morning was very calm. The road lay in a low situation, with high land on one side and woods on both. From seven a.m. until sunset the mercury stood above 80, with very little wind all day. I travelled this day twenty-eight miles, and came to the twelve-mile creek, being that distance from Niagara. The road all along this way is very good, and the land I consider as good as any I have seen since I left Montreal.

10th. I only went as far as Niagara this day. This town is situated at the junction of the River St. Lawrence with Lake Ontario, in an agreeable situation. This town was formerly called Newark and was burned by the Americans during the late war, not one house being spared, so that all the present town has been built since that period. It contains a number of streets, but none of them are yet filled up with houses; however, I think it is at least half as large as York. On the north side of the town and close to the Lake is a fort named Mississaga, and on the south side, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, is Fort George. There are also barracks in the vicinity of the town. At present there are about three hundred of the 68th Regiment stationed here. The only building worthy of particular notice is the Jail, which stands about quarter of a mile out of the town. It is a large two-story house of brick, very handsome, and considered to be the finest building in Canada. At present it holds within its walls the celebrated Gourlay. A few of the Niagara newspapers that I have seen are nearly filled with his writings and those of his opponents. On the opposite side, on a point of land that projects a little way into the Lake stands Fort Niagara, belonging to the Americans. If sufficiently manned it is said to be strong. During the late war the British took it by surprise, but it was given up at the conclusion of peace.

11th. On the 11th, after breakfast, I departed on my way to the

Falls, which are distant from the town of Niagara fourteen miles. All the way to Queenston the road is close to the river. The banks of the St. Lawrence here are very high and steep, but not rocky. This is as pleasant a walk as any I have had in America. I cannot say that the land is good: it is sand; but yet the crops look well, and every house here has an orchard. Cherries are very abundant in this part of the country, and there are also quite a number of peaches. To-day I have seen and eaten a greater number of cherries than I think I have ever done before. The cherry trees are all planted close alongside the road, and any person that passes may help himself from them. Having come to Queenston, which is quite a small village, I was anxious to get upon the field of battle, by which its name has attained celebrity. Close to the upper end of the town, the spot was pointed out to me where the brave General Brock was killed. It is quite near the road, and is marked by a number of thorn bushes which form a rude circle. They were not, however, planted on that account, but grew here long before that time. From Niagara to Queenston the land is quite level, but at the south end of the latter it rises very suddenly in the form of a ridge at right angles to the river. This ridge is called Queenston Heights, and on it the battle was fought that is called by the same name. A similar ridge is seen on the opposite side of the river, and it looks as if at some period the two had been continuous. The bed of the river is very much contracted when opposite the Heights, and the banks are steep and rise to a great height above the water. A number of Americans were driven over these heights into the river, when attempting to seek safety in flight. When I reached the top of the Heights I sat down for some time to enjoy the prospect before me, on the very spot where many a man had lost his life. I was here at noon when the mercury stood 84. With mingled sensations of pleasure and melancholy I viewed this and some other similar scenes where many hundreds of my fellow-creatures had been hurled into eternity. As the ground rises here so suddenly, I expected that on reaching the top of the Heights I would have an extensive view on the opposite side at least as far as the Falls, but I was astonished to find that instead of there being a declivity it was all level to the south and west. There is no perceptible rise in the land all the way to Lake Erie, I am informed, so that it seems as if the Falls had been originally at that place. The banks of the river now become rocky and from one to two hundred feet in height. After travelling three miles above this I was informed that there was a whirlpool in the river (which was

now distant from the road one and one-half miles), well worth the attention of a stranger.

Returning again to the road, I set out for the Falls, which were now distant only four miles. By this time I was much disappointed in not hearing their sound, having thought that before this I would have heard them roaring like the loudest thunder. When I got within two miles of them I could hear them distinctly enough, but far from being loud. The afternoon being well spent I did not think of visiting them to-night, but remained at a tavern one mile distant from these celebrated wonders of nature.

12th. This morning it had rained a little, so that I did not go out until after breakfast to visit the Falls. On approaching them I found the ground in their vicinity to exhibit a very different appearance from what I had expected. Instead of high rocks and precipices above the Falls, and valleys and glens below them, all is perfectly level in appearance. Indeed you have rather to descend as you approach them. At the distance of two hundred yards there is nothing to be seen in the banks of the river that would lead you to suspect any such thing as falls at this place. Before getting to Table Rock, one must descend a pretty steep bank, and being down you immediately find yourself on Table Rock, at the very edge of the falling water. These waterfalls have been generally considered one of the grandest and most sublime sights in nature. I shall not dispute it. They certainly are grand, but do not exceed or even equal the conception of them that I had formed. For me they possess none of that awful and terrific sublimity which I have beheld in a stormy and tempestuous ocean. I was exceedingly disappointed with respect to the sound of the falling of so great a body of water. After remaining some time above I went down below to the bottom of the falls, having read that the sound there was far greater than above, but still had the mortification of being disappointed. Two people might stand at the edge of the falls and each hear the other when speaking in an ordinary tone as well as if they were a mile distant from them.

It is seldom that a person can have a distinct view of the water at the bottom of the falls, for it is enveloped in fog from the spray which rises in clouds, a portion of which falls immediately, while the rest is carried into the atmosphere to join its kindred waters. After viewing it for some time above I walked down along the side of the river for about one-quarter of a mile, when I came to the ladder by which you descend the bank and come to the falling water. In some writers the descent here is described as both terrifying and attended with some danger. This is not the case now, whatever it may have been

before. There is an excellent ladder of twenty-eight feet, fastened at the top to an arbor vitae, by which to descend; and lately, Mr. Forsyth, who keeps the nearest inn, has erected a covered stairway by which all who choose may go down on paying one York shilling. When down I walked back towards the Falls. It is rather difficult walking here on account of the quantity of loose rocks lying along the water's edge that have fallen from the bank. The rocks on the bank are remarkably loose and are daily crumbling away, so that I did not feel myself quite secure when walking below them, as a very small portion of them having fallen upon me from so great a height would have been a termination to all my labors.

13th. This day I again went to the Falls to satisfy my curiosity and endeavor to discover more plants in their vicinity. When I was on the rocks below the Falls I saw a boat going across the river, and being anxious to visit Goat Island I went on it. I had always considered this island inaccessible to man, but have been informed that some people have been in the habit of visiting it for many years past. They sailed from the American side as far into the stream as the island is situated, at some distance above it, and, the waters being shallow, they were enabled to reach the island and to return without any danger and with little difficulty. At present, however, there is an excellent bridge from the shore to it by which a wagon may pass over with ease.

People who live here inform me that in the space of thirty years past the Horse-shoe Fall has assumed its present shape from being nearly straight.

16th. To-day I went to see a burning spring.

18th. The time that I have remained here I have stopped at Lundy's Lane, a place well known by name on account of the bloody battle fought there in the late war. I saw some of the houses here that are literally riddled by the bullets shot during the action.

19th. On the 19th, after having packed up and sent to Kingston what specimens I had collected, I departed for Fort Erie. Two miles above the Falls I passed through the village of Chippewa, near which a battle was fought, where 1,500 British were driven from the field by 5,000 of the Americans under General Brown. The Canadian militia suffered severely in this engagement. The road lies alongside the river, and the country is thickly settled all along this way. There are a number of islands between the Falls and Lake Erie, the principal of which are Navy Island and Grand Island, the latter being a number of miles in length. The commissioners for settling the boundary between Canada and the United States were encamped

on the upper end of Grand Island when I passed it. I came this night to the ferry opposite Black Rock and about a mile below Fort Erie, where I remained for the night.

20th. Before leaving Canada I went up in the morning to see Fort Erie, which is situated where the St. Lawrence issues from Lake Erie. I imagined that it was still held by some troops, but on coming to it I found it was a complete ruin. The whole of the buildings and fortifications are destroyed and appear to be as when they were blown up in the war. In my opinion this has been and could be made one of the strongest fortifications in Upper Canada. There is little doubt that if another war should occur between the States and Britain the latter would pay attention to the repairing of the fort. Buffalo is a large town and contains a number of very elegant buildings. The present town has all been built since the war, it having been burned by the British in retaliation for the burning of Newark (Niagara). I remained a few hours in Buffalo, and having gone into a bookseller's shop I was pleased to see an extensive collection of books, and a number of them published in London as late as 1818. When I arrived here I scarcely knew which way I was going next. After examining a map I determined to proceed along the south side of Lake Erie to Erie, or perhaps farther, as I should determine when I would reach that place. This road is the worst for wheeled carriages of any that I have ever seen, being so full of stumps and tree roots that it requires great attention to prevent being overturned. Although I had liberty to ride all the way, yet in many places I chose to walk rather than suffer the jolting.

He went on to Erie, and remarks about some of the roads that they were the worst for wheeled carriages he had ever seen, and were so full of stumps and tree roots that it required great attention to avoid being overturned. The people in the fields were cutting wheat with sickles. At this stage of the journey he expresses great satisfaction that the mosquitoes have ceased to trouble him. At Erie he speaks of the steamboat which runs from Black Rock to Detroit once a week. "This boat made a voyage this spring as far as the Fort of Michilimackinac on the upper end of Lake Huron, which is the only time that a steamboat has been in that part of the world."

From Erie he decided to go to Pittsburg, and remarks, "There is a general outcry of bad times, no money to be seen, and all things at a standstill. I have made it a rule at no time to take any of their paper (money), for what you receive in one town very probably will be refused in the next. The trading is carried on by barter. I saw

a man who had great difficulty in selling excellent lamb at five cents a pound."

From Pittsburg he went to Franklin, then along the Alleghany to New York State; thence to Sackett's Harbor, where he took a steamboat to Kingston the last week in August. As we have seen, he left Kingston June 14th, so that he completed the circle about the Lake and south Pittsburg in about ten weeks. During this time he kept also a strictly botanical journal, which was later lost in a fire. As a result of his two years' work in America he introduced into Europe many new and rare plants. He was later employed by the Emperor of Russia to collect plants for the Botanical Garden at St. Petersburg, but, having formed a favorable opinion of Canada during his visit here, he brought his family out in 1844 and settled near Ayr, Ont., where he died in 1886, at the great age of ninety-four.



M. AGNES FITZGIBBON

President 1914-15

Organizer, with 17 others, of the W. C. H. S., November, 1895

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

1913-1914

Organized November 1895: Incorporated February 14th, 1896

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REV. PROF. BRYCE.	DR. ED. MANNING SAUNDERS.

PAST HONORARY MEMBERS

REV. DR. SCADDING.	J. G. HODGINS, LL.D.
REV. DR. WITROW, F.R.S.C.	HIS HONOR JUDGE PROWSE.
O. A. HOWLAND, C.M.G.	D. B. READ, K.C.
DAVID BOYLE.	ALEXANDER MUIR.
REV. CANON BULL.	DR. CANNIFF.
DR. WILLIAM KINGSFORD, F.R.S.C.	E. G. NELSON.
WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.	HIS HONOR JUDGE WOODS.
DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.	DR. JOHN CAMPBELL, F.R.S.C.
L'ABBE CASGRAIN.	DR. JAS. BAIN.
SIR J. M. LE MOINE, Kt., F.R.S.C.	

CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

Miss JEAN BARR, Windsor.	Mrs. CHRISTIE (Annie Rothwell, North Gower, Ont.)
Mrs. HENRY MACLEOD, Ottawa.	Mrs. BACKUS, M.D., Aylmer, Ont.
Miss C. A. MERRITT, St. Catharines.	
Mrs. McLAREN, Perth.	

*Deceased.

SECRETARY'S REPORT, 1913-1914

In submitting the annual report of your Society I have the honour of recording a wider interest being taken in all things historical. The year opened with the approach of many of the sister societies asking co-operation in the proposed celebration of one hundred years of peace between the Governments of the United States and Great Britain. Although your Society could do nothing more than send representatives to the celebrations and functions undertaken by these, the interest they aroused has been effective. That held at Lundy's Lane on the anniversary of the last pitched battle fought on Canadian ground did much to secure a more faithful and less biased record being accepted by Americans. Again at Thorold, where on the canal bank stands the monument commemorating Beaver Dams also in the parish church a window in memory of the late Colonel George Keefer was unveiled.

Eight regular meetings, seven executive, one special and one open meeting have been held. At these the following papers have been submitted:—

“Extracts from the Diary of the late Hon. Jas. Crooks,” by his grandson, Mr. Alex. Crooks. This contains so much valuable and original matter that your Society, with the consent of Mr. Crooks, has decided to print it.

“Letter describing the Battle of Stoney Creek,” written the day after by Lieut. FitzGibbon, of the 49th Regiment, who was present. Originally directed to a friend in Montreal, it was returned to the writer from the papers of the recipient by his executor in 1848, and then sent with a covering letter to Mrs. Plenderleath, widow of Major Plenderleath, the officer in command of the 49th on June 5th, 1813. A certified copy was later obtained by the Archivist, Mr. Alex. Fraser, and read by him to your Society. It is now in the Ontario Archives.

“Reminiscences of Pauline Johnson, the Indian Poetess,” by Mrs. Duckworth.

"Alexander Fraser and his Discoveries," by Mrs. Graham, read by Miss Jean Graham.

"Henry Dundas and Sir George Yonge," from the papers of the late Rev. Dr. Henry Scadding, D.D., by Mrs. Sullivan. Dundas Road and Yonge Street, the two oldest and most important thoroughfares, preserve these names in our local history.

"Mackenzie's Journey to the Pacific," by Miss Mickle.

"Extracts from the Diary of Capt. Wright, 1798," by his granddaughter, Mrs. Gardner, was read by Miss MacCallum.

"A Political Squib, 1845," contributed by Mrs. Duckworth, was read by Miss FitzGibbon.

At the October meeting Miss FitzGibbon gave a brief account of what she had seen and heard in England, particularly London, in August at the time of the declaration of war, and Col. McQueen recited "The Battle of Lundy's Lane."

At the open meeting your Society had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Wallace, of MacMaster College, read a paper entitled, "Overland journey of the U. E. Loyalists," the information given in it being largely drawn from American sources, and the Society was happy in having as a guest the Rev. Dr. Edward Manning Saunders, of Halifax, who, in response to our request, spoke at some length on the many men of note and education the exodus of the U. E. Loyalists had secured for Canada, thus courteously disproving the contention of the paper that the U. E. Loyalists were all illiterate and uneducated.

In the unanimous response to the Empire's decision to stand by her treaty with Belgium, Canada has had her share, and your Society offered to work with the Patriotic League. A meeting was called and a committee formed under the convenership of Mrs. J. D. Tyrrell, whose report follows.

Twenty-two new members have been added to the roll, but we have to chronicle with regret the loss of two valued members, Miss Maud McCutcheon and Miss Gaviller.

Dr. Edward Manning Saunders has accepted our nomination of him as an honorary member, and presented your library with a copy of his valuable work, "Three Premiers of Nova Scotia."

We are also indebted to Miss K. M. Lizars for an autograph copy of her "The Valley of the Humber," the beautiful illustrations contained in this work very much enhance its value; to Mrs. Jas. Bain

for framed portrait of Rev. Dr. Scadding; to Miss Mickle for a framed engraving of the Merchant Venturers' Hall, Bristol; to Miss Fitz-Gibbon for the publications, United Empire Magazine, The Great War, and a printed Memorial poem and engraving of the author, Pauline Johnson.

Miss Machar's "History of Kingston" and Miss Carnochan's "History of Niagara" have been added to the library by purchase.

Exchanges received: Report Local Council of Women; reports of Bureau of Archives of Ontario; Library of Congress; Essex Historical Society; Waterloo Historical Society; Notes on District of Niagara; Transactions No. V., Women's Historical Society, Ottawa; Transactions Lennox and Addington; Women's Wentworth Historical Society.

Owing to a printer's error in numbering the transactions issued by your Society, No. 8 was omitted. This has now been rectified by the publication of papers read at the time, containing also a portrait and memorial notice of Lady Edgar, a past president and most helpful and enthusiastic member of the Society. This, with the annual transactions bound with last year's report, a portrait and biographical sketch of the late Agnes Dunbar Chamberlain, have been issued by your Society.

A deputation of your members has also waited on the Minister of Education, asking for an increase in the grant made for printing; and, with the hope of forwarding the building of the proposed Memorial Hall, your Society responded to the call of other women's societies to meet and consider the possibility of erecting a Women's Building in Toronto. Nothing has, however, come of this, the outbreak of the war and the need for funds in so many other directions rather crowding this to one side. It is, however, gratifying to know that Queen Victoria Memorial Hall Fund is increasing.

In closing this report I am sure the members will endorse my regret that Mrs. Forsyth Grant, who has been our President, unanimously re-elected for so many years, now finds it impossible to continue in office, and that we are obliged, though reluctantly, to accept her resignation.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

C. LUELLA CORLEY,
Cor. Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Session 1913-1914

GENERAL ACCOUNT

Receipts.

Cash on hand, October 31st, 1913	\$122 00
Fees	86 00
Government Grant	100 00
Bank Interest	1 99
	<hr/>
	\$309 99

Disbursements.

Rent of Hall for Meeting	\$30 00
Fee to Local Council	2 00
Books—History of Niagara, History of Kingston	4 05
Briggs Ptg. Co., Report and Transactions, etc.	2 50
	4 50
	85 00
Stationery and Letter Heads	4 00
Printing (National Typewriter Co.) (Atwell Fleming Co.)	11 25
Postage	7 40
Refreshments for Monthly Meetings	17 48
Balance in Bank, Nov. 12th, 1914	141 81
	<hr/>
	\$309 99

QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL FUND

1913-1914

Cash in Bank, Nov. 13th, 1913	\$390 82
Bank Interest	13 06
Interest on Debentures	181 24
	<hr/>
	\$585 12
Debentures on deposit of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation	\$4,500 00
	<hr/>
Total at credit of Fund, Nov. 12th, 1914	\$5,085 12

All of which is respectfully submitted.

CHAUNCEY TOCQUE,
Honorary Treasurer.

Audited and found correct.

ANNIE ASHWORTH.

REPORT OF THE RED CROSS COMMITTEE

MRS. J. B. TYRRELL, *Convener.*

A special meeting of the Women's Historical Society was called in September by the President, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, to decide in what way this Society might help at this present time of need.

The following committee was appointed: The officers of the Society, the Misses Mickle, Lizars, Sanderson, MacCallum and Mrs. Tyrrell as Convener, with power to add to their numbers.

The first meeting of the committee was held at the Patriotic League, Sherbourne Street, and hearing from the officers of the League the special needs, it was decided that the Corresponding Secretary should send out an appeal to each member of the Historical Society, asking them for articles for the Red Cross, and for knitted comforts for the soldiers. Mrs. Tyrrell offered to receive contributions sent to her house, to keep a list of them, forward them from time to time to the Red Cross, and report the received contributions, with names of the donors at the regular meeting of the Historical Society.

The answer to this appeal was most generous, and by the last week in September the following articles were sent to the Patriotic League to be forwarded by them to the Red Cross for the use of the soldiers at the front:

1 pair of blankets, 38 pairs of wristlets, 11 pairs of socks, 5 helmets, 6 scarfs, 2 shirts, 1 cholera belt, 94 handkerchiefs, 90 sheets, 2 night-shirts, 2 hot-water-bag covers, 2 pillows, 25 pillow cases—278 articles in all.

\$53 was also contributed; \$10 of this money was used to purchase a bale of sheeting, which Miss Sanderson kindly made up into sheets; \$38 was handed in with the above articles, and \$5 kept in hand. Mrs. Stupart was added to the Committee as Treasurer and purchasing member.

A second meeting was held at the house of the Convener early in October, Dr. Margaret Patterson, head of the Red Cross work at the Patriotic League, being present to advise what was most needed for soldiers and the field hospitals.

The Recording Secretary, Mrs. Corley, sent out a second appeal to the members of the Society. This met with a like generous response.

Two more bales of sheeting were purchased and a bale of towel-ling, Miss Sanderson again making up the sheets, and Mrs. Stupart and Mrs. Galbraith the towels (53).

293 articles have been donated by the members, and the Treasurer reports having on hand \$32.23. These things will go forward early in December.

Several women, not members of the W.C.H.S., having seen the appeal for help, sent very generous donations; especially one must be mentioned, received from Mrs. Henry Russell, consisting of 10 pairs of blankets, 30 pairs of pillow-cases and 12 pairs of sheets; thus a total of 573 articles and \$80.23 have been contributed.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

ETHEL TYRRELL,
Convener,
Committee for Red Cross.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED

Miss Gaviller*	99 Charles St.
Miss A. M. Bell	538 Ontario St.
Miss Mary Warren	123 Howland Ave.
Mrs. W. K. Pearce	140 Bedford Road.
Miss Helen Pearce	140 Bedford Road.
Mrs. Duckworth	Trinity House.
Miss Emily Weaver	26 Bernard Ave.
Miss S. Kerr	69 Madison Ave.
Miss Jean Doughty	64 River St.
Miss Barbara Doughty	64 River St.
Mrs. Turlette	454 Brock Ave.
Miss Miller	90 Oxford St.
Miss Marshall Saunders	St. George Apts.
Mrs. W. Bundy	425 Walmer Rd.
Miss Playter	St. Hilda's College.
Miss Lukes	Weston.
Miss Frazer	157 Robert St.
Miss Symonds	68 Avenue Road.
Mrs. W. Playter	77 Dupont St.
Miss Kain	19 Chicora Ave.
Mrs. H. B. Anderson	184 Bloor St.
Miss Neeley	89 Highland Ave.

* Since deceased.



"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

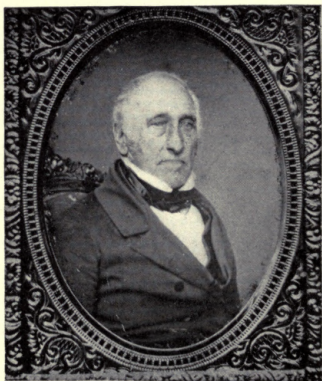
TRANSACTION No. 13

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3. Memoirs.—Captain Richard Emeric Vidal, R.N., and Vice-Admiral Alexander Thomas Emeric Vidal, R.N., Pioneers of Upper Canada, by C. J. Nisbet and E. M. Gardner. Page 38.

1914

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HON. JAMES CROOKS

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812

FROM MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE HON. JAMES CROOKS.

WHEN Bonaparte's success on the Continent of Europe had brought all the Nations under subjection to him, Great Britain was the only enemy left for him to contend with. Happily, from her insular situation, his Victorious armies were of no avail, and hoping to cripple her resources and destroy her credit he had recourse to a system of restrictions upon the commerce of Nations under his influence, with the view of effecting his purpose. Hence the Berlin and Milan decrees, the object of which was to prevent all intercourse with England and Dependencies by making lawful prize of any vessel touching at either, or even being boarded on the high seas by a British Cruiser. To counteract these Decrees, Orders in Council were passed by our Government, so that under the one or the other Neutral Nations were placed in an exceedingly precarious position in carrying on their Foreign commerce, and, more than any other, the United States, from having become to a great extent the carriers of the world.

No wonder, therefore, that angry feelings were engendered, and as England commanded the Ocean these feelings were more acrimonious towards her than towards France, the original cause of this state of things. Hence strong remonstrances were made to Our Court, and although the British Government was quite willing to rescind the Orders in Council if the Berlin and Milan decrees were also rescinded, yet a hostile feeling towards England was encouraged in the United States and it was evident collision must follow unless an amicable arrangement could be come to.

It may be recollected that about this time Russia began to resent the state of thralldom these decrees placed her in, her only intercourse with Foreign Nations being over the Mountains of the Balkan, which separate Russia from Turkey (a communication which, if

not opened, was suggested, by the late Mr. Galt), and the then Government of France, finding itself thwarted in its favorite scheme, was preparing that grand invasion of Russia which cost France so much blood and treasure and the result of which ultimately prostrated that Country at the feet of those whom she had so long domineered over, and which entailed so much misery on a large portion of the Human race. That France was, at that time, all powerful, no one will deny, so much so that in England dismal thoughts would occasionally obtrude themselves upon even the most sanguine, indeed it was felt that she was then contending for her very existence as an independent Nation.

No wonder, then, that Brother Jonathan thought the opportunity a favourable one for carrying out his long cherished scheme of annexing Canada to the American Union. According to General Armstrong's book, written to throw the blame of the failure of their armies on the Niagara frontier on Colonel Van Rensselaer, who was at the time Secretary of War, this appears to have been determined upon the year before, but war was not declared till 18th June, 1812, and strange to say, although not known in the United States, the Orders in Council were actually rescinded before war was declared. By this book of General Armstrong's it appears that preparations were made along the whole Canadian Frontier in the Fall of 1811, and war-like stores sent to Burlington on Lake Champlain. Yet neither the Government of England, so far as was known, nor any of the Colonies, had any suspicion that such was the case; on the contrary, all the cannon in Upper Canada were ordered to be removed to Quebec, and many pieces were so removed thither because, as was alleged, the Government had no hope of preserving Upper Canada.

The late Francis Gore was then Lieut.-Governor, but General the late Sir Isaac Brock happened at the time to command the troops, and some difficulty having arisen between them on account of this disarming of Western Canada, the former was recalled and the latter appointed President in his stead. (The population of Canada at this time was about 70,000.) Sir Isaac, when he assumed the Government, prepared for the worst, and in the Session of Parliament held in the Winter of 1811-12 he obtained an Act to be passed authorizing the embodiment of two companies from each regiment of Militia in the then Upper Province, each company to consist of 75 rank and file. The command of these companies became an object of ambition

with the young and enterprising officers, and such was the loyalty and good feeling of the people towards their Government that the companies were very generally filled up by volunteers—and on more than one occasion tears fell from the eyes of those who were rejected, not from any doubt of their loyalty or courage, but from a doubt that their bodily strength was sufficient to carry them through the fatiguing campaign anticipated. Being drilled once a week at first (but afterwards not so often) by non-commissioned Officers from the Line, they had attained a tolerable degree of discipline when war was declared, no doubt stimulated by a feeling that they had a good cause.

The first hostile Act on the part of the United States was the capture of a merchant vessel on Lake Ontario by the Brigg *Oneida* commanded by Captain Woolsey. This vessel, it appears, was a fast sailer, and being ahead of several others in Company, beating up the Lake against a head wind from Prescott, the *Oneida* made for her first, intending to take those to leeward afterward, but night coming on they fortunately escaped. The object of the American Government obviously was to secure as many of the vessels on the Lake as they could to assist in their future operations against Canada. This was put past all doubt, as one of the Owners immediately proceeded to Sacket's Harbour and reclaimed his property—no war being then declared—nor was it till a fortnight afterwards. In spite of this she was immediately armed, and the next year was upset by a squall in a night action with the British Fleet under Sir James Yoe, and went to the bottom, only a few of her crew escaping in a boat. (There is an interesting account of this event published in a little work by "Ned Myers," edited by the late novelist Cooper.) Strange to say, the owners have not been indemnified for their vessel to this day by either their own or the American Government, although repeated applications have been made to both, and even a joint address to the Crown voted by both branches of the Legislature of Upper Canada. Yet only recently a British Fleet was sent to Athens to compel payment of a few hundred pounds to Don Pacifico, a Maltese Jew. (See Note, page 24.)

Singular as it may appear, no arrangements were made by the Agents of the British Government in the United States to communicate intelligence of an event so vitally important to Canada as the declaration of War. Thanks to the late Honourable John Richard-

son, of Montreal, who, being in New York a short time before, made arrangements with a Gentleman there to send expresses to Niagara and Montreal should such an event take place, Sir Isaac Brock was in actual possession of the news several days before the Garrison of Fort Niagara on the opposite side of the Niagara River was aware that Congress had declared war. Sir Isaac, with his usual foresight, had organized a Car Brigade of Militia as well as an Artillery Company in addition to the Flank Companies, and with these in conjunction with the Regular Troops, consisting of a portion of the 41st Regiment (then the only Regiment garrisoning all Upper Canada), aided by two Companies of the 49th Regiment and the remnant of the Newfoundland Regiment, with a few Artillery men, he determined at once to attack Fort Niagara, and every preparation was made for that purpose. Reflecting, however, that the knowledge he had of war being declared came through a private channel, and having nothing official from any British authority, he thought it prudent not to assume the responsibility. Here, then, we were fairly, or rather unfairly, engaged in a war, though no Canadian interest was involved in it, and the Farmer, Mechanic and Tradesman, the Merchant and the Lawyer had all to abandon their respective occupations and fly to defend the frontier. A respectable force was thus collected, and in all parts of the Province the same spirit manifested itself, but so little had been done preparatory to meet this state of things that Sir Isaac had no Military chest, nor money enough at his command to buy provisions, nor even blankets or shoes for the Militia. He, under the circumstances, made his wants known to a number of Gentlemen of credit, who formed themselves into what was called the "Niagara & Queenston Association," the Late Mr. Robert Grant of Queenston being appointed Manager, and several thousand pounds were issued in the shape of Bank Notes, which were currently received throughout the Country and afterwards redeemed with Army bills when that system was adopted.

Until the rumour of General Hull's invasion of Detroit reached us the routine duty of guarding the Frontier was the only duty to be performed—in course of which a Militia man named Hendershot from Ancaster was killed while on duty as a Sentinel at the Lime Kiln near the whirlpool, by a shot from across the River. At the same time the militia were improving in their discipline.

When Sir Isaac had arranged the Civil affairs of the Province by a short session of the Provincial Legislature and learned that Hull had not advanced into the interior of the Country, but had recrossed the River to Detroit, he resolved to attack Hull in his position, the successful result of which daring enterprise is so well known that it requires no notice here. On General Brock's return to Niagara matters went on much as usual, except that it was understood the enemy was rapidly increasing his forces on the Frontier. As, however, the season advanced, it was well ascertained that such was the case, and that a large force was so collected under General Van Rensselaer, whose headquarters were at Lewiston, but the general impression was that he would not attack unless compelled by orders from the President to do so, or the impatience of his men, one half of whom were volunteers, full of fight, and anxious to attach Canada to the United States. To such a height had this feeling reached that they were on the point of lynching him, when he was obliged to make a demonstration, and arrangements were actually made one stormy night for crossing the River at Queenston, but by some mistake the person intrusted with the care of the boats took them up the rapids above Lewiston, so that the attempt was given up for that night. On the evening of the 11th of October, 1812, a merchant vessel from Kingston was about entering the Niagara River when a large Boat full of men was seen descending, which it was thought intended boarding her. General Brock being of that opinion, directed the guns on our batteries, several of which, 24-pounders, taken with Hull, were placed in position opposite the American Fort, to be manned. This excited a good deal of interest, and many of us went to see what was going on, when the General turned round and said "We had better return to our respective companies as our services might be required." This was instantly done, and in the evening I met General Brock in the street on his way home, when I learned that the boat had not attacked the vessel, but had turned the point of the Fort and gone down the Lake. He asked me to apologize to the Ladies of my family for his not calling on them, having then "his War Sword on" (pointing to it). This was the last time I saw him in life.

The morning of the 12th was one of those uncomfortable, cold, stormy days that at this season of the year so strongly in this climate mark the changes of the season. Throughout the Summer and Fall the Militia paraded at break of day in one of the Streets of Niagara, under cover of the houses, to prevent the enemy from seeing the

paucity of our numbers, when the Guard and Piquets for the day were despatched and the returns given in. This morning, for the first time, the weather being so inclement, I thought I would leave the duty to my subordinates, and turned round on my bed to have another snooze. I had hardly done so when one of them knocked at my window, and on inquiring who was there he informed me that the Yankees had crossed the River, and that they had been fighting at Queenston all night, but strange to say no messenger had reached us, nor did we hear the report of any guns, although several pieces of artillery were used in the action, so strong was the gale off the Lake. He further said that the Militia were ordered to rendezvous under Fort George, upon which I directed him to turn out the men and that I would be immediately with them. This was soon done and it was most gratifying, it being then broad daylight, to see each Company from their respective quarters in town vieing with each other which should cross the plain which separates the town from Fort George first. On arriving there the arms were stacked and the men stood at ease waiting orders. Here we heard that the General had left at break of day for Queenston, and being curious to see what was going on at the Fort, I repaired thither, and on entering the gate met Colonel Holcroft, who commanded the Artillery, coming out, who informed me he was just about to open his guns on the American Fort, but that he was short of men. Having had during the Summer a Sergeant and sixteen men stationed at Brown's Point, half way between Niagara and Queenston, who had been trained to a Six pounder by a Bombardier of the Royal Artillery, I said I would send him all I could find, which was only two or three, one of whom named Vrooman stood exposed on the Battery nearest the enemy all day loading and firing a 24 Pounder. I also suggested that Sailors were famous for service on such occasions—that I would go down to the wharf where the vessel was lying, the same that was on the Bar the evening before, and send him what I could muster.

So little was known of what had been going on at Queenston in the night that Captain Richardson, who had been a Quarter Master on board Rodney's ship in the famous action of the 12th July with Count de Grasse, was thunder struck when I told him of it, his vessel being within point blank shot of the American Fort. He told me also that he had a quantity of gunpowder on board, but would discharge it and give Holcroft every assistance in his power. Our first Gun did not carry half way across the river owing to the powder having been

in the country ever since the first American war, but this was speedily remedied by fresh powder, and after a protracted cannonade the Americans abandoned the Fort. They, however, seemed prepared, and early in the morning opened on the town with red hot shot, which set fire to and burned the Court House and Gaol.

Soon after I had returned to my men, an express arrived from Queenston with an order for a reinforcement of 130 men of the Militia; these I was anxious to take command of, although a brother who was present with his company was an older officer than myself. I represented to him that we ought not to risk both our lives on the same chance, that we had both married about two years before and had each one child, and that if anything befel either of us the survivor would take care of the other's family; that my own opinion was the battle would be fought at Niagara, and that the attack at Queenston was a mere *ruse de guerre* to draw the force from Niagara, upon which he gave way and I marched off with my reinforcement composed of parts of Five companies.

I have already stated that the strength of the flank companies was 75 men rank and file, of which 25 had gone on duty to guard the Lake shore that morning, and those of the day before had not come in when the alarm was given, so that only one third was available. These were composed of my own company, Capt. McEwans of 1st Regiment of Lincoln, Capt. Abraham Miles, under Lieut. Butler from Grimsby, Capt. Selby from Young Street under Lieut. Vanderburgh and Capt. Burns from Newcastle District. On reaching McFarlane's about a Mile from Fort George we learned that Brock had been killed. This I endeavoured to keep from the men, fearing it might damp their spirits, but soon found they all knew it, although it seemed to make no impression on them. On reaching opposite Brown's Point I met on the road the officer in command of the Company of Militia stationed there, who inquired where I was going. On my answering "to Queenston," he said I was mad, and that if I proceeded we would all be taken prisoners, as our people there had been completely routed, the General killed and his Aide de Camp mortally wounded, besides that, 400 Yankees were on our flank in the edge of the woods marching to attack Niagara. I replied that I was ordered to go to Queenston and would do so if I could, ordering my men at the same time to load with ball cartridge. I, however, ordered a Corporal and two men to go to a height on our right to look out for those 400 Yankees, but they had hardly left the ranks when I saw a British Soldier on the look out and

re-called them. I had marched only a few hundred yards when I met the Lieutenant of the same Company at Brown's Point, who repeated nearly word for word what had passed between me and his superior officer a few minutes before. I have often since reflected how fortunate it was I did not take their advice and return to Niagara, as had I done so, in all probability General Sheaffe would have retired to the head of the Lake with what force—mostly regulars—had been left in Fort George, the later action at Queenston would not have been fought, the 3,000 or 4,000 Americans at Lewiston would have crossed the river when they found the Country abandoned, and the loss of Canada to Great Britain would have been sealed.

When I came to Durham's, about a mile from Queenston, I found the house filled with wounded men, both of our own and of the enemy, and in a bed chamber my worthy friend the gallant Lieut.-Colonel McDonell, Brock's Aide de Camp, lying mortally wounded.

Finding it impossible to proceed further, and waiting orders, I repaired to the bank of the river, where a Six pounder was still playing on the boats crossing the river from Lewiston, but with little effect, the distance being too great, and on returning my men complained of hunger, as they had marched without their breakfast. Seeing a patch of potatoes growing near by I directed them to dig and boil them. This was soon done, and every pot and kettle in the house was soon walloping on the fire in the kitchen, when General Sheaffe, with the remainder of the 41st Regiment, and Holcroft with a few artillery men and a six pounder, made their appearance, and an order was presently issued to fall in, and the poor hungry fellows were obliged to leave their potatoes behind them.

On crossing the ravine at Durham's the fences were let down and we took a course to the right in the direction of St. David's, where we found an old road ascending the mountain about two miles west of Queenston. Up this road we soon made the top and formed in a ploughed field to receive the enemy, who was said to be advancing, but it proved a false alarm. We then marched on and took possession of the main road leading from Queenston to the Falls, there awaiting reinforcements that had been ordered from Chippewa of the Grenadiers of the 41st Regiment under Captain Bullock and some Companies of Militia under Colonel Clark. Here we began to be pelted with shot from an 18-pounder battery on the opposite side of the river called Fort Gray, but it did no harm, the shot flying over us as we lay on the ground. This same Battery saluted us with a few

shots while marching through the low ground from Durham's, but they proved equally harmless. It was most interesting, however, to see Norton, young Brant, and Kerr, with about fifty Indians, driving in the outposts of the enemy on the edge of the heights above us. They being reinforced, obliged the Indians to retire. This happened several times, and as there was a clear sky beyond, it became quite a picture to witness the evolutions. Before reaching the heights an order came to me to detach 25 men as a covering to a six-pounder with which Holcroft took possession of Queenston. With the shelter of an old milk house on the bank of the river he maintained his ground and prevented any boat from crossing till the action ceased, although exposed to the fire of Fort Gray nearly over his head, two six-pounders in front on the opposite side of the River, and one on Queenston Heights. Notwithstanding this formidable array against him, he had only one gunner wounded in the foot. While passing through the fields we were joined by a few stragglers, and amongst them was Captain, now Sir James, Dennis, who was then in the 49th Regiment, and afterwards commanded the 3rd Regiment throughout the Afghan War and was knighted for his gallantry. He was wounded in the night action, as well as the horse he rode. Although the blood had ceased to flow, he appeared much exhausted, yet he would not leave the field till all was over. It was rather trying for Militia men who had never been in action to remain, pelted with bullets from Fort Gray, for more than an hour in face of the enemy. The latter were posted in a young wood, where Brock's monument now stands, with a worm fence in front, and their bayonets glistening in the sun. In the meantime two soldiers were sent to examine the wood on the left of the enemy's position, who soon returned, one of them having received a ball through his thigh. At last, part of the reinforcements having arrived from Chippewa, the order was given to advance and attack the enemy. This was done by advancing in line from the left, the light company of the 49th Regiment leading till fairly in front of the Yankees, when an order came for the Regular troops to front and attack, but no orders for the Militia to do so were received, and as they were marching in file, the distance was constantly increasing between the Militia and Regulars. Seeing a Company in front fall into confusion upon hearing the booming of two 3-pounders we had with us under Lieut. John C. Ball of the Provincial Artillery, the present Reeve of the Township of Niagara, I no longer hesitated to face to the front, and at double quick we soon encountered the enemy.

On the advance, I perceived an iron 6-pounder abandoned by the enemy, and as I was looking at it wistfully, an officer who had charge of a few coloured men called out to me by name that "it is not spiked." I ran to it with two or three of my men, and finding it pointed at Holcroft in the Village, I turned it round upon a large group of Yankees in Lewiston, our own people being between it and the enemy on the heights. I found the slow match burning at a short distance off and returned to the Gun, which was fired off by Colonel Clark of the Militia, who at that moment came into action and was on the proper side of it for doing so. Although neither sponge nor ramrod was found, yet those who followed managed to discharge it several times afterwards upon the enemy at Lewiston. While pressing forward into the thick of the battle I espied an Indian giving the *coup de grace* to a Militia man whom he mistook for a Yankee, none of us being in uniform, but who turned out to be a man from Toronto named Smith. The poor fellow put his hand to his head and it was all over with him. The battle, although not of long continuance, was a very warm and close one. I have been in many hail storms, but never in one when the stones flew so thick as the bullets on this occasion. The lines were very near each other, and every foot of the ground the enemy gave way gave us an advantage, as on their side it descended. After about half an hour's close engagement they disappeared in the smoke, throwing down their arms, and ran down the heights to the water's edge in the vain hope of reaching their own side, but Holcroft took good care that no boat could cross. In the action one of my men, Dan Stewart of St. David's, was struck with a ball on the knuckle of his right hand while drawing the trigger of his musket, which disabled him; upon this I took it and what ammunition he had left and expended every cartridge before the fire ceased, the last at a skiff crossing the river, which I took to be some American Officer trying to escape. Luckily it did not take effect, as afterwards it proved to be Lieut. Walter Kerr carrying a proposal to the American General for an armistice. Another man named Brown was also wounded in the arm; the poor fellow died about a week afterwards, and some days thereafter I discovered that a ball had passed through the skirt of my own coat.

Just before the action commenced Colonels Clench and Butler, with Joe Wilcox, appeared upon the ground, but did not join the Militia, preferring to serve with the regular troops. When the smoke cleared away I discovered a large group of Yankees at Fort Gray

opposite and prevailed upon the gunners of the two small guns we had with us to give them several shots, but the officer declined giving them more, as the Bugle had several times sounded to cease firing. At that moment I received a message from General Sheaffe that he wished to see me, which I immediately complied with, and on the way down the hill met Doctor Thorn, a surgeon of the Staff, who exclaimed, "G——, man there does not seem to be any of you killed." "Well, Doctor," I replied, "it is well it is so, but go into that guard house and you'll find plenty to do for your saws and other surgical instruments (with which he was amply equipt)."

On reaching the General at the bottom of the hill, I was very graciously received, and after complimenting in no measured terms, the conduct of the Militia in the Battle, he desired me to assist Capt. Derenzy of the 41st Regiment with my men in escorting the Prisoners to Niagara, which of course I complied with. While yet with him the American Militia General was brought in, who drew his sword and presented the handle to General Sheaffe, who said, "I understand, General, your people have surrendered," to which he made no other answer than bowing his head in token that it was so. While the prisoners were being mustered on the high ground on which Queenston is built, I espied my old friend Doctor Muirhead of Niagara walking towards where I stood with an American Officer. I went towards them and the Doctor requested me to conduct "Colonel Scott" to the House, where the officers were being collected. This I did, and the next day he was, with a few others, put in my charge at Niagara, and I went with them to visit their wounded in the Scotch Church, which had been converted into a hospital. It turned out to be the same General Scott who is now at the head of the American Army. How or where he was taken I could never distinctly ascertain, but it was rumoured that he had followed down the river below a bank that concealed him, in the hope of finding the means of escaping to his own side, when he was discovered by some Indians who pursued him, and that he ran and gave himself up to some Militia men who happened to be near by, from whom he was received by Dr. Muirhead. The prisoners were speedily collected and we began the march to Niagara. When about half a mile on the way one of my Sergeants (Cross) came to me with information that a large boat with stores was lying under the high bank in the River. On going there I found no stores, but only a few muskets, and two poor wretches on the shore severely wounded, one through the groin

and the other had his bowels shot out. I said, "You appear to be elderly men and I dare say have families; what could possess you to place yourselves in the situation you are? Why come to disturb the peaceable inhabitants of Canada? We have no quarrel with you, nor any interest at stake." They answered with much feeling, "Oh, Sir, we were persuaded to come." They were put on board the boat and taken to Fort George, but both died in the Hospital the same night. Another man was sitting on the stick at the fore part of the boat put across for the rowers to put their feet against and leaning on the seat. On taking him by the head I found he was dead, a ball having entered his forehead. On rejoining the escort I learnt that my horse, which I had lent to the Adjutant of the Regiment the evening before, was at a house near by, and, having obtained Captain Derenzy's permission, I rode home, and found that my family had no knowledge of what had been going on in the fore part of the day, as they were about a mile from town, near the Lake shore.

The Militia prisoners were paroled and sent across the River, the regular troops to Quebec, whence they were sent to one of the Eastern States when a general exchange took place. Among them were fourteen deserters from our Army. These were taken to England, tried and condemned to be executed, but more of them hereafter. Brock and McDonnell's funeral was a very imposing and affecting affair; about 5,000 militia had by this time assembled, and formed in a double line from his late residence in Town to Fort George, in a Bastion of which their bodies were laid until years afterwards, when they were removed to the monument erected on Queenston Heights. To say that General Brock's loss was irreparable was but too truly proven by the subsequent events of the war, for although those who succeeded him in command did not want for either courage or capacity, yet of both there are different degrees, and none possessed the confidence of the inhabitants to the extent that he did.

During the cannonade in the morning of the 13th, Captain Barnard Frey, an old campaigner in the half pay of Butler's Rangers, in which corps he served during the first American war, was passing down one of the streets of Niagara, carrying a cannon ball in his arm which he had picked up, when met by an acquaintance, who asked him what he was going to do with it. To this he replied he was going to send it back to the d—— Yankees. Presently afterwards a ball from the other side first struck the ground, then the one in his arm, killing him dead upon the spot without breaking the skin.

On the Sunday night after the battle an alarm was given that the enemy, notwithstanding the armistice, were crossing the river a short distance above Fort George, on which every man, and there were many, turned out with alacrity and formed in the principal street ready to meet any emergency. It turned out a false alarm, and we returned to our respective quarters.

In reviewing the Battle of Queenston Heights it may be excusable in one of the actors to offer a few remarks: In the first place when General Sheaffe found that the real attack was at Queenston, why did he not call in his piquets and guards which were strung along the Lake shore and at other places within call and take them with him? Two hundred and fifty or three hundred Militia alone could thus have been collected who in the afternoon were idle spectators of the abandoned American Fort opposite, the Garrison having decamped under cover of the bank of the Lake about noon. The Militia were desirous of crossing the River in the Schooner lying at Navy Hall, and taking possession, but were not allowed by the Officer in Command. The attack on the heights appeared, too, to be oddly managed. Who ever heard of an army defiling in front of an enemy occupying a strong field position? It is true the Regular troops were, after a time and when they had nearly gained the front of the enemy's position, ordered to attack in line, but no such order was given to the Militia, of which the majority of the force was composed, and had it not been that the right or last company (the attack being from the left), without orders dashed upon the enemy, it is hard to say what would have been the fate of the day, more particularly, as already mentioned, as one Company had already fallen into disorder. The General must have seen all this, following the attack as he did with a stick in his hand, and a reserve Militia under Capt. James Hall. The force engaged I could never make out to exceed 700 or 750 combatants on our side. Of these about 400 were Militia and 300 Regular troops, with some 50 Indians.

Certainly it did not reach 800 men, and two 3-pounder guns. The prisoners exceeded 900 rank and file, besides officers, and I have since learned that 1,500 stand of arms was collected after the action, besides the 6-pounder abandoned on the heights. In all the American accounts I have read a great stress is laid upon the Heights being fortified, but it was not so; not a single gun was there, nor even breast work of any kind, nor a man to defend it. Such implicit reliance was placed on its natural position that there was not even a look out.

Some years afterwards I descended the St. Lawrence with General Wool, then bearing the rank of captain, who informed me that at break of day, finding their position untenable in the low ground between the village and the river, he represented to Colonel Van Rensselaer, the senior officer, who was then lying severely wounded, that they would all be taken prisoners unless something was done, and proposed trying to get possession of the Heights, which could be done, he thought, by concealing the men under cover afforded by the young wood growing on the bank. This the colonel approved of and his success justified the daring feat. The only guns were two 3-pounders, which had been used in the village in the night action, and no doubt did good service as the ground was limited in extent, and an 18-pounder in a Battery half way up the mountain which commanded the passage of the river, and by their own account did a good deal of execution on the force embarking at Lewiston.

This Battery was placed under a bluff projection of the mountain. Brock was in it at the time, and the first intimation he had of the enemy being in possession of the heights was a party firing into it from this bluff point above, when he was obliged to decamp, along with Doctor Muirhead. As to the armistice, one can hardly approve of it, as had it not been made Fort Niagara must have fallen into our hands without a shot being fired. On the other hand our force was very much exhausted.

NOTE.—In connection with the seizure of the schooner, *Lord Nelson*, the merchant vessel mentioned on page 13, it will be of interest to know that the Hon. James Crooks and his heirs have almost continuously, since 1815, prosecuted his claim for compensation for the undoubted illegal seizure of his ship. A little more than a year ago, those having the matter in charge succeeded in having the case placed on the list of cases to be heard by the American and British Claims Arbitration Tribunal, under the treaty signed by Hon. James Bryce, the then British Ambassador at Washington, and Philander C. Knox, the American Secretary of State, on August 18th, 1910.

The *Lord Nelson* case was heard by the Tribunal, consisting of Monsieur Henri Fromageot, of Paris, France, the Chairman of the Commission, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, representing Great Britain, and Chandler P. Anderson, of New York, representing the United States, on March 26th, 1914. The case was argued by E. L. Newcombe, K.C., of Ottawa, Deputy Minister of Justice, who had charge of the Canadian cases, and A. D. Crooks, Barrister, Toronto, a grandson of the Hon. James Crooks, Counsel for Great Britain, and by Hon. Robert Lansing, Counsel for the United States. On May 1st, 1914, judgment was given by the Commission, awarding the claimant, Henry J. Bethune, the legal representative of the heirs of Hon. James Crooks, and of his brother, William Crooks, who were joint owners of the *Lord Nelson*, the sum of \$5,000.00 and interest at 4 per cent. for a little over 93 years, or a sum of nearly \$24,000.00. It has, therefore, taken 100 years to obtain compensation for the seizure of the vessel, as no doubt the money will now be paid within the period of eighteen months allowed by the treaty for the payment of the amounts awarded by the Commissioners in connection with the various claims presented to them.



CAPT. WILLIAM ELLIOTT WRIGHT, R.N.

From a portrait in the possession of the family

BIOGRAPHY AND EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE CAPT. WRIGHT

BY C. J. NISBET AND E. M. GARDNER.

William Elliott Wright was born on October 12, 1785, at Gravesend, England. His father, who was connected in some way with the Dockyards, died while William was very young, and his mother married again, her second husband being a Mr. Goble, who was, it is said, a glover.

The boy grew up with a hatred of the glove business and a strong desire to go to sea, but as his mother would not give her consent, he ran away from home and entered the navy as an ordinary sailor, but was transferred to the rank of Midshipman shortly after.

He is described as a handsome, high-spirited boy with bright dark eyes and curly hair, and is said to have attracted the notice of two naval officers while he was playing on High Street, Gravesend. These two were brothers, Sir John and Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who became his life-long friends, and helped him greatly to rise in the service. Two of his sons were named in their honor, the eldest one "Malcolm," the youngest "Pulteney."

The following record of his life at sea is taken from "O'Byrne's Naval Chronicle":—

William Elliott Wright entered the Navy July 26, 1798, as A.B. on board "La Sybille" of 48 guns and 371 men, Captain Edward Cooke, under whom we find him on the night of 28th February, 1799, contributing to the capture (at the mouth of the Bengal River) of the French frigate, "La Forte," 52 guns and 370 men, after a dreadful action of two hours and a half, in which the enemy had 65 of their number (including the Captain), killed, and the British, 5 killed and 17 wounded, among them the Captain, mortally.

He removed in September, 1799, as Midshipman (a rating he had before attained), to the "Suffolk," 74 guns, Flagship of Rear Admiral Peter Rainier, and continued (with the exception of an

interval of a few months, occasioned by the peace of Amiens), to serve in the East Indies, until September, 1809, in the "Vulcan," bomb, Capt. Peter Heywood; "Dædalus," frigate, Capt. Wm. Waller; "Arrogant," 74, Capts. John Butt and Lord George Stuart; "Trident," 64, Flagship of Vice Admiral Rainier; "Dasher," sloop, Capt. Wm. Augustus Montague; "Caroline," Capt. Hon. Geo. Byng.

He was nominated acting lieutenant of the "Dasher" 4th August, 1805, and of the "Caroline," 18th May, 1807, and on 11th December, in the latter year (the date of his first Commission), he assisted while yet in the "Caroline," at the destruction, at Griesse (in the island of Java), of the dockyard, stores, and all the men-of-war remaining to Holland in India.

On leaving the "Bellequeux" he returned to England in the "Rattlesnake," 18, Capt. James John Gordon Bremer. He was employed afterwards with the late Sir Pulteney Malcolm in the "Donegal," and "Royal Oak," 74, and with Captains Sam. Pym, and Sir Michael Seymour in the "Hannibal," 74, on the coast of France, and a second time with Sir Pulteney Malcolm in the "Royal Oak," and as Flag-Lieutenant in the "Tartarus," 20, and "Newcastle," 60, on the coast of North America, in the Scheldt, and at St. Helena.

In the "Donegal" he was present, 15th November, 1810, in an attack made on the French frigates "Amazone" and "Eliza," as they lay aground under the protection of several strong batteries in the neighbourhood of Cherbourg, and in the "Royal Oak" he accompanied the expedition against New Orleans.

While at St. Helena in the "Newcastle" he was nominated, 20th September, 1816, Acting Commander of the "Griffon," sloop, which vessel he paid off 12th September, 1818. Since that period he has not been afloat. His commission as Commander bears date 20th August, 1817.

So much for the bare facts of the "Naval Chronicle." From family records and traditions we get a little of the filling in of this period, and some touches of romance, as well as the story of his after life. On his first voyage to India the vessel touched at St. Helena for supplies, and on that very day, as he learned long afterwards, his future wife was born on the Island. An extract from his private "log" may be quoted here describing the taking on of water and other supplies, although it was written some years later.

“St. Helena, January 12th, 1810. At sunrise the Fort saluted, and the ship returned the salute. Got two large boats from the shore to water the ship, carrying 6 or 7 tons each. The bearings at anchor, the flag-staff at James Town, S. B. E. 421½ miles. (Found the ‘Tamston Castle’ lying here from Bombay; she sailed 16th October, and remained nine days at Rodriguez; had a very good passage with very fine weather, and is waiting here for convoy.)

“Got supplied with three live bullocks, very fine ones. Took on board for ship’s company 6,720 lbs. potatoes, 683 lbs. of other vegetables, 4,600 lemons, two casks of pork, two of beef, and 30 gals. of vinegar. Sent ten of our worst sick to hospital. Party of hands on shore all night getting water for ship; received altogether about thirty tons in as many hours. It might have been done more quickly had we had plenty of men and more boats. The water is conveyed into the boats by leather hose leading from the rock. There are very good cranes for hoisting heavy articles in and out of the boats at two places; the boats are obliged to lie at anchor and let their sterns in, on account of the breakers on the rocks, for which purpose cables are made fast to the shore, and an anchor laid some distance off.

“There is no danger nor difficulty, provided the boats are not allowed to drift on shore.

“We got famously supplied with potatoes, for which the Island excels, cabbage, peas, beans, turnips, and almost every sort of vegetable.

“Peaches and grapes were just coming into season, and, of course, scarce. Apples were not yet in season, but when they are, I understand plenty of fine ones are to be had.

“The Island from the Sea has a most dreary aspect, but on getting over ‘Ladder Hill,’* the face of the country has a most delightful appearance, and produces all kinds of tropical and a great many sorts of European fruits and vegetables; every article of Indian and European manufacture can be procured, and, considering the situation of the Island, at very fair rates.”

During his long period of service in the East Indies, Lieutenant Wright was either engaged in actual fighting or in the more monotonous but very important work of patrolling and guarding the coasts of British possessions.

* NOTE.—“Ladder Hill the seat of the garrison, is so called from the almost precipitous ladder-like wooden stair by which its height of 600 feet can be scaled.”

Unfortunately very few of his private "logs" are now in existence, and these are records of the quieter times, telling chiefly of daily routine on board ship, wind and weather, places touched at, vessels spoken; also notes of soundings, anchorage, and supply of water and provisions obtainable at different places.

While Lieutenant on H.M.S. "Bellequeux," he makes the following entry:—

"Island of Rodriguez, August 6th. We landed the troops and took possession of the Island. 10th. Sent the 'Wasp' (Company's schooner) with account of our arrival to Commodore Rowley off the Isle of France. 8th. We fixed six of the lower deck guns (24 lbs.), three of the main deck guns (18 lbs), and one Carronade (32 lbs.); sent several shots to try the range for erecting a Battery. The Carronade sent the shot to the foot of the hill or Bluff Point on which the Battery is to be erected, and within a few yards of the flag staff, the long guns sending theirs, of course, proportionately further."

He gives a lengthy description of this Island, its size, formation, natural products, and especially its value to the Navy on account of the abundant water supply, which could be obtained easily, although the reefs made the landing rather difficult.

Always on the alert, we find frequent mention of "a strange sail sighted"; then, no matter what the weather was like, chase was given till the stranger ran up her flag. If she proved to be British, or friendly, signals were exchanged and perhaps news received, but if an enemy, the said enemy had to choose between a fight and a flight.

One thing is very noticeable in looking over these old "logs," and that is the constant flogging of seamen, for all sorts of offences. Very few days pass without at least one man being thus punished, and often there were several. "Drunkenness" is almost invariably mentioned, and with it "neglect of duty," "insolence," "quarrelling," "stealing," and so on, the names of the men, and the number of lashes inflicted are always noted. The amount of grog given every day to the men is not spoken of, nor does any connection between the two things seem to be suspected. Grog was considered indispensable in those days.

One entry is rather amusing, it runs: "Punished John Francis, ward-room steward, with 24 lashes for traducing the character of Lieutenant Col. Keating by saying that he stopped him, and took a dead pig and a turkey from him, which he had bought for the ward-



MRS. WILLIAM ELLIOTT WRIGHT

née Jane Leech

From a portrait in the possession of the family.

room. Col. Keating declaring on his word of honor, before all the officers on the Quarter-deck, that he never saw the man on the day the things were taken from him, nor did he ever take a pig or a turkey from any man in his life."

Later we find Lieut. Wright back at St. Helena, where his vessel with others was guarding Napoleon Buonaparte. During his prolonged stay, he saw much of that distinguished man, and valued highly a small tortoise-shell snuff-box which Buonaparte gave him as a souvenir, and he did not part with it until many years after, when he gave it to Dr. Thomas Johnston, the much-loved friend and valued Doctor of the early settlers in the County of Lambton, Upper Canada.

The young Lieutenant was, naturally, in the midst of all the gaiety which was sure to be going on, where there were so many military and naval officers, in addition to the civic officials, and the group of English and French always surrounding Buonaparte, at Longwood, the farm house set aside for his residence.

This was in the Central part of the Island about three miles from the harbor, and not far from it was "Diana's Peak," 2,704 feet high, one of the curious volcanic formations of which there are so many on St. Helena.

Near the same Peak was the hospitable home of Mr. Robert Leech, a man of wealth and influence; he was "Governor of the Honorable the East India Company's stores," also a member of the Council which governed the Island. He had a very large family of sons and daughters; the eldest daughter was named Penelope. Lieut. Wright is said to have been engaged to Louisa, a younger daughter, who died soon after. Whether this was the case or not, it is certain that his own eldest daughter was named "Catherine Louisa" after her.

Later on he became engaged to Jane, the youngest child of the family of eighteen children. She was a pretty, dainty girl with blue eyes, and a wealth of beautiful brown hair, which was worn in short curls about her forehead, but the rest was so long that when allowed to fall it touched the ground as she stood.

She and her sisters did their shopping by going down the long, steep road to the harbor, when word came that an East Indiaman had arrived, on her way to England. Here they had their choice of beautiful fabrics, silks, muslins, laces, gold and ivory, and wonderful shawls and scarfs of lace and silk crepe, which were the only

wraps needed in that warm climate, over their ordinary gowns of India muslin. Some of these are still in existence and still beautiful, and also a carved ivory fan, made for Jane Leech in India with her initials carved in the centre.

At one of the Social-gatherings, where a number of young people were chatting with Buonaparte, the story goes that he allowed Miss Leech to cut off a lock of his hair with his own sword. That lock of hair was set in a brooch, and was later given by Capt. Wright's youngest daughter, Mary, to her nephew, the late Dr. H. P. Wright, of Ottawa, whose eldest son, Dr. H. Wright, is the present owner.

Lieut. Wright and Jane Leech were married probably in 1817; a year or so after, they removed to England and lived at Lee, Kent, for some years. They then removed to Chudleigh, Devon; although the elder three children were born in Kent, it was the Devonshire home that they dearly loved, and remembered all their lives.

In 1833 Capt. Wright came to Canada, thinking that there would be more room and opportunity for his children in a young growing country, bringing his wife and six children, three sons and three daughters, and his devoted half-sister, Miss Goble, known always to the family and near friends as "Aunt Ann." With them were all their household effects and a goat, which furnished milk for the children during the long voyage of 7 weeks in a sailing vessel.

Upon reaching New York, they continued their journey to Toronto, where they remained for a time, and here the youngest daughter, Mary Margaret, was born.

Having taken up land on the St. Clair River, the family went as far as Amherstburg and lived there for a year, while 50 miles further north on the bank of the St. Clair their new house was being literally carved out of the forest, for the land had to be cleared, and the house built, of logs, some of which were black walnut, a tree that grew there quite commonly.

Before the house was finished a tragic event took place in Amherstburg. The older children came running home from school one day crying out with glee that the school was closed because of the cholera epidemic. Mrs. Wright had not been exposed to the disease, but took it from sheer fright, and died in a few hours, leaving her husband to begin his pioneer life without her, and with the responsibility of seven children, the youngest only a year old.

Had it not been for his devoted and heroic sister it would not have been possible, but she set herself bravely to the task laid upon her, and during long years filled the place of wife and mother to the best of her ability. How admirably she succeeded in training the little ones and in making the large, crude, log house into a charming home, a centre of comfort and refinement, was well known to all the settlers in that district.

The house was large and roomy. It stood facing the west, with a beautiful view of the river flowing swiftly by. Immediately opposite was the densely wooded Stag Island, which added greatly to the picture and made a fine background to the white sails of vessels constantly passing. Inside the house was all the comfort possible in such a new place; as much of the old English home as was transportable had been brought out, and fitted to the new, even to the name "Oaklands," and the quaint familiar furniture seemed to harmonize wonderfully well with open wood fires, box stoves and other things required by the new surroundings.

The principal rooms were large, and the windows looking towards the river large and low. The hall was really the connection between two log houses, and from it a steep narrow stair led to the upper flat, which had three large bed-rooms and three small ones, and a store-room. The dormer windows east and west were not large, and the huge visible beams supporting the roof were unusual, but it was part of "Oaklands," and all was charming to the many who loved it. The large bedroom downstairs with its carved four-post bed; the sitting-room with its old furniture, pictures and books, and fresh chintz hangings; the dining-room where the well-cooked meals were served as daintily and with as much care as ever in England, with shining linen and silver, and pretty china; and last, but not least, the tall old grandfather clock, with its deliberate tick and silvery bell, which struck the hours so faithfully, always just five minutes after the premonitory clearing of its throat. All these had a wonderful effect in keeping up the tone of family life, and also a widespread influence on the community, for when a little later a friend, Miss Clark, came from England, she not only undertook the education of the four daughters of the family, but girls from other homes along the river, whose parents were glad to take advantage of the privilege, came and lived at "Oaklands" and shared the lessons of the schoolroom.

Thus quite a number of the future mothers of Canada owed much of their education to the faithful teaching of Miss Clark, and the influence of this Christian home, where God was honored and His word was the rule of life.

Every day began and ended with family worship (the two maids and the man-servant always present)—it mattered not who came or what happened. Every Sunday Capt. Wright read the Church of England service and all neighbours were made welcome, some of them coming miles to be present.

When we consider the lack of hired help, the difficulties connected with all sorts of work, the severe winters and, worst of all, the constantly recurring fever and ague which prostrated nearly everyone by turn for years after the clearing and draining of so much forest-land, the marvel is how they had the pluck to keep on steadily till things changed for the better; and with all the trials, discomforts, sickness and deprivations we wonder at the cheerful courage that never grumbled nor repined.

A few entries from Capt. Wright's own diary for the year following the death of his wife, may be of interest here, as showing something of the daily life of those early times.

"Amherstburg, May, 1835. 23rd.—At 5 p.m. embarked on board the 'Gen. Gratiot' Steamboat for Moore, with my sister, and my seven children, with all our goods, Tiger the dog, a cat, a cow and heifer calf 4 weeks old, a boar and sow 4 months old, of the Byfield breed (a very fine sort), a cock and five hens, having previously taken up a boar and sow 5 months old, of the Grass breed, some fowls and ducks, bought a moolly cow and calf when up in April for \$18. Mary Nicoll, our servant, accompanied us. Arrived late at Detroit, 24th. Remained at Detroit on board boat. 25th.—Visited Mr. Prince at Sandwich, and purchased various articles to take up.

"26th.—At 3.15 a.m., left Detroit and arrived at our place at 8.15 p.m.; got all our goods and ourselves safe on shore, by means of a couple of planks fixed as a wharf. Weather fine. On way up passed the 'Gen. Jackson' with Capt. Alex. Vidal on board on his way to England.

"27th.—Busy unpacking and getting goods into house. All day pleasant; at 5 p.m., a sharp thunder storm from the north with heavy rain and hailstones of very large size, which broke 33 panes of glass in the front of the house, after which wind shifted to south.

" 31st.—Gloomy, unpleasant weather, with much rain. Performed Divine Service to my family and servants.

" June 4th.—Pieces of beef and pork stolen from wash-house. Rain, dense, river fog. 8th.—Slight south wind, very fine. Bound Matthews over to trial at Quarter Sessions for assault on Battersby. 18th.—Capt. Gibbons, R.N., called and took tea. Lieut. Wingfield slept here.

" 21st.—South, fine, cool. Performed Divine Service. Mr. Biddle, and two sons and two daughters of Mr. Sutherland present. Learned that the severity of the frost in back part of township in neighbourhood of Bear Creek cut off much corn and potatoes.

" 22nd.—All day fine. Presided at a meeting for subscription and making arrangements for building a place of worship at Mr. Sutherland's village, he giving land for site and burial ground and \$200. Myself one of the Trustees.

" July 8th.—Slight north, cloudy day. Assisted in skiff in chasing and killing a deer swimming across the river. Killed by Fisher, got a quarter.

" 14th.—A.M. calm, cloudy. At 10 set off in skiff for the Rapids, flying showers, at 11 wind from north, returned.

" 17th.—At 10 set off in skiff with two boys for 'the Rapids' (now Sarnia), got there at 3 p.m., dined with Capt. Vidal—7.30 set off for home, got there at 9.

" 18th.—Morn, calm, dense fog; attended the Court of Requests as a Commissioner for first time at Sutherland; received 6 shillings currency as my share of fees. Took Catherine with me to visit Grace Sutherland (who afterwards became the wife of Dr. Johnston).

" 26th.—Mr. Biddle performed divine service for me. William and self not having been well for some days, having taken cold from the evening trip from the Rapids.

" August 13th.—Dr. Foster and Field Talfourd called and dined with us.

" August 29th.—Mr. William Jones called on his way to Baldoon. Mr. Hyde dined with us."

1835.—Description of a Camp-meeting in 1835—being an extract from the diary of the late Capt. W. E. Wright, R.N., that being the first year of his residence on the River St. Clair.

September 11th, 1835.—To-day took the five eldest children to witness a Wesleyan Methodist Camp-meeting (principally of Chipewya Indians), held in the Indian Reserve about 3 or 4 miles above us, on the bank of the river St. Clair, where a partial clearance had been made, on which were erected a temporary pulpit, tents, wigwams and booths, the two latter made of branches of trees, the whole scene having a very striking effect, and at night when illuminated by the many fires kindled in the midst, must have a very pretty appearance.

The congregation consisted of Converted Indians on this reserve, and some, both men and women, from Muncey town, on the bank of the Thames (a reserve and settlement of Indians about 85 miles from hence), many of whom had performed the journey on foot since yesterday morning.

The scene altogether was very imposing. The very orderly dress and deportment of the Indians, men, women and children; their great attention to the service; the singing, in which nearly all joined in a very beautiful manner, the time kept by them being remarkably good, and the music of their combined voices pleasing; with which, and the place,—a space surrounded with a thick forest at the back and sides, the river not visible in front for trees, although only 20 or 30 yards off—the assemblage of demi-savages, dressed in a mixture of European and native costume; the service on which they had all met, on a spot where we may venture to say, the name of our blessed Redeemer was never before called upon by “two or three met together;” the sky clear above our heads, the rude seats made of fresh-felled trees split and raised to accommodate the congregation, with many trees left standing within the camp; the places erected in different parts, about 8 or 10 feet high for burning fires upon, to give light at night as well as to warm the atmosphere, which is cool at night,—these (with the tents, booths, etc., before mentioned) had altogether that effect which none but an eye-witness can feel, and which cannot well be described.

The service was conducted by the Rev. James Evans, the resident missionary (assisted by several of his Reverend brethren), a gentleman, apparently, and by the accounts I have received of him well suited to have charge of such a flock, possessing two very important requisites for his office, that of being perfectly acquainted with their language, manners and customs, and that of having a very mild, easy disposition, and pleasing conciliatory address. From what I

can understand, he is most heartily devoted to the great cause in which he is engaged, and highly beloved and respected by the Indians, both converted and unconverted, as well as by the white settlers.

He has, beyond dispute, done an immensity of good among them, scarcely such a thing as drunkenness is now to be seen, where formerly hardly a day passed without shocking scenes of that horrid vice occurring. The chief, Wawanosh, being most conspicuous, both in office and in drunkenness, who for the last three years has not been known to transgress, but shows a very good example to his people. (These notes I have copied from my original notes two years and a quarter after the Camp-meeting (1838) and the chief and his Indians still stand a monument of Mr. Evans' exertions, who has been indefatigable in his labours, having also translated considerable portions of the Holy Scriptures, principally the Gospels, into their language, and printed books for the use of their school.)

As regards the proceedings of the Camp-meeting I saw very little, as I was only able to attend the afternoon service, being anxious to get back before dark with the children.

Mr. Evans prayed and gave out the hymns himself, and sang in the Indian language. He addressed his congregation in English, the purport being made known to them by an interpreter. I imagine his motive for so doing was that his white audience might benefit, as he appeared perfectly capable of addressing them in their own tongue.

His discourse was founded on the 11th, 12th and 13th verses of 13th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, delivered in a very impressive manner, well adapted to the comprehension and ideas of his hearers, and, from the very attentive manner of his native congregation, I conclude must have been well interpreted, and the interpreter appeared to speak with great energy and to feel what he said. The minister himself was much affected with what he delivered.

The only part of the conduct of the Indians to which I could not reconcile myself, was that some of the women, and even the men, either from a real, or imaginary conviction of the sinfulness of their state, worked on their feelings, or were worked up by what was said to such a pitch, that after crying, sobbing and screeching, would go off into what appeared to me to be an hysterical fit, and were either allowed to remain on the ground or were carried off by some of their friends.

Capt. Wright crossed the ocean again, when he visited England in 1847, but with that exception his journeys were only to Chatham, Detroit, Toronto, or the smaller places nearer home.

In the Rebellion of 1837 he took his part, with the other retired Army and Navy Officers who had settled along the River and Lake shore, and helped to defend the Border of his adopted country.

He attended punctually and faithfully to his duties as Magistrate, and always took a deep interest in the welfare of Church and State. As citizen, friend and father, his life and influence were such as to verify the saying that "one man of character among the settlers in a new country is worth ten others," and he was loved and respected by all who knew him.

He seldom mentioned his battles and adventures, and never before his children; if he began to speak of them, he always checked himself and turned the talk into other channels, and when a friend once asked the reason, he answered simply that he had promised his wife never to say anything that might influence the boys to go into the Navy, and none of them ever did.

Capt. Wright lived to the ripe age of 84, but for several years was quite helpless from a stroke of paralysis; his two unmarried daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, devoted themselves to him till his death on the 20th January, 1869.

His sister, Miss Goble, had died some years before, faithful to the end. She was rewarded by the love and devotion of her charges, and the knowledge that they were well fitted to take their places as useful citizens of Canada.

Five of Capt. Wright's children married, and all settled in Canada, except the youngest son, Pulteney, who married Miss Clara Munson and lived in Michigan, U.S. He left two sons, John and Edward.

The eldest son, Malcolm, married a half-sister of his brother Pulteney's wife, Miss Mary Munson, and they lived in Guelph, and afterwards St. Catharines. One unmarried daughter survives him and a grandson (son of his youngest daughter, Mrs. Kyle).

William Richard, the second son, married Miss Phebe Howard, of Montreal; of his five children, two sons died unmarried, one daughter is Mrs. W. Read, Ottawa, and the other Mrs. Loftus Fortier, Nova Scotia; the third son was the late Dr. Henry P. Wright, Ottawa.

Catherine Louisa, Capt. Wright's eldest daughter, married Alexander (afterwards Senator) Vidal; of her seven children, four survive,—J. Henry and Herbert Penrose, both in British Columbia; Charlotte Jane (Mrs. T. W. Nisbet, Sarnia) and Elizabeth Mary (Mrs. D. B. Gardner, Toronto).

Capt. Wright's third daughter, Sophia Ann, married Mr. James F. Bâby, and left four children (two having died before her)—Sophia Elizabeth married Mr. J. R. Jones, Florida; James William, of Hamilton; Charles D., in Winnipeg; and Mary E. Pulteney, married to Mr. Howard Wilkinson, Hamilton. There are now 54 great-grandchildren, and 9 great-great-grandchildren.

C. J. NISBET.

MEMOIRS

CAPTAIN RICHARD EMERIC VIDAL, R.N.

AND

VICE-ADMIRAL ALEXANDER THOMAS EMERIC VIDAL, R.N.

Pioneers of Upper Canada

Captain Richard Emeric Vidal was born in England in 1789 of Huguenot stock; he was the eldest son of Emeric (Aymerick) Vidal, whose grandfather, Pierre Vidal, left France upon the Revocation of

the Edict of Nantes (1685). Originally, the Vidal family was Spanish (probably Basque). A document in their possession, written in old Spanish, tells of a Saint Vidal or Saint Aymerick, and his miracles; from him they claim descent. Legend says he journeyed with Saint Paul. They have, also, linen point lace hangings, etc., for an old-time bedroom, made quite four hundred years ago, by two Vidal sisters (nuns), in a convent in Spain; these are said to have decorated a reverend cardinal's bedroom. A square of this precious needlework has been donated to the Royal Ontario Museum of Archæology, Toronto.



VIDAL

Emeric Vidal became a naturalized British subject and held the important position of Purser and Secretary to Admirals Sir John Lockhart, Ross, Duff and Kingsmill, of the British Navy; he married an English lady, Jane Essex; their family consisted of one daughter, who died unmarried, and three sons, all of whom served with dis-

tion in the Royal Navy. The eldest and the youngest son took up land in Upper Canada—with them, especially, these memoirs have to do. The second son, Emeric Essex, was, like his father, Purser and Admiral's Secretary for many years; he excelled as a linguist and artist; he remained in England and his family grew up there, but three of his grandchildren are settled in Canada—these are Mrs. Poingdestre of New Westminster, B.C., and Mr. and Mrs. Owen Strickland, of Toronto.

“Richard Emeric Vidal, entered the Navy 1st May, 1799, as L.M. on board the *Princess*, guard ship at Waterford. From September, 1800, until May, 1801, he cruised on the Coast of Ireland in the *Glenmore*, 44 (guns), and in August of the latter year he became midshipman of the *Vengeance*, 74. In her, besides witnessing the mutiny in Bantry Bay, he served in the blockade of Brest and Rochefort, and visited the West Indies. Joining the *Glatton*, 50, in 1802, he made a voyage around the world.

On his return to England he removed to the *Seaflower*, 14, commanded by Rear-Admiral Wm. Fitz William Owen, under whom he sailed soon afterwards for the East Indies and was there for a long time employed as Master's Mate, and acting Master, chiefly on surveying service.

The following copy of a testimonial given to him by his Commander, will exhibit the creditable manner in which he comported himself during the period to which it refers:

“This is to certify my Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty that Mr. Richard Emeric Vidal served on board H.M. brig *Seaflower* as my second in command in the years 1804-5-6-7; and that during that time his conduct marked him as extremely diligent, attentive and obedient, greatly emulous of professional excellence, and, on the whole, as a very promising young officer. In the course of the said service in the *Seaflower*, he was captured in an attempt to cut out a French privateer from the road of St. Denis in the Isle of Bourbon, with the loss of one half of the men under his command, on which occasion he evinced the most noble devotedness, spirit and enterprise, being himself wounded, and was in consequence promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, by Sir Edw. Pellew (then our Commander-in-chief in India), on his liberation from French prison in the Isle of France in 1808.”

On 15th July, 1806, we may add Mr. Vidal cut out from the Island of Rodriguez *Le Charles*, a French National Ketch.

His release from captivity took place 29th February, 1808, in the following March and June, he joined the *Russel* and *Culloden*, 74, flagships of Rear-Admirals Wm. O'Brian Drury, and Sir Edward Pellew, and on 24th October in the same year he was nominated as above stated, Acting Lieutenant of the *Cornwallis*, 50. His services in that ship are thus described in a testimonial bearing the signature of Capt. Montague and presented to him in November, 1821, when, applying for the appointment therein alluded to. "This is to certify that Lieutenant R. E. Vidal served under my command on board H.M.S. *Cornwallis*, from October, 1808, until July, 1810, and that during that period frequent opportunities, as under-mentioned, occurred of proving his professional talent and devotedness. First, that at the time the Madras Army was in a state of insubordination, I was deputed by the Governor on a most delicate mission to the Northern Circars, and having occasion to leave Lieutenant Vidal at Masulipatam for information which he obtained, he followed me in an open boat upwards of 100 miles to communicate the same.

"Secondly, he commanded the boats and seamen in a successful attack on the port Bolo Combo (Island of Celebes), which, after a determined resistance, was taken and ultimately destroyed.

"Thirdly, On the jolly-boat, boarding a Malay proa, the Malays, rushing on the boat's crew (all boys), they jumped overboard, leaving Lieutenant Vidal the only person on board, who was himself (so deserted) obliged to follow them; he succeeded in regaining the boat, and, picking up the people, re-attacked the proa and took her.

"Fourthly, On 1st February, 1810, with three boats under his charge, he cut out, at mid-day, from under the batteries at Manippa, a vessel loaded with supplies destined to Amboya.

"Fifthly, On 16th February, he landed, as senior officer with 225 seamen and marines belonging to H.M. Ships *Dover*, *Cornwallis* and *Samerang*, to attack Amboya, which place was ultimately taken; after its reduction, Lieutenant Vidal was sent with the despatches of its surrender, to Madras, in the *Mandarin* (prize), Dutch sloop-of-war.

"Sixthly, Lieutenant Vidal, on his discharge from the *Cornwallis*, acted as agent of Transports, and landed with the first division of boats at the Isle of France. As I commanded the naval battalion on

that occasion, I feel authorized to bear testimony to the facts. In every service in which Lieutenant Vidal was employed, during the time he served under my command, he gave fresh cause for commendation, and increase of confidence, and as it appears the object of his ambition is to be employed in the Revenue Service, I may venture to recommend him as admirably calculated for that, or any other service, where activity and enterprise are called for."

Mr. Vidal, after his return from the East Indies was employed from January, 1812, until January, 1814, in the *Asia*, 74, on the Channel and West India Stations; from November, 1814, until October, 1815, as First Lieutenant in the *Griffon*, 14. In the Channel from November, 1822, until January, 1826, in command of the *Eagle*, Revenue Cruiser, and again as Senior in the *Eden*, 26, Capt. W. F. Owen, on the Coast of Africa. He attained the rank he now holds (Commander), 22nd July, 1830.

Commander Vidal was present during the war, at the capture of 18 armed, and 68 merchant vessels, and the re-capture of 14, and the destruction of 12 sail."—From O'Byrne's Naval Biography.

On 13th of November, 1814, Capt. Vidal writes in his note-book: "Received the Decoration of the Lily* from Louis XVIII of France." Of how, or where, he received it we have no word, nor is the "Decoration" itself in existence, so far as can be ascertained.

The following, in his own writing on the flyleaf of a small note-book, sums up, in a few words, long years of work, danger and adventure:

"I have aided and assisted in the capture of the following vessels:

"18 vessels of war, French and Dutch, taken;

"14 vessels of war (British), recaptured;

"72 French and Dutch Merchantmen taken;

"12 vessels burnt or destroyed;

" 5 Gunboats;

"and I aided in the capture of Amboyna, and the Isle of France, and the destruction of Fort Bolo Combu in the Celebes."

* "The order of the 'Chevalliers du Lis' was founded by King Louis towards the close of that year, and no doubt was conferred upon Capt. Vidal because he had taken part in conquering Napoleon." For this information we are indebted to Prof. Squair of Toronto University.

In 1816, Captain Vidal married Charlotte Penrose, daughter of William Mitton, Esq., of Kensington, London; they had seven children, one of whom died in childhood.

In 1831 he retired from the Navy, and sailed for Canada with his eldest son, Aymerick, whom he left at Quebec to learn ship-building—while he went on to Upper Canada to select a place for a new home.

With a sailor's instinct, he naturally turned to the water, and hearing of a place on Lake Erie, near the Rondeau, he went there with an Indian guide, but the weather was bad and in the deep snow the guide lost his way; they wandered till Captain Vidal sank, overcome with cold; his hands and feet were badly frozen before help was procured.

Later, he pushed on to the Detroit river and up the St. Clair to a small settlement known as "The Rapids," about nine miles north of his brother's property, where there was much land still unclaimed, and here he finally decided to settle, influenced, no doubt, by the thought of having his brother and a number of half-pay officers from Army and Navy, recently settled along the shores of the river and Lake Huron, as neighbours. But there was another reason,—he wanted a place suitable for a future ship-yard for his son, and this spot, just where the beautiful river widens into the more sheltered bay, seemed to meet all requirements, especially as the east bank was thickly wooded, to the very edge, with heavy timber, chiefly oak of a splendid quality for ship-building. After making arrangements for the building of a log house to receive his family, Captain Vidal returned to England.

The following Spring he sailed again for Canada in the *Nancy*, a voyage of seven weeks, taking with him, this time, his second son, Alexander, who had just left school, and leaving his wife to sell the old home at Bracknell as soon as possible and follow him.

Captain Vidal brought with him a letter of introduction to Sir John Colborne, Governor of Upper Canada, from Sir George Murray—which is as follows:

London, June 3rd, 1834.

My dear Sir John:—

I write this at the request of a friend of mine (Mr. Kennedy) to introduce to your acquaintance and recommend to your kind protection Captain Richard Vidal of the Navy, whose intention it is to settle in Upper Canada.



MRS. RICHARD EMERIC VIDAL
née Charlotte Penrose Mitton





Besides the desire I feel to comply with Mr. Kennedy's wishes, I have myself some acquaintance with Captain Vidal's family, a brother of his having been Secretary to my friend Sir Edward Owen, when we went out together to Canada in 1814.

The family are also well known to our friend Sir Graham Moore.

I might add an observation, in which I daresay you will concur, that it has always appeared to me desirable that persons of education and well-connected should be encouraged to become settlers in our Colonies, and that is perhaps particularly the case with respect to Naval men, in your Lake Province.

Captain Vidal has a brother already settled, I believe, in Upper Canada, who is also an officer in the Royal Navy.

I cannot conclude this, without expressing to you how much pleasure I have in hearing often of the continuing prosperity of Upper Canada, and in hearing it attributed in a great measure to your prudent, judicious, and able management of the Government.

Believe me always,

Very faithfully yours,

(Sgd.) G. Murray.

His Excellency,

Sir John Colborne, K.C.B.,

Upper Canada.

The "log" of this journey from New York to Toronto is interesting by way of contrast to our present methods of travelling.

"19th June (1834): Started at 5 p.m. from New York for Albany. The regular fare is \$3.00, but in consequence of the opposition boat running for \$1.00, the regular line charged the same. We arrived at Albany at 4 a.m., sent traps in a cart, from the steamboat office (for which 12½ cents, each parcel, is charged), to the railroad office, which we left at 6. Fare is 50 cents, exclusive of luggage, to Schenectady, which is 16 miles, and is run in 55 minutes. Here we had breakfast at the hotel.

"20th June: On arrival at Schenectady, you are beset by people wanting you to take a passage in their line boats for Utica. But be careful, go on by the regular packet line, which starts at 11 a.m. and travels 5 miles an hour (nearly), night and day. As soon as the steam carriage puts you down, book your place by the Packet you wish to proceed on, because, if you chance to have your name first on the list,

you have the first choice of beds on board the Packet, a thing of much consequence, if you wish to be at all comfortable. The list being handed from one boat to the other through the voyage insures your choice of beds according to the number you stand on the list. (The fare from Schenectady is \$3.50 by boat.)

“21st June: We arrived at Utica at 8 a.m.

“The luggage and passengers were shifted to another boat and in five minutes from arriving we were off again for Rochester, the distance being 160 miles. We reached Syracuse at 10 p.m. and found we could proceed no farther, in consequence of the side of the aqueduct having burst, and let off all the water. The agent, however, had provided wagons and carriages for the luggage and passengers, and we drove through the town of Syracuse and over a miserable road for nine miles,—when we arrived at 2 a.m. at a miserable inn.

“22nd June: Here we stayed for the down boat, on which we embarked at 4 p.m.—(our carriages, five in number, taking the down passengers back to our last boat). The land on both sides the canal is well cultivated and looking beautiful. These line boats have a long cabin fore and aft. The fore part, separated by a curtain, for the ladies. The beds are in three tiers, one over the other, on each side, and as the whole height is but six feet, the passengers are packed within two feet of each other! The scenery from the canal over the bank of the Mohawk River, as well as the whole valley, is very delightful, even more so than that of the Hudson.

“There is a level without a lock between Utica and Syracuse of 69 miles, called the long level.

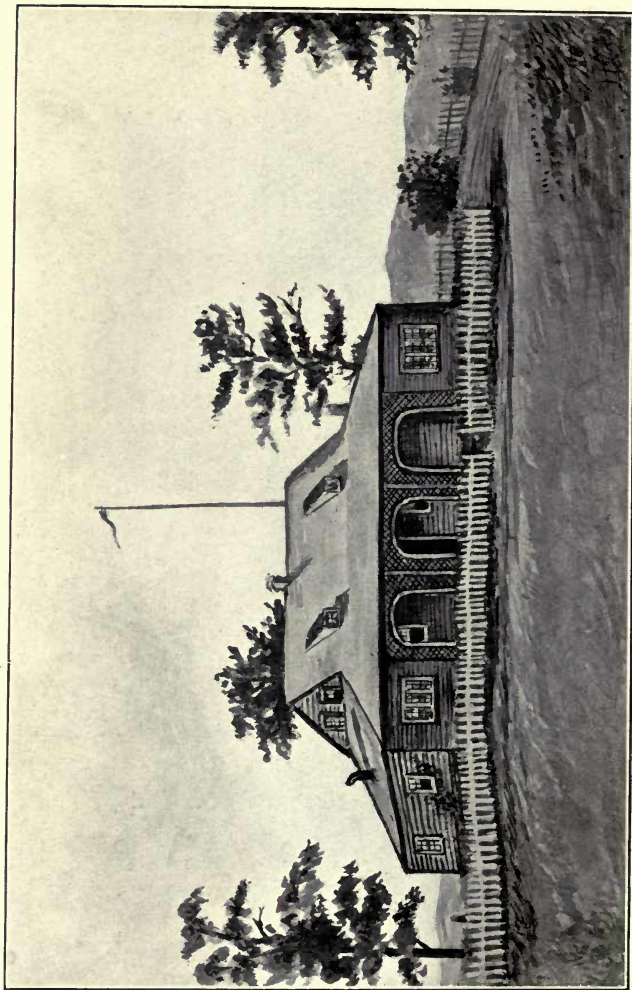
“23rd June: Arrived at Rochester at 4 a.m. Went to the ‘Eagle Tavern,’ as no boat crossed the lake till 6 p.m.

“24th June: At 7.30 started on the railroad to the landing. Went down the slide and put to sea. Forced back by the weather, took in wood and started again, weather having moderated.

“25th June: Reached Niagara and Lewiston at 6 a.m., and at 8 started, and reached Toronto at 11.30. Went to the ‘Ontario,’ found letters waiting, and wrote some.”

To us it sounds rather formidable to spend six days on this journey which is now done in one night.

Captain Vidal remained in Toronto about three weeks, during which time he attended to several matters of business and secured for his son Alexander a place as Clerk in the office of Col. Coffin, the



HOME BUILT BY CAPT. R. E. VIDAL IN 1832, ON THE ST. CLAIR RIVER, AT "THE RAPIDS," NOW SARNIA

Adjutant General. Then a letter came from Mrs. Vidal, saying that, having an unexpected opportunity, she had sold the property, and packed everything and would sail by the next Packet. Captain Vidal returned to Rochester and, on the 28th July, met his wife and three children, and his wife's mother, Mrs. Mitton, (an old lady of eighty), who left the comforts of an English home and braved the discomforts of a seven weeks' voyage, a long, disagreeable journey, and the hardships of pioneer life, rather than be parted from her daughter and grandchildren.

After a short stay in Toronto at "Russell's Abbey Hotel," Captain Vidal with his wife, daughter and Mrs. Mitton started for their new home on the St. Clair, leaving the two younger boys at Upper Canada College. Of this journey, which was by way of Niagara river, Lake Erie, Detroit river, Lake St. Clair and, lastly, river St. Clair, there is no record, nor is there any journal in existence of the first few months in the wilderness,—but from 1st of January, 1835, the records are regular, of the simple everyday events, which made up the life of those days.

Partly from the habit of years, we find that the weather, direction of wind, and readings of thermometer and barometer take up a large proportion of the entries, but when we remember that Captain Vidal was the "Government Observatory" or "weather bureau" for that district, we can understand how important these things were. A man of so active a temperament must be constantly employed, and he certainly found plenty to do, in clearing his land, fencing, planting, looking after the various animals, writing, and all sorts of public and private business. There were always both men and women servants, but most of them were untrained and unsatisfactory. One must admire the unfailing cheerfulness with which these early settlers endured all the privations of their new life; never a word of regret or grumbling, but an evident determination to improve conditions around them as quickly as possible, and to enjoy all the pleasures within reach. Chief among these, must have been the universal, friendly, informal hospitality and the really cultivated and refined people who were constantly "dropping in" at each other's houses, sure of a welcome, and a pleasant visit, whether long or short.

We wonder at the capable housekeeping that could provide meals, beds and entertainment, at a moment's notice, for friends or strangers, without a grudging thought of the work and trouble involved.

The first entry in Captain Vidal's diary of 1835 reads:

"January 1st: Took requisition for a road to Mr. Jones for signature. Mr. Jones' family, with Mr. Evans and daughter, and my brother, came to dinner, had magic lantern; they left in sleigh at 9 p.m.

"January 2nd: Dry, but very cold. My brother went home. I was employed clearing and burning.

"January 4th: A clear, fine, lovely sunny day—had prayers at home."

This was evidently Sunday, and there being no church nor public service, he was in the habit, as at sea, of reading the Church of England service for the benefit of his own family and any neighbors or friends who liked to join them.

"7th: Fine day. Employed clearing and burning. Sent letters to the post by Mr. Gammy, who brought me six papers back. Finished my sleigh."

This meant that some neighbor was going to the only post office within reach, which was Desmond, now Port Huron, in Michigan, U.S.A.: to reach it they had to cross the St. Clair and go a little way up Black River in a small boat, or sometimes on the ice, which was decidedly risky on account of the strong current. Another day we read that "Gammy was nearly drowned bringing over the mail from Black River," so the next entry was natural, "Met at Harris' about getting a Post Office."

"14th: A dull, cloudy day, having rained nearly all night; crossed over to Black River, got three newspapers, no letters; returning found the ice so thin were obliged to land at La Forges' (about a mile below his house).

"20th: Employed running boundary line with Durand, man getting rails out of swamp.

"25th: Prayers at home. The funnel (stove pipe) took fire and became red hot—saw it just in time to prevent wall from taking fire.

"29th: Fine day, rapid thaw. Swamp so full of water could not get the men to work there.

"Feb. 6th: Cloudy. My brother came to dinner; chickens killed by some animal; employed cutting rails.

"7th: Fine, but very cold day. Employed as yesterday. Thermometer at night 8 degrees below zero.

"20th: At home all day, drawing map of Township of Moore. Bought Mr. Kyffin's 8 sheep and 121 lbs. beef. Employed Tait to cut tamarac rails at 4 shillings per hundred. Sam brought 6 sheep home, leaving the two with lambs to be brought in the cart.

"25th: Heavy gale, very cold. Putting up fences. My brother called on his way up to Maxwell (this was the Jones settlement 9 miles up on the Lake Shore).

"27th: My brother returned, dined, and went home. I attempted to draw, but the India ink froze in my brush, as also the water in the color box.

"March 22nd: A heavy gale from North. Snow very deep and drifting. Ice in vast quantities going down the river. The *General Brady*, the first steamboat of the season, came up this afternoon from Detroit."

In April his son Alexander came up from Toronto for his first visit, and shortly after Aymerick came from Quebec, remaining till August. During this time the young ship-builder, assisted by father and brother and whatever other help he needed, built a yacht, large enough to bring supplies from Detroit and to be used for business and pleasure trips. It was a busy time and many were the trips to Black River in canoe, bringing lumber, nails, and other material that could be got there. One entry reads: "Employed getting crooked timber from Indian Reserve." By the 19th August, the vessel was ready for the water.

"August 20th: A party came to see the vessel launched, but we could not get her off.

"21st: Same party came again and dined, after seeing the vessel in the water.

"24th: Aymerick left us. A wet day. No one at work."

After this there was much work to be done, fittings masts, sails, building and fitting cabin, etc. Meantime Capt. Vidal made a trip to Toronto to take the little boys back to school, and speaks of the different people he met at Niagara: "Colonel and Mrs. Clarke, Strachan, Street, Miss Groute, Miss Dixon, Miss Bâby; then in Toronto, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Robinson, Col. Bowman, Dr. Harris, Wm. Billings, Dunn and Coffin, Capt. Rockfort and wife."

Soon after returning from this trip, the schooner was finished and made her first voyage down the river and back, then a longer one to Detroit for household supplies, with visits to friends at Windsor and Sandwich,—the Halls, Dougals and Bâbys.

On Nov. 19th, Capt. Vidal speaks of the steamboat bringing up the Indian presents, and on the 21st, "Indian presents were given out. Met Mr. Evans."

This Mr. Evans was the first missionary (Wesleyan) to the Indians on the Reserve and was very highly esteemed by both Indians and white settlers.

The domestic problem seems to have been felt even in those long-ago days, for here is one item that probably meant much to the ladies of the family:

"Christiana walked off at a minute's notice to be married," and the next day she "sent for her things before breakfast."

On Christmas Eve he records a very pleasant evening. Mr. Jones, his two daughters, Mr. Neill and Mr. and Mrs. Evans came to dinner. Christmas Day there is this item:

"All the squaws and their children called immediately after breakfast to wish us health; gave them all bread."

(There were forty families on the Reserve.)

1836—"Jan. 1st: Wawanosh at the head of the Indians, with their wives and children, came to pay their respects.

"4th: Wet, cloudy day. Held our first township meeting. I was called to the chair and appointed commissioner. The village was named Port Sarnia by a vote of 26 against 16."

Sarnia was the old Latin name for Guernsey, and had been chosen for the township, some time previously, by Sir John Colborne, who was formerly Governor of the Channel Islands.

There was a strong effort by some of the inhabitants to call the village "New Glasgow," but, fortunately, in this case, wisdom was with the majority, and Sarnia has a name of its own.

Front Street was, however, called Trongate Street for years; in the *Lambton Shield* of Jan. 9th, 1852 (the first paper published in Sarnia) there are advertisements of shops and offices on "Trongate Street," while others just next them were on "Front Street"; by degrees the first name dropped out.

"16th: Attended meeting, was sworn in as Commissioner and swore in several officers.

"April 1st: Wrote out a petition for Crampton for establishing a ferry"—Crampton kept the village inn, and Capt. Vidal had himself painted a fresh sign for him a short time before.

The next item of interest is the record of two different trips down the river to the St. Clair flats, evidently on Government business.

"May 4th: After breakfasting at Steward's, got two men to assist in weighing anchor, stood into the middle channel; erected a Beacon there 20 feet high.

"May 20th: Anchored in the South Channel, and erected a Beacon at its entrance."

On July 1st Captain Vidal went all the way to Chatham to vote for Mr. McCrea; then on to Sandwich, where he took part in Col. Prince's public dinner. The last entry in November speaks of being "Employed writing an address to the public about the proposed railway between here and London." This came about, but not till years after; meantime, there was the beginning of the "New Road," often alluded to, which was slowly making its way through dense forests and wide swamps towards London. Then, "Tom tried twice to cross the water (for letters), but it blew too hard."

"6th: Attended the meeting about the railroad, called to the chair.

"16th: Cold, cloudy day. Rode down to Moore, dined at Mrs. Biddles' and invited them for Christmas."

There are many entries of letters written and received about the new road, the railroad, post office and other business, associated with well-known names—Cameron, Prince, Harris, McCrea, Col. FitzGibbon, R. B. Hannay, Col. Givens, Lieut. Hyde, and many others.

"Dec. 29th: Started for London; called on Mr. Hyde. Slept at Mr. Toulmans.'

"Dec. 30th: Started at 4 a.m., breakfasted at Burwell, dined at Adelaide, slept at Lobo.

"Dec. 31st: Started at 10, reached London at 4, dined, called on Mr. Harris, with whom I spent the evening.

1837—"Jan. 1st: Started at 3 a.m. from London; at half past 4, got overturned off a log bridge, with seven other passengers, on the ice which gave way and let us into the water! Reached Brantford in the evening, where we slept.

"Jan. 2nd: Did not start till 12, waiting for mails. In evening reached Hamilton, where we slept.

"Jan. 3rd: Started at 8 a.m. Reached Toronto in time for dinner. Met Col. Ratcliffe, Messrs. Goodhue and Cummings as deputies from the respective townships.

"Jan. 4th: Waited, with the other deputies, on the Lieutenant-Governor.

"Jan. 6th: Attended Committee, dined with Col. Coffin and Capt. Bonnycastle. Stayed in Toronto till the 14th. Dined with the Archdeacon and Mrs. Hawkes. At noon on the 14th started by stage, arriving the same evening at Hamilton, where I slept.

"Jan. 15th: Started at 8 and arrived in the evening at Brantford. Slept there. Became acquainted with Mr. Leonard, of St. Thos. (Thomas).

"Jan. 16th: Started very early, with six Americans and Col. Ratcliffe and, in the eve reached London. Passed the eve at Harris'.

"Jan. 17: Started with Mr. Parkes and two sleighs. After going 4 miles he returned, in consequence of learning there was no market at Port Sarnia for butter or pork. Found another sleigh (Campfield), going out with oats, agreed with him. Started at 3 and reached Greenwich, where we slept.

"Jan. 18th: Started early and breakfasted at Capt. White's. Dined at Adelaide. Called on Mrs. Col. Ratcliffe. Slept at Burwell.

"Jan. 19th: Started at 7 and reached Errol at 11. Breakfasted, met Hyde, Crookes, Watson and others. Started at 1, called on Mr. Summerville, reached Sarnia in eve.

"Feb. 11th, 1837: Fine day. First mail arrived (without going through the States).

"Feb. 17th: Mr. Evans called and got £10 subscribed towards a church. (This was a union Chapel used for years by any minister that passed through, irrespective of denomination.)

"Feb. 18th: Three Yankee wagons, the first that ever came this route, passed through on their way to Mich.

"Dec. 14th: News arrived of the insurrection in Toronto.

"15th: Saw Durand's mill cut the first plank.

"23rd: One of the rebels crossed from here, half an hour before the pursuers came in.

"29th: Attended a meeting in eve, only 12 volunteers.

"30th: Attended meeting of volunteers, 25 in number, drew out rules and regulations, and set the watch for the night.

1838—"Jan. 5: Was sworn in as special constable, received dispatch from Col. Askin and replied to it.

"6th: Enrolled the militia. Remained under arms with 13 Indians till 1 a.m.

"7th: Enrolled the township and militia men. One company of Plympton militia arrived half starved, with snow, rain and wind the whole march.

"8th: Fine day, had a general muster and exercise, and served rations, more militia from Plympton arrived.

"9th: Fine but cold. Employed making pikes and cartridges, mustering all the companies, several guns were heard here during the night.

"10th: Received a dispatch from Col. Ratcliffe, requesting my attendance at Amherstburg.

"11th: Started at 3 a.m. in my cutter, left my horse at Mr. Talfour's, got that night to Lachlan MacDougal's, where we slept.

"12th: Started at 3 a.m. Broke the shafts at starting. Repaired them and went across the plains; reached the river Thames at noon, crossed, leaving my sleigh at the mill; called on Mr. Jacob, found no conveyance, therefore stayed and slept at Gordon's.

"13th: Started after breakfast with Mr. Jacob's horse. Broke through the ice, broke both shafts, got everything wet, went back to Gordon's farm and got things dried and repaired; started again at 1 p.m. and slept at Sharwin's on the Lake Shore.

"14th: Started at 7 (leaving my sleigh), with horse and cart. Dined at Shaver's and reached Windsor at 8 p.m. Met the Cols. Ratcliffe, Hamilton and Bostick.

"15th: Met all the Cols. and was appointed Lieutenant-Col. of Militia.

"16th: Accompanied Col. Ratcliffe to Amherstburg. Slept at Mr. Jas. Gordon's.

"17th: Was billeted at Major Lachlan's; employed preparing and directing the fitting of the *Erie and Ontario* schooner.

"18th: Employed fixing a platform and preparing a long 6-pounder for *Erie and Ontario*.

"19th: Got the gun mounted, put on board, and fired it for trial, found all right. Capt. Hackett's schooner returned empty, not being able to reach Sandwich for the ice.

"20th: Employed all day drawing plans of the rivers St. Clair and Detroit, showing the stations of all the militia companies, for the Governor.

"21st: Walked with the ladies to the Parade, and then with them to the Scotch Kirk. Heard a very appropriate address."

The next few days were full of stir and activity, among other things, the bringing in of a prize vessel, and stripping off the rigging, but there is no mention of the name, which was *Anne*.

On the 31st, he started again for Port Sarnia and nothing of special interest happened till the middle of the month, when again he called out the militia, applied for more arms, and sentries were posted and guard kept all night. About this time the two sons, Aymerick and Alexander, prepared a retreat for the women and children in a place surrounded by swamp, and very difficult of access, about half a mile back from the river, where they would be quite concealed and safe, in case of the village being attacked. This was expected, especially on the night of the 10th, and extra guards placed. On account of Capt. Vidal's activity in the defence of the Frontier, it was considered likely that his house would be the special object of attack. With this in view, he fortified it as best he could, placed a small cannon and mortar of his own in good positions, and had all his weapons in order. His friends thought it a good joke.—afterwards. Various false alarms kept the whole Frontier in a state of uneasiness, still, between times, the ordinary work had to be done. On the 14th, the Moore and Sarnia men were dismissed.

"19th: Took command of the frontier, called in officers," but, having had several sharp attacks of illness, within a short time, on the 29th Col. Thompson came up from Windsor to relieve him. After this, there were no alarms till June 9th. "News of steamboat being burned and prisoners taken in the *Anne* and released by order in council."

"23rd: At 9 p.m. Mr. Jenkins, U.S. Marshall, came to inform us of the intended attack, this night, by the "*Patriots*", prepared to receive them, John and I keeping watch and watch.

"25th: Called on Mr. Jones and he sent Dubois, a Patriot Yankee, back to Black River.



MRS. MITTON
née Anna Maria Penrose French

"28th: The whole day occupied fortifying village. The magistrates called out the militia. Received a dispatch from Col. Maitland, Mr. Gwin's store plundered by the "Patriots."

"30th: Volunteers of the militia went home. The *Thames* steamer, as a cruiser, came up armed. The *Gratiot* would not come.

"July 1st: The *Gratiot* called and took down eight prisoners. The *Thames* brought 50 stands of arms.

"Sept. 7th: The *Brock*, a war schooner, came in with top of gun boat, having thrown her guns overboard.

"Oct. 11: Warwick militia came in.

"Nov. 21: News of the defeat and capture of the rebels at Brockville.

"Dec. 8th: News from Sandwich of the attack.

"Dec. 9th: Had a meeting at Malcolm Cameron's. Wrote to Col. Chichester and Mr. McCauley about our defenseless state.

"Dec. 29th: The vagabonds up Black River burned the Queen in effigy.

"1839—Jan. 1st: Took up my title deeds, had buried them for safety. 'This is the last echo of the rebellion.' Things returned to their usual routine till the 30th of December, when Mrs. Mitton died, and was buried in the churchyard of the Indian Mission on the Reserve, being the first adult white person buried in the settlement. She was carried to the grave by four soldiers, and all the inhabitants of the village followed. A tablet to her memory is now in St. George's Church, Sarnia.

"1840—Jan. 7th: The first post-stage came in from London with three passengers."

On August 15th, Capt. Vidal was appointed collector of customs and discharged the duties in his usual prompt, conscientious manner. As years passed, the village grew and thrived. A school house was built. Durand's shop ceased to be the only one. The first inn, known widely as the N N I (double N I, because the careful painter had pricked the letters through so as to make it exactly the same on both sides) had a flourishing rival; the little union Chapel was handed over to the Methodists; the Presbyterians had built a brick church; the Episcopalians, also, had one of their own, as Capt. Vidal had bought a piece of ground specially for that purpose, and built thereon a pretty red brick church, which he presented, free of debt, to the Diocese, in 1854—with this proviso that should the site of the church

be changed, the property would revert to his heirs. When that occurred, however, the owners waived their right. Captain Vidal lived to see great changes in the village and in his own family. A terrible grief was the tragic death of his eldest son, Aymerick Mitton, who was accidentally drowned at Quebec, in 1842, just as he was beginning a promising career.

His second son, Alexander, afterwards Honorable Alexander Vidal, was a Provincial Land Surveyor. He surveyed Bruce Mines, Sault Ste. Marie and other parts of Upper Canada; he married Catherine Louisa, eldest daughter of Captain Wright, R.N., of "Oaklands," Township of Moore, and settled at Sarnia as Manager of the Bank of Upper Canada and afterwards of Bank of Montreal; in 1906 he died at Sarnia—where he had lived from boyhood—in his 88th year; his wife died in 1882; three sons, Emeric Alexander, who left five children, Alexander Keith and William Malcolm, also predeceased him. Senator Vidal was universally respected throughout Canada and was indefatigable in the cause of Prohibition. Four children survive—Charlotte Jane (Nisbet), Elizabeth Mary (Gardner) and James Henry, who married Edith Poingdestre, a great granddaughter of Emeric Essex Vidal, and Herbert Penrose,—both of New Westminster, B.C.

His third son, William Penrose (a lawyer) married Eliza, daughter of James Bâby, Esq., of Moore. He died at Sarnia in 1878. Of their seven children Aymerick, Edward, Ernest and Eliza Charlotte (Wilson) died years ago. James Frederick, William Mitton and Francis Penrose survive.

His fourth son, Townsend George, married Agnes Wilson (sister of Judge John Wilson), of London, Ontario. He died in Saskatchewan in 1894, leaving three daughters, Emma Mitton, Susan French and Louisa Penrose. The eldest, only, survives.

Of Captain Vidal's two daughters, the elder, Maria Charlotte, married Rev. (Canon) George J. R. Salter, the first incumbent of St. George's Church, Sarnia, and later of St. Jude's, Brantford, in which city Canon and Mrs. Salter both died in 1889. Of their thirteen children, George Vidal, Sophia Charlotte (Martin), John Alexander, Emma Charlotte (Pyke), Paul Albert, Frederick Cumberland, Edward Raymond and Alice Grace (Wells) are living. Richard Emeric, Lewis Hudson, Louise (Wells), and two (in infancy), have died

His younger daughter, Emma Harriet, was born in Sarnia, and he thus records her baptism:



VICE-ADMIRAL VIDAL, R.N.

“Nov. 5th, 1836: Mr. and Mrs. Talfourd, (Rev.) Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Jones and four daughters, and Mr. Forster came to dinner, Emma Harriet was baptized.” She married S. W. Farrell, Esq., and lived many years in Toronto; she died, childless, in 1873.

Captain Vidal was a small, but exceedingly energetic man (the name Vidal means “little man”), full of fun and fond of children and animals; naturally quick tempered, but of a sunny, cheerful disposition and with so warm a heart, that although he insisted upon being obeyed, he was greatly loved. He died in the Autumn of 1854. One of his English nieces said of him, “He was the real hero of the family, a pattern of pluck, energy and perseverance.” Add to this high moral character and great kindness of heart, and he was, surely, a pioneer to be honored.

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Vice-Admiral Alexander Thomas Emeric Vidal, youngest son of Emeric Vidal (to quote the naval chronicle), entered the Navy 1st Dec., 1803, as first-class Volunteer on board the *Illustrious*, 74, Captains Sir Chas. Hamilton Michael Seymour and Wm. Shield, with whom he served in the Channel, on the North coast of Spain, and in the West Indies, until Nov., 1805.

In 1807 he joined the Royal Naval College; he was received in 1809 on board the *Lavinia*, and for upwards of three years was employed on the Mediterranean, West Indies, Cadiz and Lisbon Stations, chiefly as midshipman.

In 1813 and 1814 he was received in succession on the Home Station, on board the *Salvador*, *Del Mundo*, *Niobe*, *Cornwall*, *Namur*, *Baun*, *Conway* and *Niobe*.

Sailing in the *Niobe* for the Halifax Station he was employed there and on Canadian Lakes from February to November, 1815, principally on surveying service, although for a short while acting as Flag-Lieutenant to Commodore Sir Edward W. C. R. Owen.

He was then presented with a Commission bearing date 6th February, 1814. He was next appointed (1818) to the *Leven*, fitting for a surveying expedition on the coast of Africa where he was promoted (1823), to command of the *Barracouta*, also a surveying vessel. He was advanced to Post Rank (1825), and was employed afterwards (still on surveying service) for a short time in 1831 in the *Pike*, 12. From September, 1835, until close of 1838 and from September, 1841, until January, 1845, on the coast of Africa and among the Azores,

in the *Aetna* and *Styx*, and from January, 1845, until early part of 1846, with his name on the books of the *William and Mary* yacht.

In addition to other charts, Captain Vidal published, under the authority of the Lords of the Admiralty, one of the Salvage Islands, with a plan of Great Salvage, 13 of the Cape Verde Islands, one of the Coast of England, and one of Vidal Bank, a shoal on north-west coast of England. Cape Vidal (East coast of Africa), and Vidal Bank were named after Captain Vidal. Mr. Owen Strickland, a grandnephew of his, writes: "When I was at sea, numbers of our charts were of his survey and I expect are still in general use, as his charts were noted for accuracy."

In October, 1839, Captain Vidal married Sarah Antoinette, daughter of Henry Veitch, Esq., Consul General of Madeira, and niece of Colonel Tweedie of Bromley House, Kent. Mrs. Vidal died in 1843 leaving two sons, Owen and Beaufort Henry.

Having taken up land in Canada, upon the bank of the St. Clair river in the Township of Moore, about nine miles south of the present City of Sarnia, Captain Vidal settled there (when he retired from the Navy), with his two sons and his English housekeeper, Mrs. Halliday, who devoted her life to them. He insisted upon having his house built like a ship, that is, the big timbers and rafters were bolted together so that no amount of shaking or racking could affect it. Indeed, it was proof against everything but fire, which eventually destroyed it, but it stood for thirty-five or forty years and was a comfortable, attractive place. The grounds were always trim and well kept; the carriage drive from the public highway to the house was wide and smooth and the large gate was guarded by tall Lombardy poplars; from the west side of the house there was a fine view of the broad St. Clair, the opposite shore, and a pretty ravine left in its wild state at the south of the house.

Inside, the rooms were well furnished and spotless; filled, too, with beautiful and interesting things from many parts of the world. In the library, besides the books and writing table, were pretty red and white baskets of various sizes and shapes from Madeira, and other curios, and often some choice pears or quinces brought from the garden to ripen under his own eye.

Upstairs, in the guest chamber, stood the swing cot, fashioned like a sailor's hammock and covered with white dimity, in which the boys had slept as babies; it was especially interesting to the grandnephews and nieces. In his own bedroom the washstand and chest

of drawers which he had used on ship board, were lashed to the wall with iron clamps. Perhaps the most unusual piece of furniture in the house was kept under his bed. This was a plain, handsome coffin, which he had caused to be made for himself out of one of the fine oak trees on his property; he looked upon it, probably, as merely a box, and so used it to keep apples in. This is a well-known fact.

During Captain Vidal's residence in Moore his sons were seldom at home, being at school, part of the time in Canada and part in England, but there was much visiting back and forth among the families settled along the river and Lake Huron and nobody complained of loneliness.

Captain Vidal was gazetted Vice-Admiral about 1850. Like his brother, he was small in stature but in nothing else; full of pluck and energy; kind-hearted and generous and perhaps could afford to be a little eccentric. He was most popular with his friends and neighbors.

In 1862, "the Admiral," as he was called, made his last visit to England (he had made several) when, evidently, he intended to remain, for his house was closed and Mrs. Halliday accompanied him. He took, with his luggage, the oaken coffin, but greatly to his disgust, learned at Quebec that it would not be allowed on board ship, so it was sent back to Sarnia and its owner continued his journey to England. His health, which had been breaking for several months past, finally gave way and he died on February 6th, 1863, and was buried in Clifton Churchyard. The coffin was kept in Sarnia for years at the furniture warehouse of R. and H. MacKenzie. Vague stories were told of its being used in the mysterious rites of the Masonic Lodge-room in the top flat of the building. Be that as it may, one thing is sure, when the widow of Captain Vidal died in 1873, the coffin was claimed and she was buried in it.

Admiral Vidal's elder son, Owen, after completing his course at Oxford, was attached, in 1863, as interpreter to the British Embassy in Japan, where he was killed by the, supposedly, accidental discharge of a pistol.

The younger son, Beaufort, became Ensign in the 3rd Battalion of (Lambton) Canadian Militia when seventeen years old, entered the British Army as Ensign in 1862, and in 1864 was promoted Lieutenant in 4th King's Own, with which regiment he served throughout the Abyssinian Campaign, 1867-8, and was present at the action of Arogee and capture of Magdala (medal). Retiring from the Army he returned to Canada and was called to the Ontario Bar in 1872,

practising for some time in London and Toronto. He re-entered the Canadian Militia in 1883, and was Captain, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, successively, in Royal Canadian Infantry. In 1897 he was made Commandant of No. 3 Regimental depot at St. John's, Quebec. Upon Hon. Lord Aylmer's promotion to Inspector-General, Colonel Vidal became Adjutant-General, succeeding Lord Aylmer again as Inspector-General with the rank of Brigadier-General.

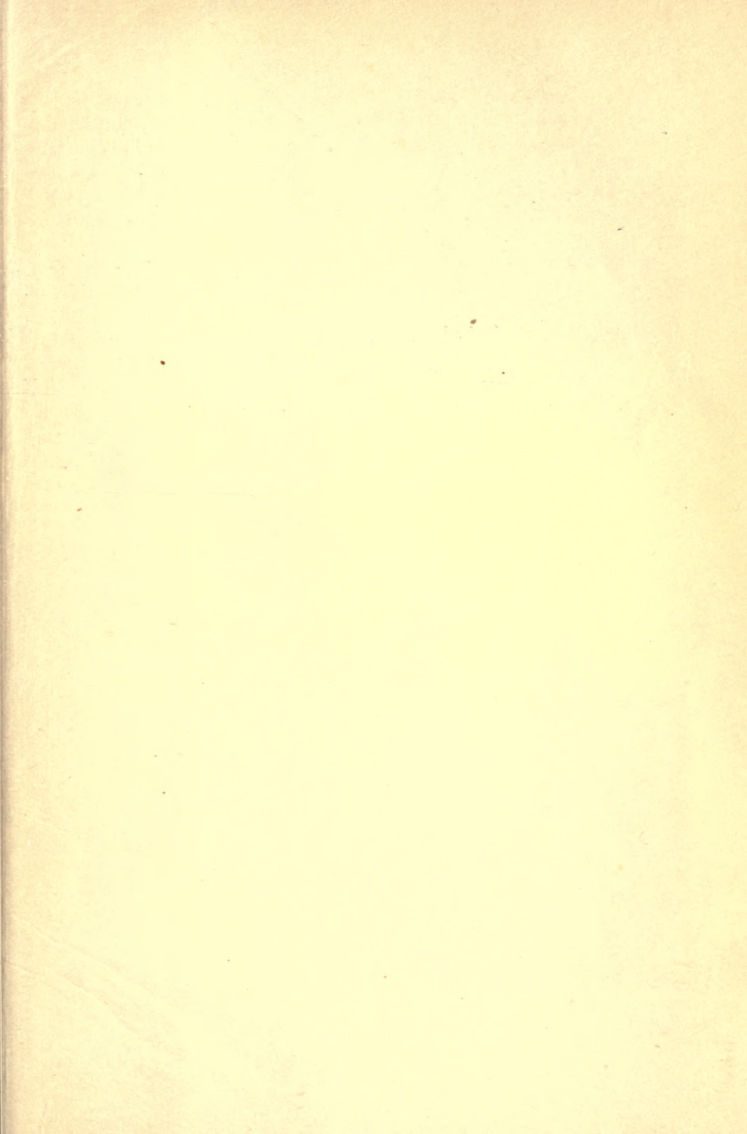
Captain Vidal married, in 1871, Kate Allan, a pretty English girl who had come to Canada to make her home with an uncle, Major Anderton, a settler "up on the Lake shore" (from Sarnia). She died in 1884 leaving one son, Charles Emeric Kerr, now a successful physician in Montana, U.S.A., and a daughter, Emma Harriet—Mrs. Nelson Collard—living in Alberta.

In 1892 Captain Vidal married Beatrice Herminie, daughter of Hon. Justice H. T. Taschereau, who survives. Her three children are Maurice (now with the British army in Belgium), Madeleine and Henri.

General Vidal died in 1908.

C. J. NISBET.

E. M. GARDNER.









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